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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

The Wallace Proposal

THE suggestion of Mr. Henry Wallace that the United States should take upon itself the obligation of paying to Russia the reparations which it is amply evident she cannot obtain from Germany without ruining that country is one which would not have to be ruled out of consideration, if there seemed to be the slightest chance of the payment being reciprocated by an abandonment of the Communist effort to overthrow (by non-democratic means) the government of the United States and of various other nations with which that Republic is at peace. It would be thoroughly good business for the United States to thus restore the economic health of Russia, if there were any assurance that that health would not be forthwith used for the further propagation of a politico-economic system which the great majority of Americans heartily dislike—and the propagation of it in countries which do not themselves desire it and would not accept it except under the pressure of Communist intimidation and terror.

But one has to be a very optimistic idealist—and Mr. Wallace is all of that—if one is to believe that a Soviet Russia thus strengthened would be the devoted and grateful friend of the nation which strengthened her. In spite of Stalin's assurances of cooperation in his remarkable interview with Mr. Stassen, the cold and inescapable fact remains that Communism is not merely a form of government but also a dogmatic system, and that one of its essential dogmas is world revolution and the overthrow of the capitalist system in all countries. That dogma was not repudiated by the abolition of the Comintern. Stalin bases his own attitude on cooperation on that of Lenin, and whatever cooperativeness Lenin may have preached was preached at a time when the Comintern was still in active operation and the dogma of world revolution was being as noisily advocated as it had ever been by Marx or Engels. There is no dogma in capitalism—which is far from being a dogmatic system—that insists on the necessity of abolishing Communism in Russia; but there is a dogma in Communism which insists upon the necessity of abolishing capitalism in the United States, and abolishing it by violent revolutionary means. That dogma puts a very definite limitation upon any and all cooperation that can be expected by the United States or any other democracy from Soviet Russia.

Wise Tax Policy

THE budget changes which were announced just after we went to press last week are now somewhat stale news for comment, and about all that need be said is that as far as they go they follow closely the lines which SATURDAY NIGHT has been urging for many months past—the leaving of the largest possible share of the cash income of all except the very wealthy to pass into the actual possession of the person whose work or whose capital enterprise has entitled him to it, so that the incentive to work and to capital enterprise may remain unimpaired. The nuisance taxes are left untouched; they are a nuisance, but they are much less of an obstacle to production than the high-pressure income tax on small incomes. The artificial keeping down of the cost of living by subsidies is abandoned, and admittedly a good deal of the relief in the income tax schedules will be counteracted by the higher price of certain necessities; but nobody, we think, will be actually worse off than before, many persons will be better off, and the psychological effect will be immensely more favorable to productive activity. In the present state of the public mind we regard this as by far the most important objective for tax policy to pursue.

The abandonment of the excess profits tax is thoroughly sound economically but somewhat daring politically. There is a widespread delusion to the effect that this was a tax on "excessive" profits, and that such profits ought to be taxed. It was never anything of the kind, and there is no standard by which the state can set itself up to determine what profits are excessive and what are not. It was a tax on profits which were "in excess" of what had been earned by the same enterprise before the war, on the assumption that such excess was likely to be due to war conditions rather than to be the superior skill or judgment of the enterprise. Never completely true, this assumption became more and more unfounded as the war dragged on and finally gave way to peace. Left wing critics however will continue to play this delusion and to represent the Government as catering to the exceptionally successful business man. The chances are that little would have been collected under this heading in 1948 if the tax had been retained, but the limit which it imposed on obtainable profits would have been a strong deterrent to new enterprise.

The one thing which we should have liked to see and do not see is a much larger reduction in the estimated expenditure of the government during 1947 and 1948. This is a time for governments to do less and individuals to do more—a time for more production and less regulation—a time for converting not only the sword but the filing cabinet into the plow-share.

—Photo by Stafford Johnston, Stratford, Ont.

First step towards filling the granaries. Sowing grain on farm just north of Shakespeare, Ontario.

Labor and University

THE latest appointment to the Senate of the University of Saskatchewan is Mr. J. P. Roscoe Brown, an officer of the Canadian Congress of Labor, and secretary-treasurer of the employees' union of the university (which we should perhaps add does not include members of the teaching staff).

For the appointment of representative labor men to positions in the governing bodies of universities we have nothing but the most emphatic approval. It has long been admitted that a university degree is no necessary qualification for such positions, and we should have no difficulty in finding in the ranks of the higher labor officials plenty of men quite as well educated and quite as cultured as many of those now on the various university governing bodies.

For the selection of an officer of the employees' union of the university itself we have much less enthusiasm. He will obviously sit in the Senate, not as an ordinary member concerned solely with the good of the university, but as the agent and special pleader of the non-educational employees. There will be items of business during the discussion of which he ought, if he were merely such an agent, to be asked to withdraw, but he is not merely an

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Ruhr Dismemberment Menace to World Peace

By Dorothy Livesay

"DON'T get sentimental about Germany" is the warning given to correspondents by friends in France, who remember too grimly the stamp of Nazi boots.

But English newspapermen like Victor Gollancz and others from this continent cannot visit the Ruhr and see the matter as simply as all that. They have their own integrity to live up to, and they cannot feel at ease in comfortable hotels, well heated and well fed, when all around them, in the ruins of the Ruhr, they see German families crowded in one-roomed cellars, with no plumbing, no heating.

In the British Zone, only the coal mined on Sundays has been for domestic consumption. But the miners have refused to work on Sundays. They have not the strength to do so. For although a miner is entitled to more than double the 1,250 calories which is the average ration, few Ruhr towns get more than 1,000 calories.

The food just isn't there, as the constant bread lines testify. Supplies of stored grain were exhausted by the spring of 1946 and since then there has rarely been more than a two-day supply on hand. If one grain ship fails to reach Hamburg there is no bread that week in Dusseldorf.

One sees despair in the eyes of miners who, though given an extra bowl of soup at the pit-head, put the accompanying sandwich in their pocket to take home to the children. One sees despair also, in the shuffling of the unemployed in cities like Solingen and Dortmund, where the main industries such as fertilizers, washing powder and cement works either have been or are in the process of being dismantled by Allied Control for reparations.

WITHOUT cement, one wonders, how will the rubble of their cities be transformed? How will their children grow toward a new world when they go to school in tin huts set in a sea of rubble, in underground bunkers, or in cement shelters that smell like a mausoleum?

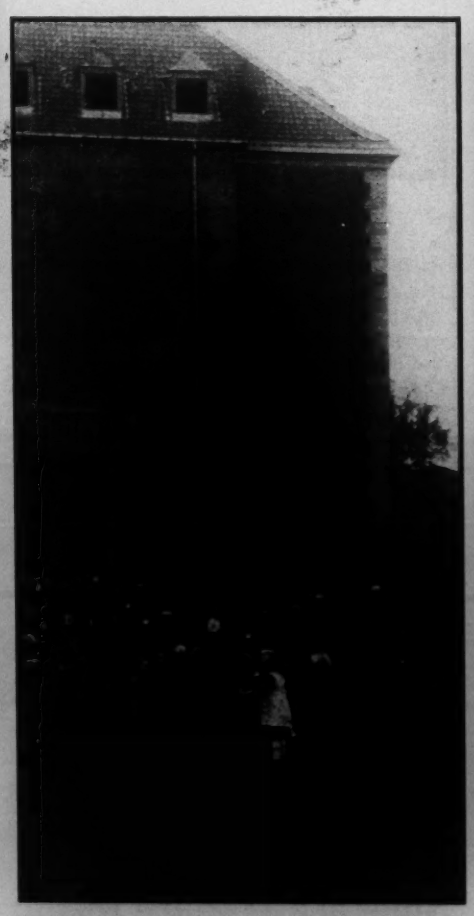
In the midst of such stupor and despair, of what value are democratic slogans? That question is asked by Red Cross and Quaker Relief workers and by thinking Germans. Without food, clothing or proper shelter, how can Democracy breathe?

The demolition of Ruhr industries, intended to lessen Germany's capacity to make war, leaves behind as many threatening aspects as it eliminates. There is no cement to repair ruined cities or build new schools. Rags may again be sufficient as covering now that winter is . . .

. . . past, but shoes are beyond repair even if materials were available. It is worse for children's growing feet, and school attendance is poor because of this chronic lack of . . .

. . . footwear. Youngsters' eyes take on the same look as their parents' when weight is decreasing and TB mounts. Arriving at school without breakfast, many fall asleep through exhaustion.

Under ruined homes families crowd into cellars; no plumbing, no heating; and beyond all this an average diet of about 1,000 calories daily as against a Canadian's 3,300.



Windowless air-raid shelters are now schools; this one is in Dusseldorf.

The destruction of morale through malnutrition is apparent everywhere.

Mendelssohn Choir Plans 1st U.S. Tour Since '31

All members of the Mendelssohn Choir must undergo a stiff voice test before the beginning of each season. There were 56 new members this year.

By Ruth Honderich

BACK in the news is Toronto's long-famous Mendelssohn Choir. And not without reason, for this 53-year-old choral group of 195 voices has just concluded its most ambitious season in many years. Ahead, later in the year, if present plans materialize, is a tour of the U.S.

Few of the Choir's present members remember the rave notices in the U.S. press after performances in New York, Buffalo and Chicago early in the century. But one man with a vivid memory of those days is Owen Staples, O.S.A., one of the Choir's originals and now well over 80, who recalls a remark of Deems Taylor, still prominent New York critic, after the Mendelssohn singers in 1907 had performed Beethoven's difficult Choral Symphony: "I always thought no one but a choir of angels could sing as did these people, but I know very well they came down on the New York Central."

The loyalty and enthusiasm of his members enabled Dr. Augustus Stephen Vogt, the Mendelssohn Choir's founder, to build this famed choral group. Its members, as today, were young and old, doctors and mechanics, executives and clerks, school teachers and students, housewives and stenographers. Born in Elmira, Ont., where from the age of 12 to 17 he was organist of the Lutheran Church, Dr. Vogt's principal aim was to create a singing society whose tonal quality and expression was as near as possible to that of a fine orchestra.

The only way to develop such a chorus, he believed, was by unaccompanied singing. Earlier conductors had agreed, then tried and failed. But Dr. Vogt was determined. His first unaccompanied concert was a decided success and others soon followed. It is interesting, then, to observe that as part of his plan to guide the present singers to the top place among great choral groups after a wartime lull, Sir Ernest MacMillan, the present conductor, offered this season for the first time since his taking over in '42, an unaccompanied or all-choral concert.

The Mendelssohn Choir had reached its 20th season and still occupied top place on the continent when duties at the Toronto Conservatory forced Dr. Vogt to retire. He was succeeded by Dr. Herbert Fricker, leader of the Leeds Choir.

TO assist Sir Ernest in strengthening again this great choir, a five-year plan calling for more extensive seasons has been drawn up under the guidance of Edward Johnson of the Metropolitan Opera, and the Choir's honorary president. A women's committee, with Dean Macpherson of Victoria College, U.T., as chairman, has been formed and new names added to the board of directors. The Choir itself, with the return of many singers from the services, is better than for years.

Would-be members increased with the prospect of a U.S. tour, which is now planned for this fall. Seven concerts will be given next season, beginning on November 18 with Mendelssohn's "Elijah".

Sir Ernest MacMillan, stern and demanding at weekly rehearsals, took charge in 1942...

...and in the same year Frederick Silvester, F.C.C.O., became the Choir's accompanist.

Jewellery such as worn by Darrell Dawson (left) and Muriel Gerald was taboo in Dr. Vogt's day, as were chocolates and smoking before a big concert.

Longest membership record, 30 years, is claimed by G. W. Jones (right) recalling old times here with Ocean Smith (left), who has sung with the Choir 27 years, and James Duncan, a member for 13.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Saskatchewan Rural Municipalities Make Contributions on Petition

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN REGARD to your editorial "The Right Not To" (S.N., April 19), I think you are missing some of the evidence. For quite a long time cities and towns in Saskatchewan, and I presume in Ontario, have had the right to make contributions to Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce. One city in Saskatchewan makes a contribution of several thousands of dollars, which in the year 1946 amounted to just over 1/3 of a mill on the taxable assessment. Before this contribution is made, the city council is not required to ask the ratepayers whether or not they should make it. They do not have to have a vote on the question and no strings are tied to the contribution. The Board of Trade or Chamber of Commerce does not have to enroll the residents of the city as members of the organization and give them full privileges therein.

Here in Saskatchewan, legislation provides that on petition from the ratepayers a rural municipality may make a contribution which is limited to 1/5 of a mill on the taxable assessment of agricultural lands in a municipality. The United Farmers of Canada are required to enroll all of the people in the municipality who are entitled to become members of the United Farmers of Canada. Provision is made that any person in the municipality may withdraw from membership.

I wonder why you did not have an editorial in your paper long ago complaining about cities and towns making contributions to Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce. What is sauce for the goose, should be sauce for the gander.

I can only conclude that you are opposed to any device to assist the organization of workers either on the farms, in commerce or industry.

Regina, Sask. J. H. BROCKELBANK
Minister of Municipal Affairs.

Grapes and Bulbs

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

CAN one detect a slight flavor of sour grapes in Earl Smith's illustrated article (S.N., April 19)? All Canadians cannot live in B.C. but they all would like to. It does rain in Vancouver but, like the words of the song, you'll get used to it, and over large areas of the coast, noticeably in and around Victoria, it rains very little even in winter. I wonder if the writer of the article on Dutch bulbs in the same issue knows that 15 per cent of Canada's "Dutch" bulbs come from the Island and Lower Fraser Valley. This industry is growing, for our bulbs bloom earlier than those from Holland or the U.K. and are just as good in other respects.

Victoria, B.C. J. P. THORNTON

Heartless and Cruel?

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WHEN a man of your intellect and position can write a heartless, cruel, prejudiced editorial like "The Reduced Incentive" (S.N., April 12) I think there is no hope for the human race.

It's too bad, Mr. Editor, that you can't be made to do a bit of personal research in Labor. It's too bad it couldn't be made necessary for you to earn you living by mining or logging or longshoring, or one of the dangerous, physically exhausting, mentally numbing occupations that are at the base of our industrial system. I doubt very much if "an inadequate house, an inadequate diet, and not very good clothing, and the satisfaction of a pet luxury" would be sufficient incentive for you. In fact I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you would deem death by starvation a preferable fate.

In spite of the many blunders that trade unions make, those of us who have been fortunate enough to have been given the talent and opportunity to make our living by more pleasant, more lucrative means, should be helping them, not hindering them, in their struggle for decent and safe working conditions and a wage sufficient to give adequate shelter, adequate food and the satisfaction of a pet luxury. If they are ever successful you will not have to fight Communism in Canada; it will just fade out of the picture.

Vancouver, B.C. G. A. MORGAN

ED. NOTE: The article had no reference to trade unions or "decent and safe working conditions." Its sole point was that increased income, and especially the type of increased income which is the result of welfare measures and is therefore independent of the amount of work performed, frequently leads to reduced output. Recognition of that fact may be "heartless, cruel, prejudiced," but just the same it is a fact.

Cultured Conductors

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

NEITHER the Ottawa *Journal* nor Emily Post need set up a new code for the use of small batteryless radio sets on railway coaches (S.N., April 5). Both the C.P.R. and C.N.R. have regulations, with which each conductor should be familiar, governing such matters as passengers who create disturbances, consume liquor, etc. Could it be that conductors who permit the operation of such sets really like the "authorized bedlam, with Fibber and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra fighting it out?" I suppose we can't do much about the C.P.R. but couldn't some of our precious tax payments be spent on cultural lessons for the conductors, at least to the extent of making them prefer one radio program at a time?

Welland, Ont. T. R. HARVEY

Davies and National Library

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MANY thanks for the article on Robertson Davies (S.N., April 26). I had heard of the editor of the Peterborough *Examiner* as a young man with ideas but had never connected him with the W. R. Davies whose "Shakespeare's Boy Actors" I read with delight when it was first published. Prompted by the article, I checked our catalogue and discovered that the Robertson Davies who edited "Shakespeare for Young Players" (1942) had not been identified as the same man as William Robertson Davies who published "Shakepeare's Boy Actors" in 1939. Our Cataloguing Department had simply accepted the names as given on Library of Congress cards. Someone should have been more critical of this source of information perhaps but why do we buy printed cards except to save time?

All of which gives me an opening to point out that this is just an example of why we want a National Library to catalogue Canadian books fully and accurately — and sell us the results. Wouldn't it be splendid also to have a centre of information on Canadian authors to which we could write for information not yet in print or very obscurely published?

Hamilton, Ont. FREDA F. WALDON,
Chief Librarian Public Library.

A Basic Sample

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

BECAUSE of the strong support Mr. Churchill has given Basic English, your London writer (S.N., April 26) says that he is certain there is something in the idea. It seems clear, however, that his knowledge of the question is limited. Possibly with more facts as to its uses he would have a higher opinion of this language system.

Dr. I. A. Richards of Harvard, a noted authority on Basic English says, "As those familiar with the literature of Basic know, Basic was not put forward to replace fuller forms of English for any learners who have the time, the need, the opportunities and the abilities to go further. It was, indeed, so designed that it would make their further advance as rapid and secure as possible, providing them with that dream of the good teacher, a truly solid foundation."

It may be of interest to readers of SATURDAY NIGHT that in three widely separated parts of Canada those responsible for education are giving serious thought to the wide use of Basic English in their schools. This is not surprising to anyone who has seen the sort of English teaching made possible by its discovery. And in the event that some readers are not clear what Basic English is, may I say that this letter is an example of it. But for the words of Dr. Richards, a number of which are Basic, I have kept completely within the 850 word system.

CONSTANCE CHAPPELL

Cambridge, Mass.

Technical Contradiction

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I HAD noticed the Toronto *Star's* attitude towards Gouzenko (S.N., April 26), and that of other Canadian papers which positively crow every time anything comes up supposedly to discredit our Government in its efforts to clean house. Those papers seem to take the stand that it would be better to leave spies working unannoyed rather than to investigate anyone. Many of their own readers wonder why. And when it comes to silly arguments such as that over Gouzenko's alleged statement, eyebrows really go up. Whether Gouzenko wrote the words or not, wasn't a point made? Money collected in Canada left Russia free to spend that much more on espionage work within Canada. Gouzenko seems contradicted on a technicality.

Almonte, Ont. R. A. BOND

Solve Emigration First

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT IS reported in the U.S. embassy at Ottawa that officials are happily counting the totals of ambitious Canadians who are seeking a richer living in the U.S. All across Canada American consular offices are doing a roaring business. The exodus that depleted Canada's population in the past is in full swing again. It is estimated that 20,000 will leave Canada this year.

Yet we hear little from our press and nothing from our politicians by way of a remedy. Instead, we hear plenty re the opening up of our immigration laws. After World War I immigrants were pouring into Canada. Our schools had to meet the situation, and adults as well as children had to be taught our language and customs. At the same time almost an equal number of our well-trained and educated youths left for the U.S. Between 1935-42, 99,697 immigrants of all nationalities came to Canada, while 76,924 Canadians went to the U.S. And more would have if the U.S. had permitted their admittance. (In 1930 alone 65,000 young people left.)

As a Canadian I object to Canada being used as a preparatory school for immigrants to the U.S. The Native Sons of Canada have asked for a commission to study and report on this emigration problem, surely a more important one than some for which past commissions were appointed. If we could keep our own well-trained youth at home, our immigration problems would be mostly solved. We learn that in Great Britain 40 per cent of all young men between the ages of 20 and 30 desire to emigrate. We therefore should not find it difficult to get immigrants of the right sort. But our first concern is to keep here and employ the many thousands of young people who are filling our universities and high schools.

Vancouver, B.C. H. W. HUNTLEY

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Passing Show

By S. P. TYLER

A VANCOUVER newspaper said of the budget that it "will make popular reading," but up to the time of going to press, Mr. Abbott does not appear to have received any offers from the better known Book Clubs.

•

We like to think that without our personal assistance and self-sacrifice, the Hon. Douglas Abbott would not have quite reached the all-time surplus of $352,144,000.

•

"I have a hunch," says Mr. Henry Wallace, "that if I could speak Russian, Mr. Stalin would let me speak to the common people." The opinion in Washington circles is that the common people of Russia have at least one advantage not enjoyed by American citizens.

•

Requests are said to be mounting to a considerable number urging the Hon. D. C. Abbott to clarify the new rental regulations. Personally, we do not feel that ministers should be embarrassed by such awkward requests as it will only discourage them from making further regulations in the future.

•

Repeat Performance

Mr. Bevin's statement on leaving Moscow that he saw no reason why the Big Four should not come to some agreement in the next conference, was not unexpected as it conformed strictly to well-established precedent and tradition.

•

While introducing a radio program with a characteristic gushing blurb, a radio announcer declared that music was a "symphony of all our happy hours." We can only assume that the next half-hour didn't count.

•

Following the surprising revelation that only 3.6 per cent of Canadian farmers pay income tax, there is now some talk of promoting a Butter Fund campaign for the families of indigent farmers.

The deplorable tendency, emphasized by Mr. Henry Wallace, to overlook the proper functions of the United Nations was again evident recently when, because of a shortage of lady members in their own tribe, Indians in the remote jungles of the Amazon attacked a neighboring tribe and helped themselves to female spoil.

•

Headline of a feature article in a daily paper:

"SHORTAGES AFFECT YOUNG CHILDREN."

Fortunately, this is the sort of thing they grow out of.

•

Phew!

From a comment on the new British tobacco tax by an American press correspondent:

"Canny Scots are mixing herbs with tobacco and scenting it with lavender."

As a further suggestion, the merits of sliced plug from dried haggis should not be overlooked.

•

Caption to an illustration in a current magazine:

"As she awoke, the sun was just rising, and she knew another day had begun."

It is becoming increasingly difficult to keep things back from our young people, these days.

•

In connection with the buyers' strikes now being promoted in many parts of the country, a white-collar worker writes to say he is looking forward to the time when the $25 two-pant suit now selling for $60 (one pant) will be reduced to $50 (one-pant).

•

Toronto married women school-teachers are to be granted one year's maternity leave when the occasion calls for it, but it is understood that school-teacher fathers will still have to get over the experience as best they can.

•

From a broadcast publicizing the merits of the Province of Quebec as a holiday resort:

"Unattached anglers are assured of plenty of sport throughout the Province of Quebec."

Our niece Ettie, who has a lonely vacation in prospect, has sent for further particulars.

—Photo by John E. Milne, Toronto.

A. J. Casson, R.C.A., winner of Rolph-Clark-Stone award in the recent seventy-fifth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, with his daughter beside his colorful winning canvas entitled "Early Snow".

The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

agent and cannot be asked to withdraw. Furthermore we have not the slightest doubt that with the precedent once established it will be held by the employees' union that it has a right to such representation, and that its representative should always be the person whom it elects as secretary-treasurer, thus giving it instead of the Senate or the government the right to fill the vacancy. There is no assurance that the man thus selected will be a useful addition to the Senate.

A Poet's Catalogue

A PUBLIC which has little idea of the immense extent of the service rendered to Canadian literature by Dr. Lorne Pierce can hardly fail to be enlightened on it by the appearance of the 154-page-and-index Catalogue of Canadian Manuscripts which have been collected by Dr. Pierce and presented to Queen's University, his alma mater. The Catalogue is published by the Ryerson Press, and was compiled by Dorothy Harlowe and checked by the Librarian of the university, Mr. E. C. Kyte.

Eighty-seven pages relate to Bliss Carman. In the remaining pages the chief figures are W. W. Campbell, Valancy Crawford, William Kirby, Wilson MacDonald, Marjorie Pickthall (17 pages), and Sir Charles Roberts. There must be nearly two thousand separate items, mostly MSS and typescripts and autograph letters. The amount of information which future students will be able to extract from this mass of raw material is beyond computation, but there is certainly nothing else like it anywhere in Canada. The Catalogue gives hints concerning the contents of many of the letters, and notes on special points about the MSS. The first Bliss Carman MS, 1886-8, rather characteristically contains "date and length of time required for composition," and for the longer poems "the number of lines." Later he abandoned the time of composition and entered instead the amount received for each item. The Fredericton (1889) edition of "Grand Pré" printed his name as "Carmen," and the Catalogue notes that it was "published without his knowledge."

Even in a catalogue, if it deals with the work of Bliss Carman, there is bound to be a slight suggestion of preciousness, a whiff of the stale incense of the "cénade." It was Carman's fate —and we have to admit that he enjoyed it—to be admired to desperation all his life by women and some men who drew but little distinction between the individual and the poet. One of these always signed her letters "Seaborn," another "Atom." A third thanks him for an "almost love letter." The descriptive notes about these items occasionally make one glad that the copyright in letters remains with the writer and his (her) heirs or assigns for quite a long time after death.

Friendships and Prices

WE HOPE that there is no danger of the National Council for Canadian-Soviet Friendship whose national committee contains several of the most admirable and intelligent citizens of this Dominion, being converted into a National Council for Canadian-American Unfriendship. The president of the Council, Mr. Roberts, in his call for a Conference at Ottawa next week to discuss Canadian-Soviet relations, makes the assertion that "Canada, in the interests of peace and her own well-being, needs friendship with her neighbor to the North just as much as she needs it with her neighbor to the South". That is one of those plausible-sounding statements which require very careful examination if they are not to lead us astray. Canada unquestionably "needs friendship" with all her neighbors and with all the nations of the world; but if in the case of any particular nation she cannot have friendship except at a price, it then becomes necessary to examine the situation and ascertain whether the friendship is worth the price. And if we do that carefully, it will become pretty clear to any but a strongly pro-Soviet thinker that friendship with the United States is worth a great deal more, and is likely to cost a great deal less, than friendship with the Soviet Union.

The Kremlin — and we unfortunately have to deal with the Kremlin and not with the Russian people, who have very little to say in the matter, — a year or so ago was expressing itself in very unfriendly terms indeed towards Great Britain, and doing its best to sow dissension between that country and the United States. Now that the United States has at long last consented to take over some of the responsibilities in the Near and Middle East which Great Britain is economically unable to carry, the Kremlin is expressing itself in very unfriendly terms towards the United States. Both of these nations happen to be very good friends of Canada, and if Canada has to choose between being friendly with them and being friendly with the Kremlin there can be very little hesitation about the result. At that price the privilege of friendship with the Kremlin comes much too high.

Without going so far as that, let us suppose that the price of friendship with the Kremlin is no more than looking with a tolerant and approving eye upon the Soviet economico-political system, not only for application in Russia, but also for imposition upon the adjoining countries whether they are inclined towards it or not. Is even that a price which the majority of the Canadian people are prepared to pay? We strongly doubt it. Yet that, it seems to us, is the lowest price that will satisfy the Kremlin leaders, and it is certainly a price that the Ottawa Conference will by implication if not explicitly demand that Canada shall be prepared to pay for the privilege of friendship with the Kremlin. It is still too high.

"UMM....BETTER SHAVE MY MUSTACHE TO AVOID MISUNDERSTANDINGS"

Copyright in All Countries

Freedom in Sask.

WE FEAR that we cannot accept the parallel drawn in our Letters Department, by a member of the Saskatchewan Government, between the contributions made by some municipalities to Boards of Trade and similar organizations, and the contributions which rural municipalities in Saskatchewan are authorized to make to the United Farmers of Canada.

In the former case the contribution is a mere grant in aid of the work of the organization, and imposes no responsibility on the individual citizen or taxpayer. In the latter case the contribution has the effect of making every voter in the municipality a member of the organization.

In the former case the objects of the organization are of a character to which very few citizens could possibly object, being confined to the advancement of general business interests of the place or district. In the latter case the objects of the organization are the advancement of the interests of one specific economic class, and the methods by which they are pursued include the somewhat radical one of calling strikes on the production and marketing of that class, and the picketing of highways and forcible preventing of the marketing of such products by non-strikers.

We hold strongly that no Saskatchewan citizen should be compelled to become a member of such an organization unless he personally and definitely wishes to.

A Tax Injustice

THE case of income tax injustice to which we referred some weeks ago has today passed into the category of accomplished facts. The victims of it have now been assessed for, and compelled to pay, on account of at least two fiscal years in the middle of the war, a sum for each year enormously in excess of the additional income which rendered them liable to this additional tax. Nobody claims that this is just; the department officials merely claim, and rightly, that it is the law. We do not doubt that it is the law, but an unjust law can always be changed into a just law, even if the change has to be made retroactive. We believe that this law will be changed, if once the members of the House of Commons can be got to appreciate the essential point that is involved.

That essential point is this: that the government should not insist on regarding as income of 1941 an item—the wheat pool participation certificates—the value of which could not possibly be determined or even guessed at in that year or for several years thereafter. Their value has subsequently been determined, and because of the peculiar nature of the transaction we have no doubt that in the great majority of cases it is more just to treat that value as income of 1941 than as income of the year in which it became knowable and collectible. But in certain cases it is outrageously unjust so to treat it; and our contention is that the law should be amended so as to give the certificate holder the right to choose whether he will have it treated as income of 1941 or of the year of redemption of the certificates.

The cases which we have in mind are those in which the certificates form part of the income of a spouse whose husband or wife has a taxable income, and in which the assigning of the certificate income to 1941 has the effect of raising the husband's or wife's tax for that year from married person's rate to single person's rate—an event which has until this year taken place automatically the moment the spouse's income rose above $660.

In these circumstances it has been possible for twenty dollars' worth of participation certificates to subject the husband or wife to an increased tax of hundreds or even thousands of dollars. And this could take place even where the spouse was not the original recipient of the certificates, and possibly did not know even that they existed and would ultimately be redeemed and charged as 1941 income;—as for example in the very common case of a farm rented to an operator for a specified percentage of the crop receipts. Obviously a spouse knowing that his or her income was approaching the $660 mark would be extremely careful to see that it did not overpass it.

GETTING DOWN TO EARTH

AND now platoons of Ph.D's,
Filled to the brim with knowledge,
(No more Examiners to please!)
Walk proudly from the College,
Ready to put the world to rights,
And scorn all frivolous delights.

But soon they meet platoons of girls,
Blest creatures, blithe and fair,
With lustrous eyes and shining curls,
With voices rich and rare.
Though Wrong may reign, and Truth be harried,
The Doctors hasten to get married.

The radiant hoods are laid away
Likewise the gowns of sable.
Now rise new duties of the day,
Such as — to set the table,
To wipe the dishes, mow the grass,
And pay the Hydro and the Gas.

Such minor tasks are sure to come
To Doctors in Elysium.

J. E. M.

THREE MEN

By AUDREY ALEXANDRA BROWN

IN MEXICO, four centuries back, three sailors—
Three nameless Englishmen upon the shore—
Watched the spread sails of their ship grow small and vanish
Never to be seen of their eyes more.

When it was gone forever, awhile they listened
To their hearts beating, the rise and fall of their breath,
The shriek of the populous uninhabited jungle,
And their own sentence of death.

Stranded where the pitiless glorious sunlight
Would stare upon them gnawing their own flesh!—
All the length of a continent to traverse
Between the salt water and the fresh.

It would have been natural to run mad and perish . . .
Taking no counsel together, silently
They began to walk, their faces to the forest
And their backs to the sea.

The green wall let them in and closed behind them,
The last disturbance faded from the bough;
No one could have told where they had entered:
The jungle had them now,

Had them to take and keep till the Day of Judgment
In so secure a sod
Their scattered bones should blanch in the moss forever
Under the eye of God.

But they — no path to track, no guide to follow—
Without food, their strength already gone—
Set their unconscious course for the northern river
And they went on.

To their last day at times in nightmare-seeming
Did they relive that Odyssey through hell?—
Stumbling, falling, rising, tottering, falling
And bleeding where they fell—

Till the flesh withered away and the limbs bloated
And it was no crazy hope that kept them alive
But only, buried in blood and bone and sinew,
A dumb, dogged, desperate will to survive,

That thrust them beyond the limits of human endurance
And brought them out upon the sound and foam
Of the river-sea and a ship flying the lilies
Of France that carried them home.

There are many to prophesy England's day is over.
But I remember those three men, each frame
Scantily covered with blackened skin still housing
The steady inextinguishable flame

That brought them three thousand impossible miles to the river—
And I dare to tell you the land that bred such men
Shall stand erect in the shards of the world's ruin,
Ready—stripped—to begin to build again.

Abolish National Borders of Europe to Hold Peace

By DAVID SCOTT

Modern Europe is now moving in a vicious circle from war to phoney peace and back again to war without any real effort to understand and remove its causes. This writer outlines an easy but effective way for the continent to make a clean break with the past, i.e., by abolishing the national frontiers without exception so that civilians may move freely from one country to another.

The present method of solving problems is for diplomats to drift from conference to futile conference, seeking what General Marshall calls "agreement by exhaustion". Are the leaders of the four great Allied Powers capable of shaking off tradition and striking out boldly along an entirely new highway that possibly leads to real peace?

David Scott's extensive knowledge of European politics is based on years of covering the continent for leading London dailies including the Times. During the war he served in the British Foreign Office's Political Intelligence Department. He is now visiting Canada for six months.

THE Moscow Conference ended as everyone in possession of the facts expected it to end: in utter failure. On the four main items in its program—the future system of government in Germany, the German boundaries, reparations and the Austrian peace treaty—no real progress was made. To say, as General Marshall said in his report to the American people on his return to Washington, that "the critical differences were for the first time brought to light and now stand clearly defined" gets us nowhere. It is merely an admission that the Potsdam Conference was a fiasco and that the statesmen of the four Great Powers have taken two years since the cessation of hostilities to lay their cards on the table. By all the signs, and at their present rate of advance, they will need at least two more years to compose their differences. Meanwhile, as General Marshall said about Austria and might as well have said about all Europe, "the patient is sinking while the doctors deliberate". The chances are that he will expire or go into a new fit of convulsions before they can agree upon their treatment.

What is the root cause of this apparent inability of our leaders to find any solution for the problems left over from World War II? It is easy to blame the Russians, and no doubt they have been the villains of the peace so far. Their shameless obstructionism, their shifty diplomacy, their greed for immediate advantages and compensations regardless of their long-term consequences, have exasperated their allies and turned every Big Four conference since Potsdam into a fruitless wrangle between East and West. But the Russian attitude, unhelpful and unconstructive though it is, does not excuse the acquiescence of American, British and French statesmen in the habit of haggling over details which has been the bane of every international meeting of recent times.

For the last two years, in their anxiety to put a check to Communist ambitions, the spokesmen of the western democracies have in fact been dancing to the Russian tune. Where a new approach to European problems generally, a new conception of relations between Governments, a new deal between all nations and a completely revised outlook on the future are the most urgent needs of the critical period in which we live, our leaders have failed to break fresh ground or discard the language of the old diplomacy. Accepting a purely materialist view of national requirements, they have become involved in a maze of old claims, old enmities and discredited diplomatic methods from which they have no early prospect of escape.

Diplomatic Poker Game

Shortsighted preoccupation with frontier limits, reparations, spheres of influence and all of the stale junk of Europe's Foreign Offices and Chancelleries, to the exclusion of the broader interest of humanity, is of course exactly what Stalin wants to see among his opponents in the diplomatic poker game. He and Molotov have deliberately provoked and fostered it with brilliant success. The Russians are playing for time to establish themselves firmly in the territories they have overrun or placed under the control of puppet Governments, and to build up their economic and military strength. Every month that passes without a binding agreement makes their position stronger.

The longer he can keep the spokesmen of the western world wavering over details when they should be giving inspired leadership, the better pleased Stalin will be. His complacent statement after the Moscow Conference, that he did not expect agreement at this "early stage" but thought it should be possible eventually to reach a compromise on all the points at issue, made this almost painfully clear; and the alacrity with which allied Foreign Ministers hastened to echo his pious hopes showed how completely, though perhaps subconsciously, they are dominated by his will.

Apart from the inability of contemporary statesmen to free themselves from the outlook of an older generation, international conferences held since the end of World War II have suffered from a delusion established after World War I: the belief that details must be worked out before broad decisions of principle can be taken. Revolutionary though this may seem to minds accustomed to regard this procedure as natural and inevitable, I suggest that it should henceforward be reversed. Let the principal spokesmen at any future conference take the most difficult questions first and agree not to separate until decisions of principle, not of detail, have been reached. There will be plenty of time for the experts, meeting separately, to work out their detailed application. The essential thing is that the Foreign Ministers themselves should lay down a code of international practice in conformity with the aspirations of our time instead of allowing themselves to be distracted by every Red herring drawn across the trail.

To this end a new form of moral realism, inspired by a true ideal but immediately made effective by practical measures of application, needs to be substituted for the base realism of power politics as we have known it hitherto. If the question before the conference is disarmament, let the Big Shots put it on record that the abolition of all armaments except those needed for an international police force is the ultimate purpose of their meeting. But let them also decide on an immediate and equal measure of disarmament for all nations without exception. If the fixing of frontiers is on their agenda, let them decide whether frontiers are a natural phenomenon, a necessary evil or merely a tiresome and dangerous anachronism before hearing arguments from interested parties on the exact location of this frontier or that. But let them not come to the table, as even General Marshall, the representative of a nation which has triumphantly overcome the frontier nuisance, did in Moscow, assuming that what is good for the United States is not feasible in Europe, and that that unhappy Continent must remain for ever divided into a score of mutually suspicious and often warring sovereign States.

Wanted: Light and Air

For the sake of constructive argument and as a handy brick to hurl through the window of the November Conference chamber and let in a little badly needed light and air, I will adopt the definition of European frontiers as an unnecessary and dangerous anachronism and suggest that instead of resuming their sterile discussion of the future boundaries of Germany the Foreign Ministers should declare at their next meeting:

1. That European national frontiers are a menace to peace, an obstacle to trade and a vicious survival of a bygone age;
2. That they should be abolished forthwith without exception, and that any attempt to preserve or revive them by armed force or in any other way should be considered as a potential threat to peace and dealt with as such by the United Nations' Organization;
3. That all passports should be abolished and unarmed civilians allowed to move freely across the former national boundaries, without interference from existing national Governments, which will be placed under the authority of a European Federal Administration.

Such a measure may seem heroic or even foolhardy, but it has the advantage of simplicity; and it would be far less fantastic than it appears to minds accustomed to travel along well worn grooves. Such minds will argue that immediate chaos would follow the sudden removal of international boundaries, and also that no nation except perhaps Russia, which is determined to expand westwards, would accept such a proposal at the present time. In fact, there need be no chaos if proper arrangements for the transport, feeding and housing of possible migrants are made in advance, and if there is then no attempt to impede natural and necessary movements of population, which would restore equilibrium between over-populated and under-populated neighbor territories and so remove a fruitful cause of war.

The need for some such adjustment in Europe is so plain that the French Government, one of the most "nation-conscious" on the continent, recently announced its readiness to receive large numbers of German immigrants subject to certain guarantees. If Hitler had had the wit to devise a peaceful invasion of this sort instead of resorting to war in obedience to his gangster's instincts, he might have been a benefactor to Europe instead of a scourge to all mankind. As for Russian ambitions, it must be remembered that abolition of a frontier cuts both ways. Stalin's forces have already moved far

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enough west to suit his immediate purposes. A challenge to him to declare his European boundaries open to free movement in both directions might be a better way of calling his bluff and making him raise the "iron curtain" than a belated attempt to create an anti-Soviet front in Greece and Turkey.

As regards movements of population it is likely that removal of restrictions would have little immediate effect except in a few "disputed areas" where we are at present sitting on a safety valve, thereby perpetuating a source of danger. Even so, the folly of national or one-party Governments, rather than any natural disposition to violence in their peoples, is the cause of friction. I doubt very much that any Yugoslav peasant, if left to himself and not maddened by nationalistic or Communistic propaganda, burns with a desire to occupy Trieste or invade the truly Italian districts of Venezia Giulia. Human beings living in fully developed communities are not normally nomadic. The average man and woman prefer to stay in their own homes unless they are driven from them by economic or administrative pressure.

Constant Menace

Suppose, however, that a given country — say Germany today — is really over-populated in proportion to its resources, while a neighbor country — in this case France — is under-populated and plentifully supplied with the means of subsistence. Here abolition of passports and dismissal of frontier police and customs officers may result in a temporary influx of Germans into France from which both countries will benefit. The incoming Germans will soon be assimilated by the French and will then become less aggressive and more highly civilized by contact with a Latin culture, while the French will receive a reinforcement of their inadequate manpower for industry and agriculture, together with a much-needed infusion of new and virile blood. Meanwhile the Franco-German frontier, a chronic cause of war in Europe, will have been eliminated, and there will be a salutary mixing of two races whose over-accentuated difference is a constant menace to peace.

What is a frontier, when all's said and done? On the map, a thick black line, presumably bristling with bayonets and barbed wire, across which no one may set his foot without authority. On the ground, at least in normal times, a boundary invisible except at the frontier posts on roads and railroads. Even in Europe the invisible line may—often does—run across a field belonging to a farmer of one nationality who employs labor of the other; yet no one thinks of preventing the French farmer from plowing the German half of his field, or his German cowman from driving the cows into the French barn at sundown. In the noonday heat a French and a German peasant will split a bottle of beer or wine across that frontier, not suspecting or caring that it runs between them. Both speak the same local dialect, equally unintelligible in Paris and Berlin; and as likely as not the Frenchman's son and the German's daughter will be married in the fall.

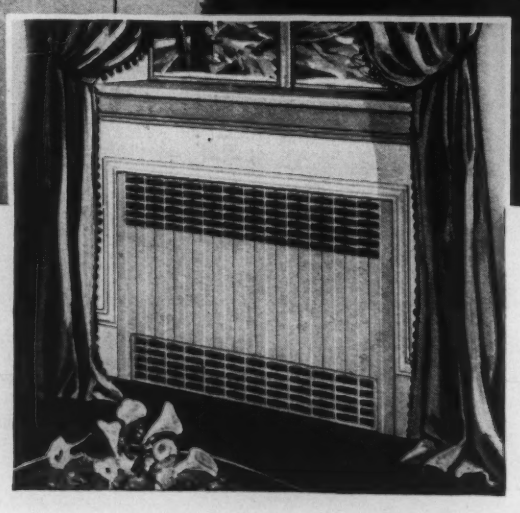
Absurd Situation

Yet according to their identity papers the father of the boy is French and the father of the girl is German; and if a committee of old men in Paris and a similar committee in Berlin, each beset by imaginary terrors and separated widely enough to speak really different languages and cultivate different national ideals, cannot compose their differences by negotiation, these two harmless husbandmen must take up arms to kill each other by order of their respective Governments. The absurdity of such a situation, though patent at the point of contact, is not apparent in the distant capitals. And that situation is repeated all over the continent of Europe, an area no bigger than Texas. What would President Truman and even General Marshall, who regards frontiers as a matter of course in Europe, say and do if all of the counties in Texas announced that they had formed local armies and would regard any "violation" of their frontiers as a *casus belli*, even though their conflict might involve the whole Union, the whole of North America, finally the whole world in global war?

Language differences and local patriotism, which thanks to our nationalistic education is still the strongest mass emotion, are often cited as insuperable obstacles to European union. Here again the example of the United States and only in a lesser degree of Canada goes to prove that they are no such thing. Language differences will naturally persist and remain intractable as long as peoples are encouraged to live in watertight compartments, each regarding itself as different from and superior to its neighbors. Let Europeans mingle freely, and their first discovery will be that they are more alike than they supposed; and they will soon adopt a convenient European language in addition to that of their country and origin, just as the bulk of European immigrants to America learn to speak English within a year. In the same brief period these immigrants subconsciously substitute loyalty to their adopted nation—in this case a federation of semi-autonomous States covering half a continent—for the narrow loyalty to a single State in which they were born and raised.

Since it is possible to sublimate patriotism just as it is possible to sublimate any human passion, provided that it can find a worthy outlet, I conclude that it should be no more difficult for Frenchmen, Germans, Poles, Russians, Italians, Spaniards and the rest of them to become good Europeans than it is for these people to become good Americans once they have crossed the ocean and escaped from the influence of Governments which make nationalism the first point in their creed. I further conclude that there is nothing Utopian in a proposal for immediate European union if only the statesmen who misguide the destinies of Europe will have the courage and vision to take a decisive step in that direction. Abolition of national frontiers, regardless of timid or selfish objections, would be such a step. It would inaugurate that clean break with the past for which the peoples of Europe crave without knowing how it best can be made.

Modern Europe is moving in a vicious circle, from war to phoney peace and back again to war, without any real effort to understand and remove its causes. There is only one cure for a vicious circle of any kind and that is to break it somewhere; even a small breach will check the downward course and finally enable it to be reversed. But this commonly demands an act of faith, or at least of courage. Are the leaders of the four great Allied Powers, or any one of them, capable of shaking off the bonds of habit and tradition and stepping out boldly toward a real New Order? Or must they drift from conference to futile conference, seeking what General Marshall calls "agreement by exhaustion", until the patient dies before the doctors can make up their minds?



DAY BY DAY IN THE KITCHEN

You don't have to ask mother where *she* spends most of her day. Just step into the kitchen. You'll find her there. And from long before she slips the dinner into the oven until the last dishes are put away, the kitchen sink is the centre of her activity.

This is true on *any* day of the year. That's why it is so important to choose your new kitchen sink with care. Make sure it's protected by smooth gleaming white enamel. Make sure that under that enamel is a sturdy, cast iron base—constructed in one solid piece, including the drainboard. Make sure it's designed for ease of work as well as for smart appearance.

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OTTAWA LETTER

First Response to New Budget Was Feeling of Relief, Then Queries

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

THE Honorable Douglas Charles Abbott is obviously a very able as well as charming man. But he must have been born under a lucky star, too. A little over seven years after his first election to the House of Commons, he rose to make his first budget address; and circumstances conspired to make it one of the most welcome and popular budget speeches in history. Only two previous Ministers of Finance ever had the opportunity of making such a generally favorable report. For my sins I was once compelled to read every Budget Speech made since Confederation. You have to go back to the Fielding budgets of the first decade of this century and to the Robb budgets of the late twenties to find such rosy-tinted prospects. And, as Mr. Abbott himself modestly admitted, the surplus he announced last week surpassed the sum of every previous surplus since 1867.

Whether the Abbott "surplus" of something over $350 million will stand up under the opposition microscopes remains to be seen. Surpluses created by a fortuitous lump-sum return of capital previously debited to public accounts are a bit on the shaky side. But any surplus at all, in view of Mr. Ilsley's forecast of a $300 million deficit only ten months before, is something of a minor fiscal miracle. And surplus or no surplus, the budget statement both of the economic state of the nation and of the position of the public accounts, is a great testimony to the way Canadians have met the demands of a war finance policy which, all parties will ultimately agree—if not now—to have been exceptionally wise and courageous.

Good Fortune

Mr. Abbott inherited from his predecessor a healthy condition of things, and it was his good luck to take over just at the time when the public accounts were "going over the top." To get the full effect of his good fortune it is only necessary to look back three or four years to see what Mr. Ilsley was facing then. Or, even better in a way, is a comparison with the unhappy state of affairs back in 1920, when the budget was brought down by Sir Henry Drayton, on a date which was just about as many months after the cessation of hostilities of the First Great War as last week was of the Second.

Sir Henry Drayton, so far from being able to survey the postwar situation from the heights of a balanced budget just achieved and paving the way for some early tax reductions, had very bad news for the taxpayers in 1920. The deficit that year was the largest in Canadian history to date. Total revenues were about $350 million; total outlay $780 million, of which about $70 million was capital expenditure and $347 million chargeable to "war and demobilization". Under these circumstances, Sir Henry had to impose heavy new taxation, a surtax of 5 per cent on income of $5,000 and over and a new tax on sales. These additional imposts were expected to result in about twice as much in total war tax revenue for 1920-21 as for 1919-20. And the budget did not come to a balance until 1924—nearly six years after the end of hostilities.

Another comparison which reflects a great deal of credit upon the willingness of Canadians to pay for the Second Great War as they went along, is the figure for the net national debt reported last week by Mr. Abbott. We all know, vaguely, that the war resulted in a very large increase in the funded debt of Canada. During actual hostilities, when deficits of as much as $2½ billion a year were being run up in spite of the heaviest taxation in history, the more timid among us might have wondered if it would not eventually have reached a quite unsupportable level by war's end.

National Debt

Mr. Abbott supplied us with all the data we need for a thorough examination of the national debt as it stands on a date when a surplus of revenues over expenditures has again been reached. It is bad enough, but it is far from hopeless.

The gross unmatured funded debt as of March 31, 1947, was about $16.5 billion. Adding in other liabilities brings the overall total to $17.7 billion. There are active assets on the other side of the ledger amounting to well over $4.7 billion. Thus the estimated net debt now stands at about $13.0 billion. And, as the corresponding figure back in 1939 was just over $3.0 billion, the increase in the national debt during the eight years which saw the most costly war in history was roughly $10 billion. Not much, if you say it fast enough!

Meantime the carrying cost needs to be taken into account. Back in 1921, on a total national and railway debt of about $3.5 billion the annual charges (net) of carrying that load was $155 million. By 1939, due to refunding and new borrowing at considerably lower interest rates the average rate of interest on the funded debt was down to 3.52 per cent. During the Second Great War, financing was carried out at still lower interest rates. Mr. Abbott reported last week that the present average rate of interest on Canada's funded debt is only 2.65 per cent.

Carrying Costs

What is the present annual cost of carrying Canada's national debt? The figure given in the budget (gross) is $461 million, but as an offset to this figure the revenue side shows return on investments of $68.8 million. Thus the net annual carrying charges for the net debt of about $13.0 billion stands now at something of the order of $400 million a year. This, as is often pointed out, is not very far short of the entire annual expenditures of the Dominion a few years ago. But as a percentage of the national income (and remembering that it is almost entirely owed within Canada) it cannot be considered an intolerable burden. So long as Canada's productive capacity is reasonably well utilized and mass unemployment can be escaped, it is actually a lighter burden than was the $150 million annually in the early 1920's.

The budget address opened with the observation that "today we see a Canada enjoying a degree of prosperity never exceeded in living memory." The Minister cited figures to prove the point. But behind the facade of unparalleled good times there lurk a few shadows which Mr. Abbott mentioned, but did not elaborate upon. Is it real prosperity or is it a temporary postwar boom? For example, what will happen to it when the export credits have expired, and the ability of the world to continue to take record quantities of Canadian goods and services depends on our willingness to accept goods and services in return?

Question Marks

The 1947 Budget goes down into history as a short, clear, optimistic, popular, political presentation. It brings welcome and possibly highly constructive relief to a wide range of wage-earners and salaried people, who have been almost mercilessly squeezed for several years. But the first response of delight at the unexpectedly large measure of relief to the payers of income tax was quickly succeeded by a series of question marks.

First, was it wise to make such a substantial cut in the personal income taxes while leaving more than half the population, namely, those whose incomes do not rise into the tax-paying range, without any relief at all?

Again, will the effect of such large income tax cuts be inflationary, on balance? Restoration of incentive will undoubtedly be one factor, but will it be more than offset by a release of a very large volume of purchasing power, actual and prospective?

Does this substantial cut in personal income tax rates, introduced while the yields from indirect taxes on costs and on consumption are expected to rise to new record levels, mark an abandonment of the idea that the fairest of all taxes is that on personal income and that in the postwar world it should largely replace other more regressive and burdensome levies on costs rather than surpluses?

And finally, does it mean that the "cyclical" theory of budgeting has been proved to be impractical, since taxpayers won't cooperate to make surpluses in times of great prosperity in order that governments may spend lavishly to fight depression?

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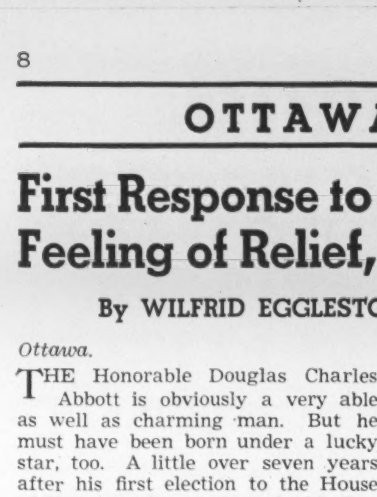

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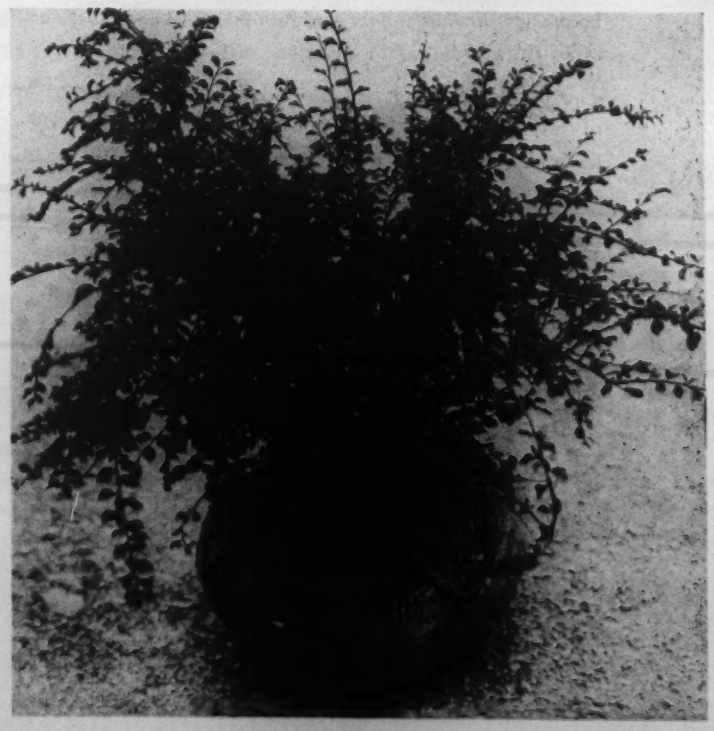

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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Concentration of Power Can Be the Ruin of Democracy

By B. K. SANDWELL

A VERY wise book on the art of government has just been published in Canada, and the wider its readership becomes the better it will be for the future government of the country. It is "Democratic Government and Politics" (University of Toronto Press, $3.75), and it is by J. A. Corry, professor of political science at Queen's and a former member of the staff of the Sirois Commission. Ostensibly an account of the nature and functioning of the political institutions of Canada, Great Britain and the United States, it is really much more than that, containing many sound and penetrating observations on the general purposes of democratic government and the aptitude of the various institutions to fulfil them.

"Four years before Hitler came to power, the devices for assuring that government should remain servant and not master had ceased to work and the country (Germany) was governed by executive decree. That is to say, the riches of the earth lay open to those who could somehow get control of the government. When this happens, the power-hungry, the ruthless, the doctrinaire zealots who want to impose their conception of the good life on everybody, are all attracted to politics as the bees to the flowers. But where the people are determined that government shall be servant and not master and the machinery of government is constructed to that end, the imperious are little attracted to politics and do not get far even when they try."

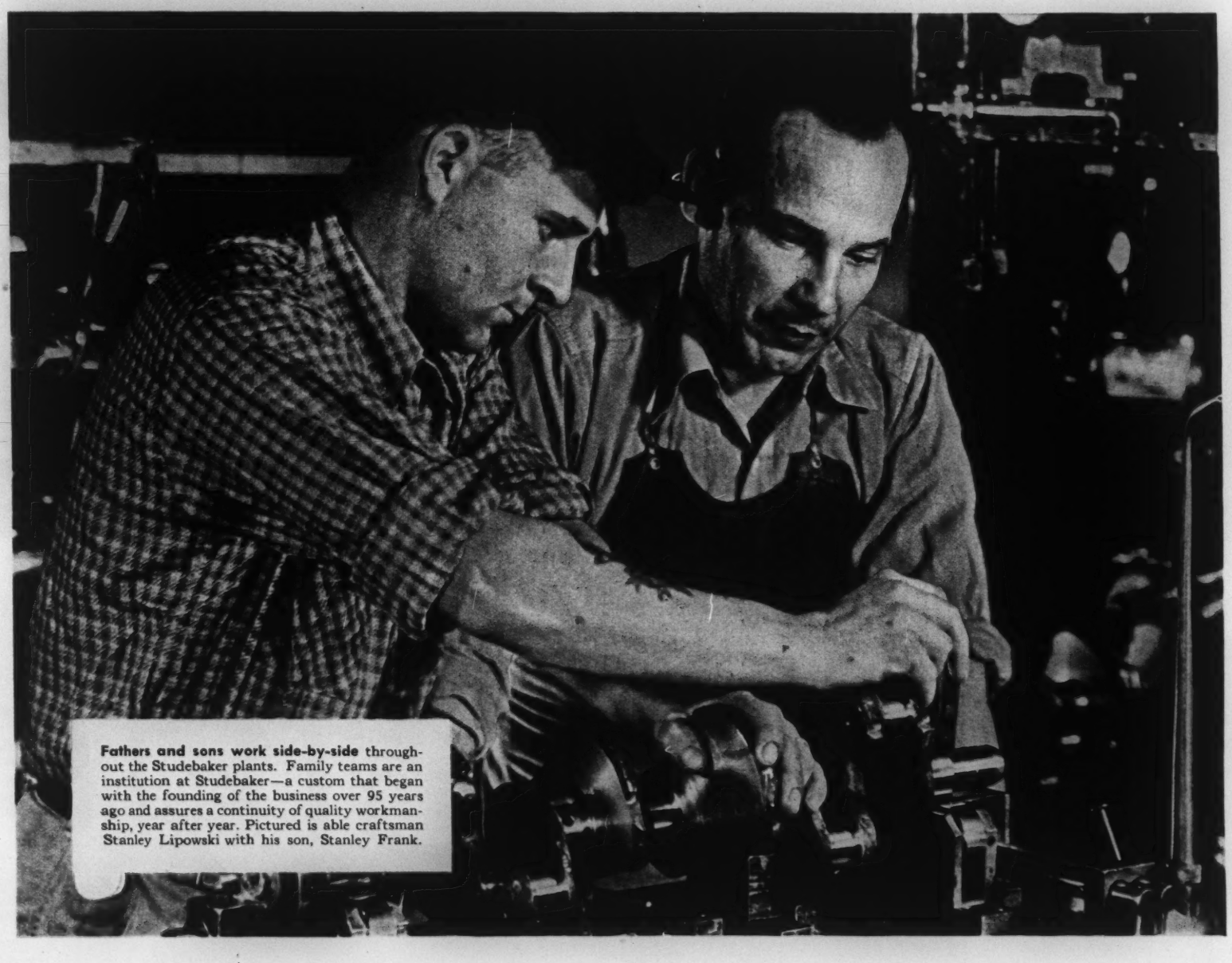
That is one of the wisest paragraphs to be penned in Canada since 1939. We have the machinery to ensure that government shall be servant. We did not make it; we inherited it from Britain. Have we the determination to keep it intact and oiled to use it for that end? Some of the recent tendencies at Ottawa and at provincial capitals are not encouraging. Governments are kept in the proper servitude largely by the Common Law. "It is sometimes said that the Common Law has no conception of the public interest but only an ideal of the protection of private rights. It would be more correct to say that the Common Law conception of the public interest is the greatest possible freedom for individuals." How many of us share that conception, and are willing to make sacrifices to maintain it? Is it held by Mr. Duplessis in Quebec, in his dealings with the Witnesses of Jehovah? Are there enough people in Quebec ready to make sacrifices to maintain "the greatest possible freedom" for the Witnesses so long as their behavior is not condemned as unlawful by the proper independent courts? Is that conception held by the Ottawa Government, and by the people in British Columbia who urge it on to exile from Canada native-born Canadians (but of a certain race, or married to a certain race) without the slightest semblance of judicial proceedings? Is it held by governments which raise no finger to protect the right of the worker to accept employment where he likes, and of the employer to hire labor where he likes? Yet that conception is fundamental to liberty. Abandon it, and you open the way to tyranny and invite violent men to enter your politics and eventually to run them by violence.

How They Operate

Mr. Corry's book is an account, not only of political institutions, but of how they work. No man can understand a sword merely by seeing it in a museum; you must watch a fencing-bout and see how it is employed. This book shows the machinery in action, pretty completely. We should have liked a little more on that, to us Canadians so mysterious, subject of the working of the government-run primary election in the United States. We should also have liked more than the two paragraphs devoted to the practice, grown up "in the last twenty-five years" in Canada, of selecting the party leader at a special national convention. This is an American innovation, and its results here have not always been happy. When the convention is largely controlled by the group of members of Parliament, as is usually the case if the party is in power, it makes little difference, but when the party is out of power the convention often lacks guidance and chooses a man who will not work well with his parliamentary following. But Mr. Corry's book is already 440 pages and index, and there is very little superfluous matter in it.

The great difficulty of democracy is, of course, the enormous increase in the number and importance of the things that governments must do. This leads to delegation of what are substantially legislative powers to the cabinet, to Ministers, to Boards and even to civil servants. It leads also to administrative law: "It is not regarded as sufficient to have the courts punish those who disobey; they must be made to obey." The result is a great deal of "inquisitorial and supervisory activity after the fashion of schoolmasters." A law to punish disorderly drunkenness can be left to policemen; a law to see that nobody buys more than a certain quantity of liquor requires an immense staff to keep tab on purchases. The same with minimum wages, hours of work, control of disease, operation of elevators. The courts of law are utterly unsuited to these functions, and a vast range of discretion has to be left to administrative officers—the "bureaucracy" of which we complain so much and which is nevertheless so indispensable. Mr. Corry professes to be uncertain whether this extensive regulation, in the field of industry and commerce, may not be a mere half-way house between the old *laissez-faire* and a coming condition of general state ownership; "It is not yet clear whether the half-way house can be made a permanent stopping-place."

The final chapter of this book, on the crisis confronting democracy, is written in very moderate terms, but cannot be described as reassuring even so. "There was in 1939 considerably more concentration of power in the democratic governmental structure than there was in 1900 and this is not without its alarming aspects. But it is not necessarily beyond human ingenuity to find improved methods of control as counterpoises to the aggrandizement of the executive and the growing predominance of national over local, and state or provincial governments." Well, the human ingenuity will have to be pretty widespread among the electorate, so a lot of them had better read Mr. Corry's book.



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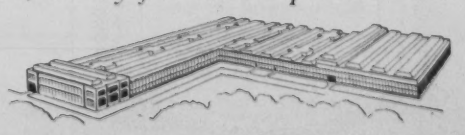

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

A Glossy Print of Miss A.

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

I FOUND my friend Miss A. seated at her dinette table, surrounded by impressive documents and writing busily. "Sit down," she said. "Maybe you can help me with this."

I picked up the thickest and creamiest of the documents and ran a finger over it. "Golly, hand-engraved," I said.

"It ought to be," Miss A. said. "It's a statement of the aims of the new Social and Historical Register. I'm sending in my application."

I said after a moment's thought. "What for?"

Miss A. bent over her writing. "'Civic Activities,'" she said, frowning a little. "Let's see. Anti-Narcotic League, Anti-Salacious Literature League, Anti-Pigeon League, Women's Progressive Conservative Association, Ladies' Needlework Guild . . ." She finished the section at last and laid down her pen. "In these times of wide public unrest it is necessary to organize the First Families of the country as an advance guard against social revolution," she said.

I shook my head. "You've got your history backwards. First Families aren't organized to combat social revolution. Social revolution is organized to bump off First Families."

"That is a contingency we may well have to face," Miss A. said bravely. She returned to a study of her documents. "It says here, 'Give short excerpts from pronouncement made in the course of addresses delivered by you. Also submit short quotations from laudatory comments received on diverse public occasions . . . ' Unfortunately I haven't, that is to say I haven't *kept* any records of this sort."

I considered. "If anything were to happen to you I could write you a lovely obituary," I said.

"I'm not going to kill myself getting into the Social Register," Miss A. said coldly.

"If everybody felt like that there wouldn't be any Social Register," I pointed out.

"I find that an extremely vulgar attitude," Miss A. said. "You have only to read what it says in the literature to recognize the type of organization and individual it represents."

She picked up one of the documents and her face glowed with enthusiasm.

"It's beautifully written, really Literature," she said. "For instance it says that lives rich in inspiration and courage are well-fitted to serve as a pattern and example for other Canadians. And further along, 'Are we to allow the leaders of this era who have measured up to the best traditions of moral fortitude, enterprise and patriotism to disappear into eternal silence without recording their existence, their merit?'"

"STILL you've got to have laudatory comments received on diverse occasions," I said, "and you can't very well write them yourself. You'll have to break into the Press somehow."

"Yes, but how?" Miss A. asked looking worried.

I said after a moment's consideration. "You could have a fight with your landlord. Only to get into the Press it would have to be something spectacular, like tipping a pail of calcimine over him as he came up the stairs."

"How would *that* ever get me into the Social Register?" Miss A. said indignantly.

"I'm coming to that," I said. "The landlord takes you to Court and then I come in as a character witness and tell the judge that you have lived a life rich in imagination and courage which measures up to the best tradition of moral fortitude, enterprise and patriotism. All we have to do after that is clip the laudatory comment from the rest of the report and mail it along with a glossy print to the Advisory Committee."

Miss A. sighed. "It seems to me there ought to be a simpler way than that," she said.

I leaned over and picked up a long list of names in Miss A.'s handwriting. "What's that?" I asked.

"Oh, it's just a list of family names I thought I could work in along with my own," she said. "It says here, 'Widows and relatives of distinguished Canadians may place those departed national figures before History by incorporating their lives with their own'."

"Do you think it's a good idea to enter Uncle Alva Badgley?" I asked. Uncle Alva, I remembered, had acquired a million dollars in World War I, along with a good deal of unfavorable publicity from the Wartime Profiteering Investigation Committee.

"I don't see why not," Miss A. said. "He was a prominent Canadian and a remarkable man."

I admitted that it would be interesting to watch Uncle Alva "striding down the years", as the Register literature put it, in a pair of condemned army boots. "And your Uncle Jonas Phipps," I said, "didn't he make his money in pants' buttons?"

Miss A. flushed. "Can you think of anything that brings added dignity and profound social significance to our cultural way of life more than what you so vulgarly call pants' buttons?" she asked sharply, and after thinking it over I had to admit I couldn't think of a thing. "Your great-aunt Sarah Pidgeon ought to brighten up the Social Register a lot," I said. "Wasn't she the one who used to go round hanging pieces of pie on coat-hooks?"

"That was only in her declining year," Miss A. said. "She was really a remarkable personality and a wonderful housekeeper. People used to say you could eat off the backs of her plates."

"Don't forget to put that in," I said. "And what about your second cousin Phileo Arkwright? You told me yourself he lived off his two unmarried sisters and spent the last fifteen years of his life in bed."

Miss A. said there was a clause covering Cousin Phileo. "It says here we mustn't be too busy moulding our fortunes, life should not be all toil and gain".

She bent over and began rummaging among her papers. "That's only a partial list," she said. "I have three or four more pages of family national figures somewhere here. The only thing that worries me is that the combined biographies for a single member mustn't run over a thousand words. And naturally I'd like to list all their achievements in order to hearten and strengthen contemporaries and oncoming generations in times of stress." She sighed. "It would be wonderful if I could get them all in on the one subscription."

"As wonderful as engraving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin," I said.

"That's why I'd like your help," Miss A. said. "I thought it would make a wonderful gift if I got them all into the Social Register. That would take care of the whole Christmas problem and it only costs $125."

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars!" I said.

Miss A. indicated the clause under "Membership Fee." "In the interest of mutual respect and in a spirit of complete understanding it has been deemed advisable, due to the high standards of the enterprise and the heavy financial encumbrances inherent in such an undertaking, to set the individual membership fee at ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS."

"And after all where can you get mutual respect and the spirit of complete understanding for less than a hundred and twenty-five dollars the way prices are these day?" she asked.

IT WAS almost a fortnight before I saw Miss A. again. When I did I asked her eagerly if she and her family were now members of the Social and Historical Register.

Miss A. flushed. "To tell the truth I have come to the conclusion that the whole thing is a rather vulgar idea."

I couldn't resist asking her if she had had any word from the Advisory Committee and she nodded. "In their usual funeral-parlor prose style," she said bitterly.

"Well anyway, you've saved your hundred and twenty-five dollars," I said.

Miss A. brightened. "I've been thinking it over and I figure that I should have a life expectancy of at least thirty years. Thirty years at $125 a year would be $3750. It seems to me I could buy a better memorial with that than a place in the Social and Historical Register."

"You certainly could," I said. "You could get a lovely pink granite memorial, twenty feet high, with all the family history in gold letters. It wouldn't have to be renewed every year either."

"That's what I was thinking," Miss A. said and smiled rather grimly, "and another good thing about that kind of memorial is that the oncoming generations can't stick it in the attic when they get tired of having it around."

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Republicans Hope Truman Vetoes Labor Bill to Pin Blame on Him

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

THIS is a crucial week in American labor relations. All the months of Congressional hearings on labor legislation can go down the drain and count for nothing. The Republicans are accused of trying to make their omnibus labor bill so restrictive that President Truman will of necessity have to veto it; then they can accuse him of preventing passage of labor curbs.

The labor crisis is expected to come to a head when the Government hands over the control of the coal mines on June 30 and John L. Lewis will be free to order a full-scale strike. Some commentators believe that another siege of strikes will bring on the long predicted recession or depression and that if the American economy is thus paralyzed, it will have an adverse effect on the rest of the world.

Although a battle is being fought against inflation, the rise in domestic prices can have devastating consequences. It can intensify the shortage of dollar exchange. And some Administration officials are fearful that the inflationary trend and consequent exchange difficulties might reach the point where both Canada and Mexico will have to slap controls on imports from the U.S. for self-protection.

Presidential election politics is beginning to be discernible in Congressional manoeuvers. For the first time there was a departure from a completely bipartisan foreign policy on the Greek-Turkish aid bill. Republicans feared Truman would benefit too much, and Democrats, aware that Senator Vandenberg is good presidential timber, thought it may redound too much to his credit.

Political considerations will get increasing attention, in labor and other legislation, during the 18 months before the presidential vote in 1948.

Union Growth

The U.S. Department of Labor reports that 14,800,000 workers are covered by union contracts. This is a million higher than when the war ended, indicating that unions have continued wartime growth. The increase was from 10,300,000 in 1941, to 14,800,000 at the end of 1946. Organized labor thus represents 48 per cent of the 31 million persons employed in fields where unions are active. Almost 70 per cent of manufacturing wage earners and 35 per cent of non-manufacturing workers are represented by unions. The number of workers covered by closed and union shop contracts rose from 6,200,000 in 1945 to 7,400,000 last year. There were 3,600,000 more covered by the maintenance of membership clause, which is the War Labor Board's wartime substitute for the closed shop. Some 41 per cent of all workers covered by contract have some sort of dues checkoff.

Despite the headlines that result when workers go out on strike, labor spokesmen declare that the majority of unions have a long record of peaceful and harmonious relations with management.

Marx Lewis, executive vice president of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International Union, A.F.L., told the conference of labor leaders which unsuccessfully sought to merge the A.F.L. and C.I.O. here last week, that "of the 15 million labor union members in this country, at least 12 million" could tell a story of excellent relations with management.

"Yet Congress wants to pass a bill which will upset those good relations and cause chaos and confusion," Mr. Lewis commented.

At this writing, the country is still beset by the nation-wide telephone strike. Polls show that the majority of citizens are in sympathy with the strikers. New strikes have just broken out in the steel, cement, building, tobacco and trucking industries. At Detroit the Ford Motor Co. has informed the C.I.O. Auto Workers that it would open contract negotiations this week. General Motors and Chrysler have already settled with the union.

Labor First on Agenda

Defenders of organized labor have virtually conceded defeat in their efforts to head off stiff laws to control unions. Chairman Robert A. Taft of the Senate Republican Policy Committee, and the spearhead of the Senate drive for tough labor laws, has given labor the No. 1 spot on the legislative calendar.

Mr. Taft's four amendments to tighten up the Senate labor bill, passed by a 59 to 35 vote, would: 1. prohibit unions from coercing workers in their free choice of unions; 2. curb industry-wide bargaining; 3. prohibit union-con rolled welfare funds; and authorize private employers to seek court injunctions in certain kinds of strikes, particularly jurisdictional strikes.

Senator Vandenberg has objected to the last amendment on the grounds that it would scuttle the Norris-LaGuardia Act, one of the Magna Cartas of American labor rights and Senator Taft agreed to a modification.

Representative Hartley's House labor bill was much more severe than the Senate bill and without going into details of each, here is how they differ:

The Senate measure, as finally passed, would grant restrictive injunction rights against unions to Government officials, but denies them to private employers; it sets forth fewer "unfair practices" for unions; and it calls for less interference with the internal management of unions.

However, the Senate goes along pretty much with the House on these proposals: to make secondary boycotts and jurisdictional strikes illegal; to remove need of employers to bargain with foremen's unions; to make unions liable for violation of controls; to prohibit the closed shop and make the union shop subject to an employees' majority vote; to restrict industry-wide bargaining; to remove all limitations on free speech for employers, short of coercive statements; to give employers the right to petition for elections; and to provide machinery to prevent or delay strikes threatening national health or safety.

The Senate favors expanding the National Labor Relations Board and granting it more powers but the House would abolish it and create another agency. Both sides of Congress would separate the Conciliation Service from the Labor Department.

The king pin in American labor legislation, of course, is President Truman. Liberal Republican Senator Morse pointed out that the White House is as much a factor in creating legislation as either the House or Senate.

The President has before him the portal pay bill, passed by both House and Senate, which would knock out claims for billions of dollars in back pay. Republicans claim a vote will scuttle the President's own campaign for lower prices. Administration spokesman says the President should throw out the bill because it would weaken the Wage-House law, which requires a minimum wage of 40 cents an hour in interstate commerce and time and a half over a 40-hour week.

The President can veto the labor bill that Congress sends to him—which is what Republicans are hoping for. There is no indication as yet, if he did veto it, whether Congress would sustain or override the veto.

Also an enigma in the labor picture is John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers, who conferred here this past week with Philip Murry of the C.I.O. and William Green of the A.F.L. in the abortive effort to merge the three big unions.

The Government's authority to operate the soft coal mines expires June 30. Unless the operators and miners reach an agreement by that deadline on wages and other conditions, another coal strike is considered a near certainty.

That is all that informed observers say will be needed to start that anticipated cycle of strikes, recession, dollar exchange chaos, and more world confusion.

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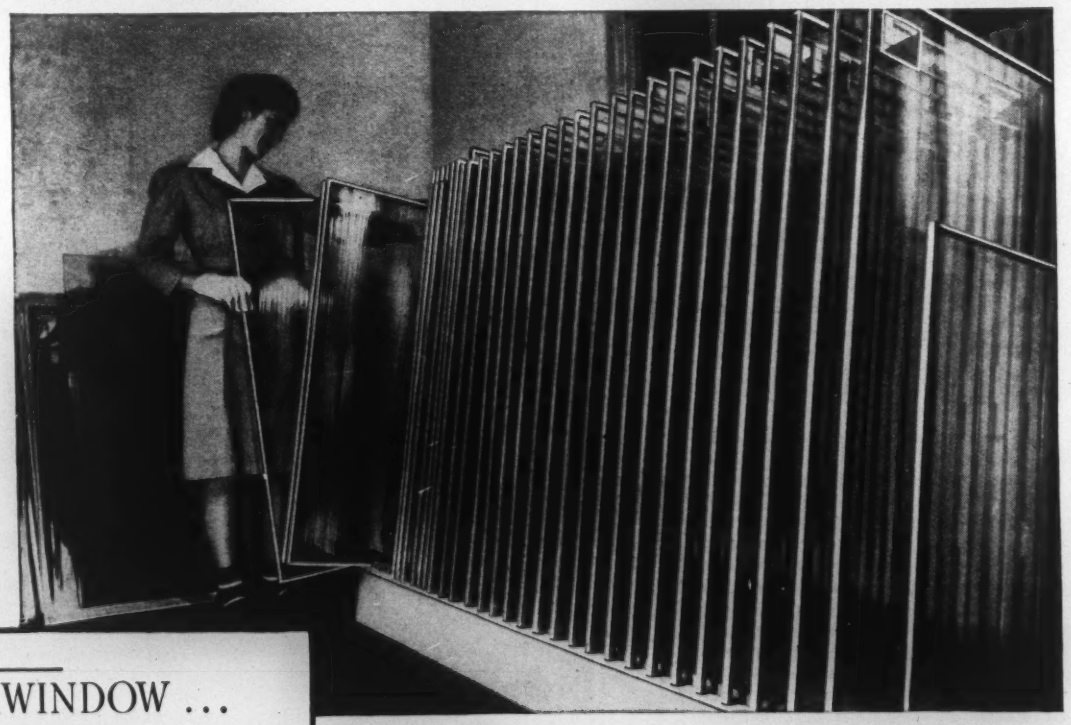

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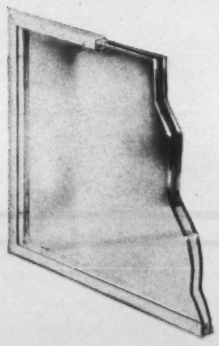

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Churches Must Support a True Temperance

By CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX

Some of the Canadian Churches are running grave dangers by seeking to "tie the Church as a whole to prohibition or general total abstinence", says this well known writer on religious and social problems.

At a moment when there is the most urgent need for the whole Christian Church all over the world to present a united front against the new paganism, local Christian bodies should beware of introducing, as matters of faith, elements which can only create new divisions.

DURING the recent excitement over the introduction of cocktail-bars in large cities in Ontario, much criticism was directed against certain churches on the ground of their narrow and puritanical attitude towards the consumption of alcoholic liquors. This criticism was not confined to those outside the churches in question; it was quite widespread within the churches — even among their own ministers! All this poses the problem: what should the attitude of the churches be towards such legislative policies?

Religious leaders cannot be, and are not, blind to the tragedy caused by the improper use of liquor. It is responsible for many of the accidents caused on our highways. It is responsible for much domestic unhappiness and sex irregularity. It is responsible for no little delinquency and crime. Some clergymen have to spend much of their time endeavoring to unravel problems in their parishes in which intemperance is an all-important factor. They know only too well that there are persons who should never touch alcohol in any form. For such, total abstinence is the only safe course, and it is un-Christian and cruel for individuals or for social custom (as around Christmas and New Year's) to press drink upon them and to label them as weak sisters if they prefer not to indulge.

Danger and Futility

All these factors suggest not only the dangers in the excessive consumption of liquor, but also the need of the moral and religious forces girding themselves and setting forth a completely revised and constructive program of true temperance. But they can never do this until Christian people and some of the churches generally recognize both the danger and the futility of tying the church as a whole to a policy such as prohibition or general total abstinence. Such an emphasis as that, being neither fundamentally Christian nor (in the light of public opinion) practicable, will only render the cause of true temperance more difficult. It will also alienate from the Church many who positively refuse to accept such positions as inherently Christian, and whose support and loyalty the Christian Church needs more than ever as it faces the challenge of modern paganism.

What, then, shall the Churches do? Protestants naturally seek guidance in the Scriptures, even when it may be difficult to find it there. But here we are confronted with the fact that little may be found in the sacred writings to warrant a policy of either prohibition or total abstinence. The people of Israel had, to be sure, their dietary laws, conformity with which served to distinguish the faithful from the unfaithful. But the apostles, as they turned to the Gentile world, claimed that the kingdom of God was not a matter of meat or drink; the Christian revolution broke down the distinction between clean and unclean food. But even these dietary laws did not require abstinence from alcoholic drinks.

There are, to be sure, many warnings against excessive indulgence in strong drink which, involving the sacrifice of the rational faculty, deserves the contempt it receives. In the book of Proverbs, there is one bit of sage advice: "It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted. Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more" (Proverbs 31: 4-7).

There were, to be sure, ascetic groups such as the Essenes who refrained from alcoholic drinks and also from marriage in their efforts to promote special holiness. The Nazarites also, were wont to take vows, usually lasting for thirty days, in which they refrained from wine. But these were the exceptions that proved the rule. Wine played an important part—and still does—in the religious festivals of the people of Israel. It was solemnly used at the beginning of the Sabbaths and at the Passover and other feasts. Bread and wine became the symbols of the sacramental love of God, in partaking of which we sanctified the Holy Name. Out of all this has come the arresting fact that whatever vices the Jewish people may or may not have, drunkenness is not one of them. One of the best-known Jewish scholars, Rabbi Israel Cohen, says in his "Jewish Life in Modern Times": "There are no temperance leagues in Jewry, and yet in no other community is the number of drunkards or of those suffering from alcoholic excess so small in proportion."

In the days of His flesh, our Lord seemed to share this prevailing attitude towards wine. The impression which He made on His contemporaries was not that of a fanatical ascetic. He was present at the wedding-feast at Cana of Galilee and came to the rescue when the wine was exhausted. He took the cup and gave it to His disciples at the solemn passover feast which became the prototype of the Holy Communion. The gospels specifically record that His detractors said that "He came eating and drinking" and called Him a glutton and a "wine-bibber." These are facts which no

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amount of casuistry can explain away. It is true that in the Sermon on the Mount, He admonished His disciples to eliminate without hesitation any evil that threatened their highest welfare; "if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off," and without doubt there are many persons who are allergic to alcohol, who cannot drink in moderation and for whom total abstinence is the only salutary policy. But *there is no authority in the gospels for an effort to make total abstinence mandatory on all who have named the Name.*

Use of Wine

In the apostolic Church, there are continued admonitions against rioting and drunkenness, but we find the continued use of wine in the sacraments of the Church. There is even an admonition of St. Paul to Timothy to "take a little wine for thy stomach's sake." Nor is the much-quoted passage in Romans XIV:21 really as germane to the discussion as certain exegetes would make it. When St. Paul said that "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak," he was not stressing the propriety or impropriety of wine-drinking for Christians, but rather the necessity of one who is strong in the faith considering the scruples of the weaker brethren to whom any violation of the dietary laws of Israel would be shocking. And today, he would be justified in phrasing the corollary of this teaching, viz., that the weaker brethren should not seek to inflict their scruples on the stronger disciples, and certainly not to the point of alienating them from any identification with the body of Christ.

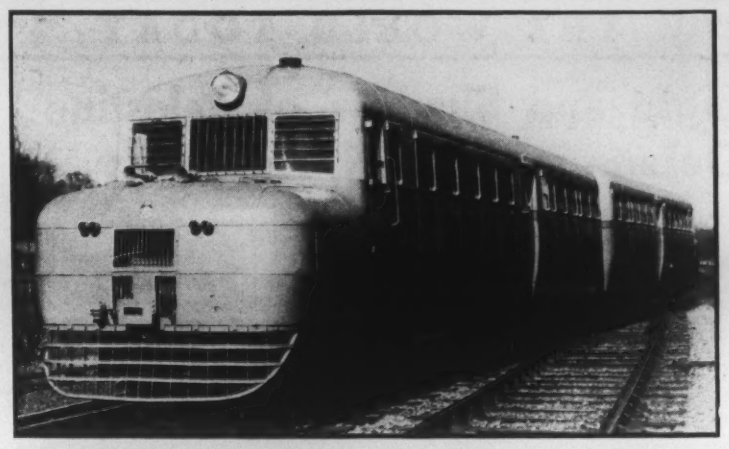
A significant fact to remember is that even the Puritans, while they scorned drunkenness, did not preach total abstinence. Even when the large-scale temperance movements began in the third decade of the nineteenth century in the U.S., Canada and the United Kingdom, the drive was primarily against the use of distilled liquors, not against beer and ale, and it was only later that the temperance societies made their platform one of total abstinence. The particular emphasis on temperance of the last one hundred years is, consequently, not characteristic of the general position of historic Christianity, and at all events, should not be made the touchstone of Christian discipleship.

American Movement

The movements towards prohibition and total abstinence were in large measure cradled on the North American continent. These movements were more successful there, first because the presence of Indians, to whom firewater was particularly harmful, and of Negro slaves created situations which did not exist in Europe. Moreover, the primitive conditions under which the first settlers lived, with a great lack of recreational facilities and opportunity for aesthetic merriment,—perhaps even the stimulating influence of the climate which tended to a certain nervous tension,—combined with an abundance of fair whiskey and bad beer to undermine all but the sturdiest characters. On the frontiers, the saloon became the lure of all the most disreputable people, while the liquor traffickers in urban centres as elsewhere threatened the forces of law and order. Out of all this, came not only a feeling that total abstinence was the only safe course, but that the liquor traffic itself was an enemy to be extirpated, root and branch, if the health of the body politic was to be preserved.

The influence of two world wars in which our men and women, transported to the United Kingdom and to Europe, discovered attitudes towards alcoholic liquors of a different character from those with which they were familiar, combined with the failure of the prohibition experiment and the fact that a growing proportion of our population is derived from ethnic communities which have never proscribed the moderate use of alcoholic beverages, forces upon all who cherish the ideals of true temperance a different approach to the question altogether. Unless the moral forces of the community are competent to assume the leadership in such a new approach, two things will probably happen: (1) the community as a whole will reject the leadership of such moral forces, only to find themselves adrift without the guidance which such forces should offer, and (2) the policies of control promoted by governments will not be conducive to true temperance, but to the securing of the largest revenues possible from the liquor business, irrespective of the consequences to the character of the people.

In addition to this, it must be remembered that what is most needed in our modern world is a united testimony of the Christian Church to those basic truths without which our civilization cannot endure. To this end, the Protestant churches have been building up a World Council of Churches, which seeks to include persons of different cultures and different nations, united in a common loyalty to Christ and to the will of God for mankind. To this end, they have been minimizing some of the things which divide them and exalting those things which they hold in common and which, in their faith, are needful for the salvation of man. For any Christian Church officially to endorse either prohibition or total abstinence as if it were the *only* Christian solution, is to introduce a dangerous and divisive element into the movement for ecumenicity, and to drive beyond the reach of the Church many persons who repudiate the tendency to make the kingdom of God primarily a matter of meat or drink.



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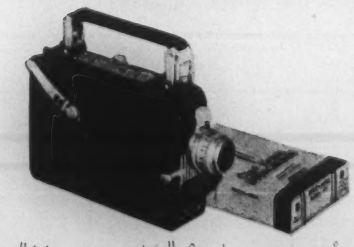

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THE WORLD TODAY

Light and Shadow of Palestine Debate in the U.N. Assembly

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

New York.

BEFORE we plunge into the peculiar atmosphere of the U.N. committee rooms, with their interplay of personalities, half-concealed national rivalries, groups and blocs, let us take a good clear look at what the United Nations is supposed to be doing about the Palestine problem.

It has met to consider a request from the British Government for its advice on the future government of this territory, a mandate of the League of Nations which has not yet been converted into a trusteeship of the United Nations. The only two tasks which this special assembly has to carry out are the appointment of a committee of investigation and the laying down of the terms of reference of this committee's work (whether, for example, it is supposed to consider definite solutions for the Palestine problem, or merely to study the present situation).

The regular Assembly, meeting in September, will then consider the report of the special investigating committee, and doubtless will debate at length the best solution of the problem. To recommend such a solution will require a two-thirds majority vote.

The Assembly itself has, be it noted, no power to carry out its own decisions. Sir Alexander Cadogan has warned that force may be needed to do this, and intimated that in such a case Britain might not be willing to supply the force to carry out a decision of which she did not approve.

The Assembly would in that case have to refer the matter to the Security Council, which alone can order the use of international forces. And here each great power has a veto. It is possible that the British, with their experience and responsibility in Palestine and the Middle East, may not feel that the Assembly's solution is a wise or practicable one.

It is possible that the Americans might be put under strong domestic pressure to reject a solution which the Zionists did not believe fair to them. It is possible that the Soviets will not want to see any early settlement of a turmoil which keeps the waters of the whole Middle East stirred, causes difficulties for Britain and the U.S., and angry words between them.

There is, then, no certainty in the minds of the delegates as they begin discussion of this highly-charged question, that the United Nations can find a good solution, or perhaps *any* solution for it. Also contributing to the curious atmosphere here is the feeling that, as the Indian delegate eloquently described it, "we are playing *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark."

Beneath the Surface

Finally, there is the very cautious attitude of the great powers. The extent of their involvement in Palestine is graphically shown in the notes on a map in the New York *Times*. These point out that Palestine is at the same time the goal of Europe's displaced Jews, a potential lever for Russian expansionism, a strategic base on Britain's life-line, a testing ground for Arab-West relations, and the Western outlet for Mid-Eastern oil.

The Americans, after having given so much free advice on Palestine through the years, are suddenly reticent. They don't want the substance of the Palestine problem discussed at this meeting, and so have opposed giving Jewish representatives a hearing. They don't want to be on the Investigating Committee. They don't want to alienate the Arabs, without whose support or neutrality they cannot make the Truman Doctrine effective, or carry through their oil policies, in the Middle East.

And yet, meeting in New York, which has the largest, richest and most influential Jewish community in the world (four times as large as the entire Jewish community in Palestine) the United States delegation could not ignore the wishes and demands of American Zionists, even if it wanted to.

The Soviets, too, are playing a very cagey game. They have not said a single word so far to indicate what final solution they favor for Palestine. But as far as that goes, not a single one of the United Nations except the Arab states gave such indication during last week's debate.

Soviet opposition to Zionism has long been well known. They have sternly repressed any manifestation of it in the U.S.S.R. And yet most of the Jews trekking towards Palestine today are coming out of Soviet-controlled territory, when no other residents can come out. Whether this is due to humanitarian considerations or a willingness to pour oil on the flames, is a matter for speculation.

Balancing Act

So far in this assembly meeting the Soviets have supported the Arab demand for an immediate end to the British mandate. They have supported the Arab claim that it was necessary to discuss the substance of the Palestine question. Then, in an apparent balancing act, they urged the admission of Jewish representatives to the plenary sessions of the Assembly.

The first move is, however, explainable on strategic grounds alone; and the other two would both lead to the same end: the extension of the discussion and of the wrangling. That the American and British delegations wanted so much to avoid this might seem to the Soviets the best possible reason for pressing it.

The line taken by Soviet publications at home and abroad is carefully ambiguous. *Red Fleet's* assertion that "the struggle for national independence in Palestine has intensified and now enjoys the vigorous support of all Arab countries" could be passed off as a mere assertion of fact. And the demand of the *Daily Worker* in New York, simultaneously with the Comintern's chief organ *New Times*, in Moscow, for an immediate end to the "discredited" British mandate, leaves wide open the question of whether this would lead to immediate independence for an Arab-majority Palestine, to partition, or to the substitution of a joint United Nations trusteeship in which the Soviet Union would have a direct hand.

Neither have the British so far given any clear indication of what solution they now favor. There is probably no Machiavellian purpose in this. In the past they have tried almost every conceivable solution, unlimited Jewish immigration, closely restricted immigration, bi-national state, and partition. They have been attacked by the Arabs for allowing Jewish immigration of up to 60,000 a year; and now are being assaulted by the Jews for restricting it to 18,000 a year.

No matter what they have tried, they have been criticized for it and accused of following only their own imperial interests. To give one example, during the first day of heated committee discussion an Arab speaker demanded that Britain give

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up the mandate "because she had done her utmost to help the Zionists and violate the rights of the Arabs." Beside me sat a Zionist just arrived from Jerusalem, whose fellows were assaulting the British for "doing their utmost to favor the Arabs and violate the rights of the Jews." He himself, a moderate and impressive person, favored continuation of the British mandate—without immigration restrictions.

And now I think we had better hurry and get down to the committee room. The meeting must be nearly ready to start; it was called for 11 a.m., and it's now a quarter past. Our luck is still holding, and we have one of the seventy press passes which are handed out among the 120-odd correspondents before each meeting, a different colored card each time.

Security precautions have slackened off considerably since the first day, when everyone was suspect as a potential bomb-carrier. Now, if we have time, we can walk right into the delegates' lounge and perhaps get in a word or two with Mike Pearson. There we will almost as certainly find the five Arab delegates plotting strategy in a corner, as we will note the Zionist observers and correspondents working earnestly on some of the others.

Incidentally, the Zionists I have met during the U.N. meetings are mostly sober, restrained and reasonable, however their wilder elements are carrying on before the New York press. The political adviser to the Jewish agency at the U.N. is SATURDAY NIGHT'S former contributor, Lionel Gelber.

The committee room is crowded, with a horse-shoe table for the 18 delegations taking up about half the space, the press occupying four rows of chairs across the opposite side of the room, and other delegates, advisers, U.N. officials, and Zionist observers, packed around the other three walls. With the air conditioning turned off, because its noise makes it difficult for the translators and transcribers to hear everything clearly, and with nearly everyone smoking, the atmosphere soon becomes heavy.

Egyptian Opening

Senor Aranha, a tardy chairman, calls the meeting to order. The four Arab representatives who are not members of this General Committee, are invited to take places at the table, and like as not Egypt will make the opening speech. Hassan Pasha made himself a respected figure on the Security Council last year, and as the leading Arab spokesman at this Assembly he still presses his case fairly moderately.

Doubtless the political situation which has arisen at home over the refusal by Britain of Egyptian demands for the Sudan forces him to take a sharper line on the failure of the British mandate in Palestine than he otherwise would do.

Now we have the French translation, which will run about twenty-five minutes. Very handy for catching up on your notes, or stepping out into the corridor for a breather; and indispensable to the delegates for consulting with their advisers and preparing their next move.

The Indian delegate, Asaf Ali, will most likely speak next. He is a very interesting character, a Moslem with the Congress Party, and married to a Brahmin wife. He speaks so fluently, so eloquently sometimes, in such beautiful English and with such agility, charm and frankness, that he apparently cannot resist the temptation to do so as often as possible.

He has made, at different times, moving appeals to the Arabs, to the Jews, to the members of the United Nations, to *really* unite, which might have been effective had he known when to stop. He has extended to the British, with delightful irony, his deepest sympathy "in their present untenable position." He has looked straight at Mr. Gromyko, while saying that every member state should carry out United Nations decisions without question.

He has seemed to support his esteemed and honored friends, the Arab delegates. But he has praised the extraordinary achievements of the Jewish people which, so small in numbers, has shaken the foundations of the strongest states. Then he has turned around and scolded his good friends the Jews for not relying on themselves sufficiently, and warned them not to make themselves a pawn in power politics.

He has called passionately on both Jews and Arabs in Palestine to keep the blessed peace while this investigation is going on. He has found in the Palestine question procedural, legal, racial, religious, sentimental, national, international, political, and finally strategic aspects. And he has amused his audience by pointing out how *beautifully*, by comparison, the Picts, Scots, Norwegians, Germans, French "and God knows how many other races", now live together in Britain.

An Arab Clemenceau

Of the other main speakers, El Khoury of Syria is, so to speak, the Arab Clemenceau, able, tenacious and with a shaggy mane of hair. Jamali, the Foreign Minister of Iraq, a graduate of Columbia University here, speaks perhaps the clearest and most forceful English of anyone at the table, Anglo-Saxons included. Part of the New York press is trying to make him out a pro-Nazi, but how could that be true of a man married to a girl from Saskatoon! Malik of Lebanon, (who must wear about a size 8 hat) is a lawyer, clear and logical, and fluent in English.

Then there is Senator Austin, whose speeches are long and slightly foggy, as Sir Alexander Cadogan's are short and precise. There is the unhappy Mr. Gromyko, playing a quiet role and only arguing over question of procedure, speaking in Russian but correcting every slightest variation of the English translation. And there is the Polish delegate Ambassador Winiewicz, whose speeches in support of a Jewish hearing at this Assembly have rung with deep sincerity.

Finally there is Lester B. Pearson. He is chairman of the committee which will be handling the question this week. Not that he wanted the job! Indeed, after one of Pearson's efforts to prove that it would be a waste of time to put the question into committee, Chairman Aranha remarked in great good humor that he was delighted to see this go to his friend the Canadian delegate, who didn't want it.

There is widespread confidence, however, that Pearson will get the business through efficiently and with general goodwill. He gave an indication of this in a speech which turned the tide of the two-day General Committee discussion on admitting Jewish representatives to speak before the Assembly. He said that there were only two items on their agenda, the setting up of a committee of investigation, and the establishment of its terms of reference, and that if anyone went beyond these topics, to talk about the substance of the Palestine problem itself, he thought the chairman ought to rule them out of order.

Besides finding it illogical to discuss the Palestine question before they had the report of their investigating committee; and impractical, when only the Arab delegations came here staffed and briefed for a full discussion, Pearson gave the very effective warning that, if they embarked now on a long discussion, there would not be time enough left for an investigating committee to prepare a report for the next regular Assembly in September, and the matter might hang over until '48.

So Pearson's Political committee takes over. As he noted, it has to name the investigating committee and decide its terms of reference. There are three main types of committee possible, one of Great Powers with a few others added, one of neutral countries (for which Canada is mentioned), and, in Pearson's personal preference, one of notable personalities such as perhaps Wavell, Herriott, Myrdal, the Swedish population expert, Herbert Lehman, and so on.

There is a strong difference of opinion between those who would exclude all great powers and all interested parties from the investigating committee, so as to have a quiet investigation and an impartial report—unlike the current U.N. Balkan Commission— and those who argue that a report to which the great powers are not committed will not have sufficient weight.

A few say hopefully that the prestige of the United Nations would be behind the report. But most believe that whatever the report there can be no settlement unless the United States take a firm hand in it. Zionist hopes of that settlement are now fixed on partition.

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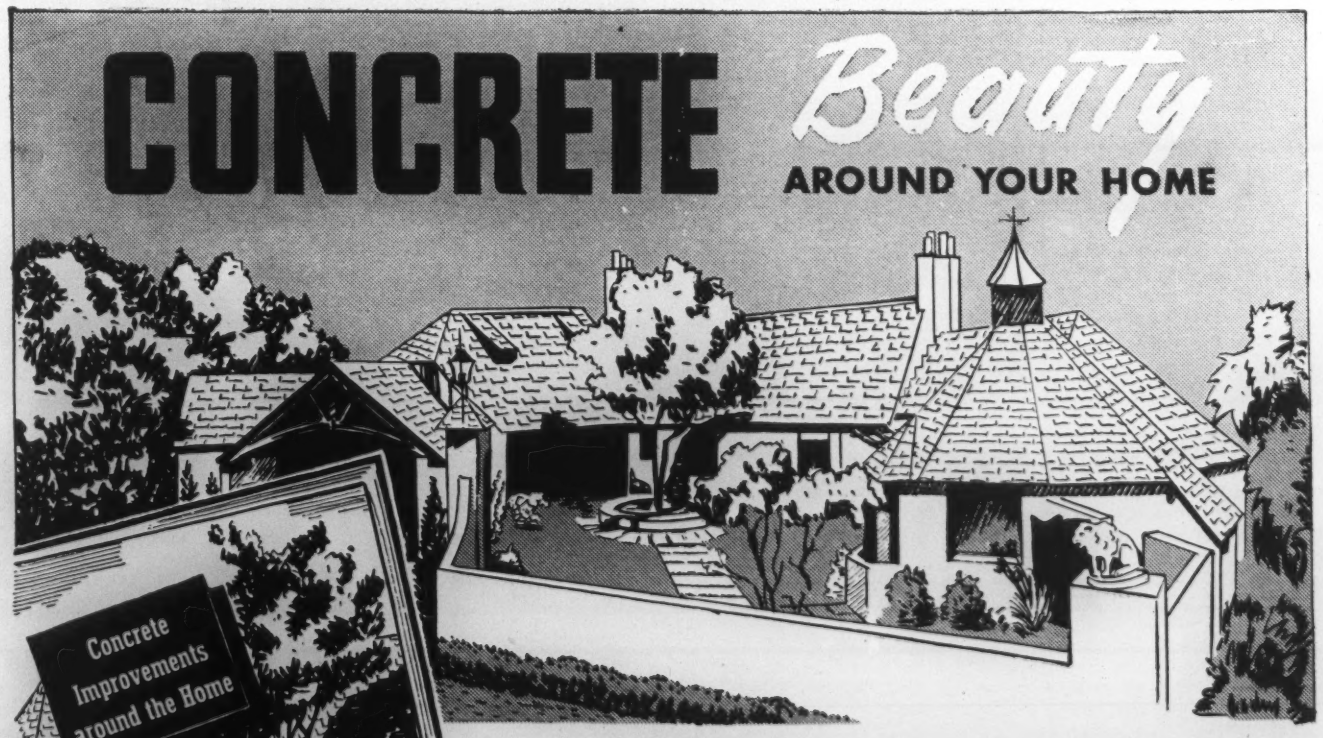

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SPORTING LIFE

Manuscript Found in an Old Catcher's Mitt

By KIMBALL McILROY

EDDIE GLEASON got beaned yesterday and except the doctor said he had the thickest skull he'd ever examined he'd have probably been killed. Last week Joe Harvey collided with a second-baseman, trying to stretch a single, and broke his collar-bone. It might have been his neck. Only a month ago Gus Forbes let loose his bat taking a wild swing at an outside pitch and she flew right over to the stands and sunk two inches into the boards over our dugout. Two inches lower and the dugout would have looked like Hiroshima.

It kind of makes you think. Life is short, like the preachers say.

That's why I'm writing all this down now, so that if anything happens to me the story won't be forgotten. It shouldn't be, on account of it's a warning to all ball players never to be surprised at anything they see in a ball game.

ONE afternoon this spring we were scheduled to play an exhibition game against a bush-league outfit called the Tuscalola Tigers. Only the week before they'd played Montreal and St. Louis and Norfolk and knocked them off one-two-three, without any of the other teams chalking up so much as a run.

We'd heard some funny stories, too, about how most of the Montreal players just packed up after the game and went home without saying a word, and how Jack Edwards, the sports writer, covered the St. Louis game and then had himself locked up in a sanitarium because he figured liquor must be getting him, and how Ike Morton, who'd been batting .429 for Norfolk, had gone nuts and was walking around with a bat in his hands, swinging at flies.

Tuscalola turned out to be a nice enough little town, but the first thing we noticed when we got off the train was that nobody seemed to live there. We couldn't even find anyone to tell us where the ball park was. Right away we figured we'd made a mistake but Joe Jones, our manager, looked up the old schedule and said everything was okay and we were supposed to be playing that day. He suggested we might as well try to find the ball park ourselves and so we picked up our bags and equipment and started down the main street.

IT WAS Dopey Schultz, the catcher, who first noticed that people were watching us from all the windows. Whenever we looked up they jumped back out of sight. It was Dopey's theory that they all had the measles and couldn't come out. Dusty Brown, the shortstop, thought maybe it was meant to be a gag and all of a sudden they'd pop out and holler "Boo!" at us.

There was a boy standing on the corner. Dopey figured he was the only one who hadn't caught the measles. He came to meet us, and when he got close enough he reached out and touched Dusty. Right away he looked relieved. Dusty glanced back over his shoulder at us kind of doubtful, but Joe stepped up to the fellow and asked, "Can you tell us where we'll find the ball park, son?"

The kid pointed along the street.

Joe asked him, "Where is everybody?"

The kid said, "There's a game today. They're all staying home."

"How come?" Joe asked. "Why ain't they out at the park?"

"Nobody goes there any more," the kid said. "Ain't no use going to watch something you know ain't happening, is there?"

Joe hadn't an answer to that one so he thanked the kid and we kept on walking. We got to the park, all right, but no one was there to meet us and it took us fifteen minutes to find a dressing room.

When we showed up on the field there wasn't a soul in sight, but Joe sent us out on the diamond to warm up.

We were out there when the Tigers arrived. There were just nine of them, all dressed different, and they looked as if they ought to be in vaudeville. When we finally quit laughing, Joe asked them if they wanted to warm up. When they said they didn't, we figured it was because they were afraid they'd make monkeys out of themselves before the game even started.

The umpire turned out to be an old guy with whiskers hanging down to his knees and leaning on a cane. We began to wonder about him when Dusty missed the ball on a throw-in and it came within two inches of the old guy's face without him even seeing it, but when Dusty complained the Tigers said he was the only guy we could get and that we were lucky to have even him.

Steve Harkness started on the mound for us and he made the Tigers look foolish. They swung like they were doing it for the exercise and they swung at anything. Once Steve let a bad one go and the batter fouled it on the second bounce. Dopey stood three feet behind the plate and ducked on every pitch. Steve threw nine balls for three strike-outs.

DUSTY was our lead-off man and back at the dugout he picked up a couple of bats and stood there swinging them. Finally two of the Tigers walked out on the field—the pitcher and the catcher. The rest sat down and started to shoot crap.

We watched this performance for a minute and then Joe got mad. He walked over to them and said, "Hey, you guys, do you think we got all day? How about getting out there so we can play ball?"

They looked up at him kind of surprised and one of them said, "We're ready. Zeke and Mort are out there. That's all that goes." He picked up the dice. "I'll shoot the fifty cents."

Joe came back and said, "These guys are nuts. I wonder should we call the cops."

But Dusty said, "First leave me have one crack at that pitcher's fast ball. I bet you could swing three times and still hit it."

And Dopey said, "If you're going to call the cops, just give me five minutes in that hill-billy crap game."

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "If they want to play so we can bunt home-runs, I guess that's their business."

Dusty walked out to the plate,

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* An excerpt from — CONSERVATION AND CANADA'S GAME FISH, by G. C. Toner, M.A., one in a series of pamphlets published by The Carling Conservation Club.

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swinging his bat. The catcher was out beside the mound talking to the pitcher so Dusty waited, very polite. The umpire yelled, "Play ball!" and the pitcher stepped into the box with the catcher still standing beside him. Dusty looked over his shoulder and there wasn't anybody there. He called to the catcher and pointed down behind the plate. The catcher shook his head and the pitcher started his wind-up.

This is where everything commenced to get screwy.

The ball came right for the plate and then as Dusty began his swing it started to curve, and it made a complete circle back out to the catcher.

The umpire didn't bat an eyelash. "Strike one!" he said.

I caught a deep breath. Beside me Joe was swearing quietly and I heard Dopey say, "Nope, I don't believe it." At the plate Dusty took off his cap and wiped his forehead. He didn't look over at us. The boys near the Tigers' dugout kept right on with their crap game.

The next pitch was just like the first one, only this time Dusty didn't try to swing at it. He just stood there and watched the ball until it went "Plunk!" in the catcher's mitt. Then he headed for the bench.

"Did you see those?" he asked, sort of grim, when he got near us.

Joe said, very low, not looking Dusty in the eye, "No, I didn't see anything. I wasn't watching. What happened?"

Dusty stared at him for a minute and then turned to me. "Did *you* see them?" he asked.

I told him, "I didn't see what I thought I saw because it couldn't happen, so I don't know *what* I saw."

Dusty shook his head kind of bewildered. He held one hand out in front of him and wiggled the fingers. He closed one eye and then the other. He looked doubtful, but he went out to the plate again.

I DIDN'T feel much like watching this time, but what I saw was the same thing I'd seen before. The ball came just close enough to cut the corner of the plate and then curved right back to the catcher. I noticed Dusty standing with his eyes tight shut. The minute he heard the ball land in the catcher's mitt he trotted in and tossed his bat on the ground. Then he walked away, saying he needed a drink of water. Water, he said.

I was up next. It didn't seem much use to take a bat with me, but Joe pointed out that it wouldn't look right if I didn't. The pitcher wound up and let go. The ball came right down the groove and automatically I started a swing that I figured would put it over the left-field fence. But the ball never reached the plate. It came just far enough to cut one corner and then it began to curve like he had a string tied to it. It was what a ball player'd expect to dream about if his conscience wasn't in good shape. I began thinking the next thing he'd do was have it stop half-way and go back to him.

Then he really began doing tricks. He had another curve he started over toward third which came around and crossed the plate from behind. That one had me! I just watched it go by, figuring there was no use making myself look silly by swinging at it. I even got the idea maybe the ball wasn't there at all, like what they call an optical illusion.

The next one was a honey. He let it go over toward first base this time and when it crossed the plate it was coming right for me. I sat down and watched it go over my head. Then I got up and walked back to the dugout.

We don't talk much in the dressing room these days about the rest of the game. We just went to pieces. One of our pitchers walked seven men in a row. Nobody on our team even touched the ball, except for Dopey who stepped over to the other side of the plate on the one which came from behind and hit it three blocks over the backstop.

After we'd thought it over for a while back at our training camp, most of us decided we might as well quit baseball. The game was through anyway as soon as somebody had the sense to take this pitcher out of Tuscalola. Suppose he had a no-hit season in the majors? Who'd go to games knowing that only one team was going to collect any hits?

BUT THE next day Dopey saw something in the papers that had practically the whole team making a dash for the nearest railroad station to cancel tickets for home.

The item was from Tuscalola and told how this fellow was pitching in a pick-up game there and threw one of his curves with plenty of steam behind it.

I always figured the catcher was the weak spot in that combination.

Anyway, the catcher was busy tying his shoelaces and the pitcher wasn't looking and the first thing anybody knew there was the pitcher stretched out colder than a mackerel. They brought him around, all right, but a funny thing happened. He stepped back in the box and let go one of his curves, but this time the ball just crossed the plate and kept right on going until it hit the backstop. Straight as a die. He tried again and the same thing happened. After that he couldn't throw a curve no matter how hard he tried.

For all I know he's still there, trying to throw his curve and getting a straight ball every time. Maybe he's got tired of it and quit by now. But none of us feels like it's worth going back to Tuscalola to find out.

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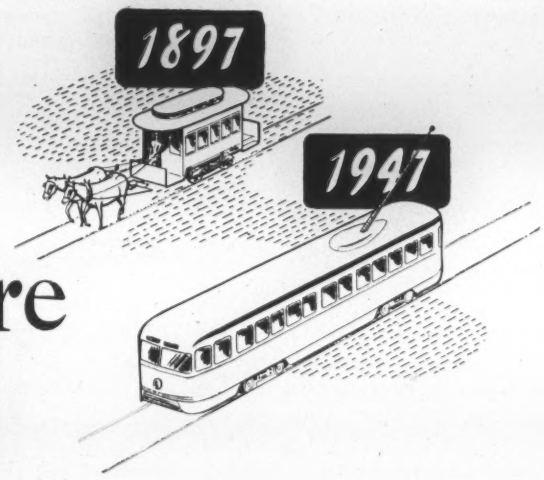

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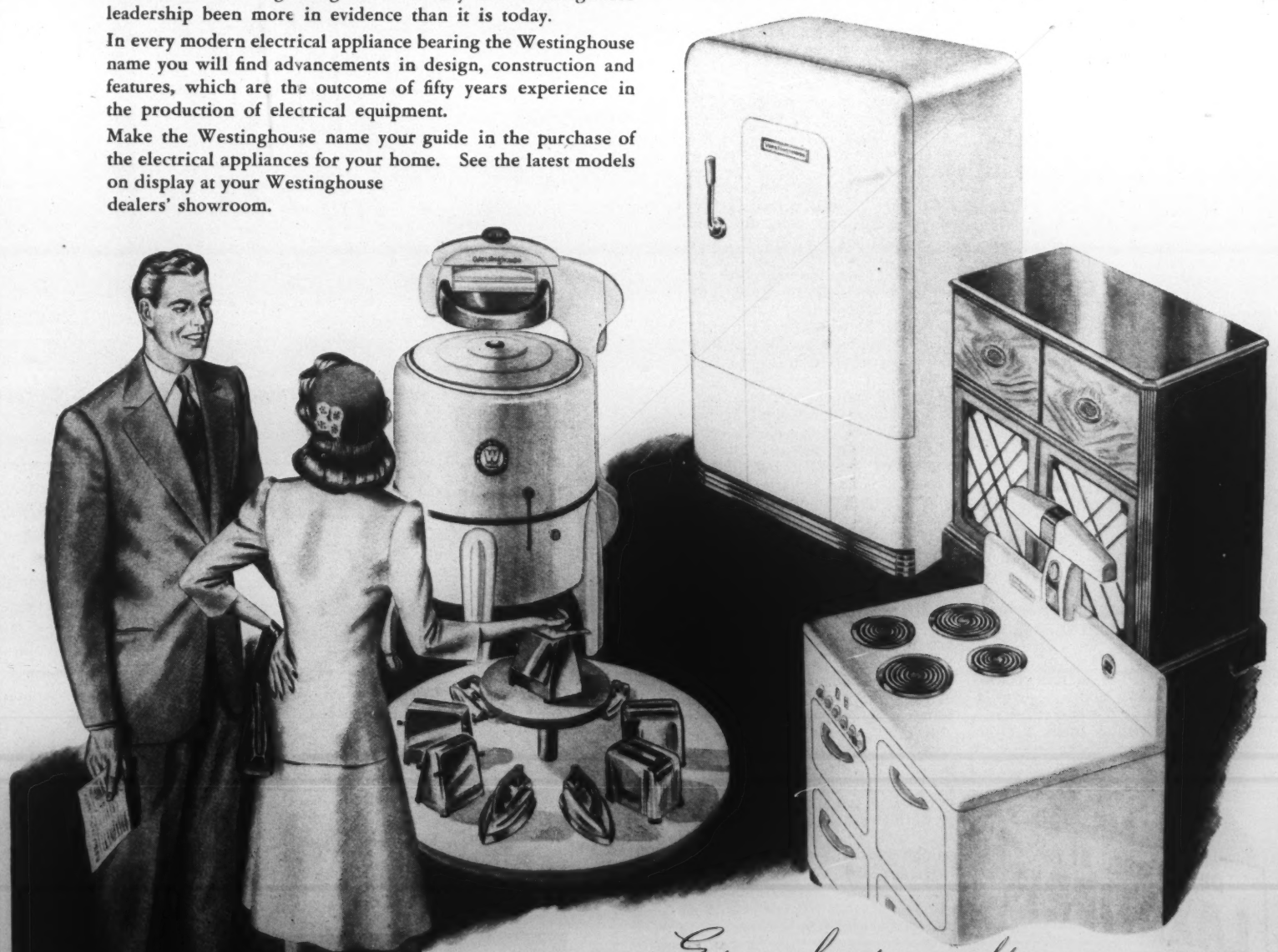

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Ontario Liberals Try to Make Come-Back

By D. P. O'HEARN

Next week's convention of the Ontario Liberals will have an important bearing on the national political picture.

Mr. O'Hearn says that one has to "keep fingers crossed" on the provincial party's chances at coming out of its slump.

The contest for a new leader has been more noteworthy for those who wouldn't run rather than for the candidates.

The test will come, the writer says, in what evidences are shown of unity and a new aggressive policy.

ONE OF the highlights of the minor-league political year comes next week when the Ontario Liberals attempt to unscramble themselves and come out of their four-year slump.

The provincial association is holding a convention in Toronto on Thursday and Friday. Preparations have been going on now for two years and it is the first real attempt that the party has made to pick itself up since Mitch Hepburn upset the cart and dumped it into the shallows back in 1942. At this writing, this noble effort hasn't caused any undue excitement. Which perhaps doesn't mean a great deal as the party drums are just beginning to roll.

What interest there has been so far has centred on the leadership. And it has mainly been occupied with the men who won't take it.

No Real Leader

The Ontario Liberals haven't really had a leader since Mitch's now historic back-flip. He was succeeded by Gordon Conant in 1942, and Conant in turn was replaced by Harry Nixon in 1943. Nixon then was succeeded by Mitch himself when the former boy-wonder of the hustings had a change of heart in 1944. None of them really represented much more than figurehead leadership however. And since Mitch was defeated at the polls in 1945 there has been no active head of the party and the only symbol of leadership has rested with Farquhar Oliver who has led the Liberal group in the Legislature.

It has been agreed that what the party needed to find new paths of glory was a bright new leading star. Two years ago a "survey committee" was appointed to comb the byways and highways, woods and marshes to this end. It is the fruit of their work, or rather the lack of fruit, which has occupied most of the pre-convention attention.

The committee in its two years has been singularly unsuccessful. It has not produced one solitary specimen of good prospective political timber who was willing to undertake the job of leading the way to a new deal.

There has been a list of distinguished refusals. The committee in its surveying approached several dozen prominent and not-so-prominent Liberals to sound them out on their feelings towards the leadership. Among the more noteworthy were Hon. C. D. Howe and Hon. Paul Martin and several other Ontario M.P.'s. A somewhat spectacular candidate was John J. Robinette, K.C., the Toronto lawyer who at the time he was approached was conducting his most colorful defence of Evelyn Dick, the star of this year's Hamilton criminal sessions.

But all said no. The Ottawa crowd took a look at the shattered (and scattered) provincial organization and said "No thanks. Ottawa might have its troubles at the moment, but it still looks better." Mr. Robinette (who all agreed would have made an exceptionally good leader) gave the matter serious consideration but finally said "Sorry boys, but I think I would be a fool to do it." The Toronto lawyer is now just reaching the height of his fame, and it is said he wants to make a moderate pile within the next few years and then relax on a suitable bench.

Potential Hopefuls

As it stands at the moment of writing the candidates in the field are Mr. Oliver and a crowd of potential hopefuls, hang-overs from the Hepburn ranks and local bright lights, most of whom can't even make up their minds whether they are actually going to run or not. Barring unexpected developments (and they would really *be* unexpected) it looks as though Mr. Oliver is bound to be confirmed in office probably after a minor run-off with one or two others.

Mr. Oliver's position is a peculiar one. Although one of the veterans of the Legislature with more than twenty-five years service it is only within the past ten years that he has been a Liberal. Before then he was a Drury farmerite.

He was given the house leadership in 1945 as one of the few experienced and capable men left in the Liberal ranks, but at the time he said he was only filling-in and expressed no desire for the actual party leadership. It is only within the past few months that he has actively been in the field, and they say the reason he finally did go in was that he was so mad at the many people who were dismissing him both privately and in public as a potential candidate.

Within the party ranks the feeling towards him is just as peculiar as his own position. There is no strong opinion against him in any section of the party, but at the same time there has been no strong feeling for him. (Though recently the members of the Legislature did vote him publicly their unanimous backing, and there is no doubt of their sincerity).

Indifference

The lack of strong support generally doesn't come so much from his unorthodox - Liberalism background but from an apparent indifference which Oliver has always shown. When he cares to be he is a very able debater and he has shown on occasion also that he can be aggressive and vigorous but he seldom puts these talents on display. Usually he has appeared to be most content when he was not too much troubled.

Though this may be an injustice, and it certainly doesn't indicate what his course and attitude would be if he were actually in the leadership, it is the impression that he has given in party ranks. There have been various explanations. He is a practising farmer by profession, and some say that like many farmers he can't be bothered exerting himself about trivialities (of which politics has so many). Others say that he has purposely been holding back in the past few years, so as not to have an unfair advantage due to his position in the party over other aspirants (and on his personality that is quite credible). But no matter what the reason the bulk of the Liberal party followers, though they all like him personally, have shown some reluctance to put their faith in Oliver as a savior.

No Messiah

To the observer this is a matter that can iron itself out. Oliver at this moment doesn't appear to be any Messiah, but under the proper circumstances it is granted that he could be a successful leader and perhaps a very successful one. Not all of our most brilliant political leaders have been shooting stars of the Hepburn, Aberhart and Tommy Douglas variety (noted example: W. L. M. King). Almost more important at the present time, though less discussed publicly, is whether the Ontario Liberals will be able to achieve any unity (one might say regroup their shattered fragments) and whether they will be able to produce a policy.

Until now the party hasn't shown many signs of closing its ranks. The old friction, which saw it divided into three and four different factions, hasn't been so evident but that appears to be more because it is a question now of differences that are passive rather than any healing of the breach.

In the jockeying that has been going on over election candidates the old divisions that finally broke up the party have been evident behind the scenes. The Toronto group has been plugging along running Liberalism in its direction to the best of its ability, the group at provincial headquarters, which is the nominal head, again has been going its own way, and the group at Ottawa have been poking their prow in every now and then to ruffle the waters a little more. There has been no evidence of unity of action and if the friction hasn't been so public as at times in the past one would judge that it is

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only because there hasn't been enough interest to get really mad about anything.

But even more important than this is the matter of policy. If it were solved the matter of unity might follow along naturally.

The greatest weakness that the Liberals have had since Mitch's day (and perhaps before) is a lack of policy. The party in Ontario publicly (or in private) isn't anything. It has some sections of small "l" Liberals and it has groups that are more Tory than the most ardent Conservative. And there has been no compromise in an attempt to define a common line.

To illustrate the confusion, last year in the Legislature there was a C.C.F. bill in the house advocating the 40-hour week. The Liberal group voted against it. Three weeks later at the annual provincial meeting a platform was adopted and its main plank was the forty-hour week. And still this year the group in the Legislature aren't sure that the Shorter hour week is advisable.

Valuable Step

If at its convention the party can come out with a definite policy and a specific program and lay down a line which it can follow it will be taking the most valuable step that it can make. Without it either a leader or unity won't do much good. There was a very good illustration of this in the Conservatives in this same province who were in the identical state of the Liberals at present until they found "progress."

What chances are there of this being done? As an observer giving a purely personal opinion I would say that about the most hopeful statement that one can make at the moment is that "one can keep one's fingers crossed." There are possibilities but so far there haven't been the signs.

A policy committee within the provincial organization has been at work for the past year but the lack of rumor about anything very specific in its product would seem to be the best indication that perhaps a great deal is not to be expected from it. Bearing this out, in addition to the membership of the committee and the record of previous efforts along this line, is the lack of any sign within the party ranks of any real ginger group as yet.

There are many, including the writer, who think that the place of Liberalism within Ontario is as a progressive party, but even if its ordained course should be to go straight backwards in the way of political life it won't go that way successfully unless there is a strong group within its ranks which ardently wishes it to go in that direction and acts as a self-starter. At the moment from the surface about the most pertinent observation that one can make about the party is that it not only doesn't appear to have such a self-starter in sight, it doesn't even appear to have a crank.

Anything Can Happen

As is the way of these things, anything can happen between now and convention time. There are groups working behind the scenes trying to explode some dynamite. Perhaps they will be successful. At least there will be a good gathering of party followers. Over a thousand delegates are expected and the King Edward will be crowded with hopeful Grits for two days. Last year at about this same time there was an annual meeting of the provincial association. And it too had a good turnout. But there was never more dismal evidence of the straits to which the party had sunk in the province. Eight hundred delegates crowded into the meeting hall all day and not once did they raise a noise that couldn't be beaten by any kindergarten at a circus. This year, perhaps they will have something to cheer about.

A lot of people will be watching. (Though if the provincials don't show signs of revival at least the Ottawa Liberals won't have to take any more notches in their belt. They've been so starved for support in Ontario for the past few years that the situation can't get any worse.)

←To build up a naval force to smash pirates along her coast, China has sent 600 college students to study battle action, etc., with Royal Navy at Plymouth. The students will man ships loaned by the Navy back to China.

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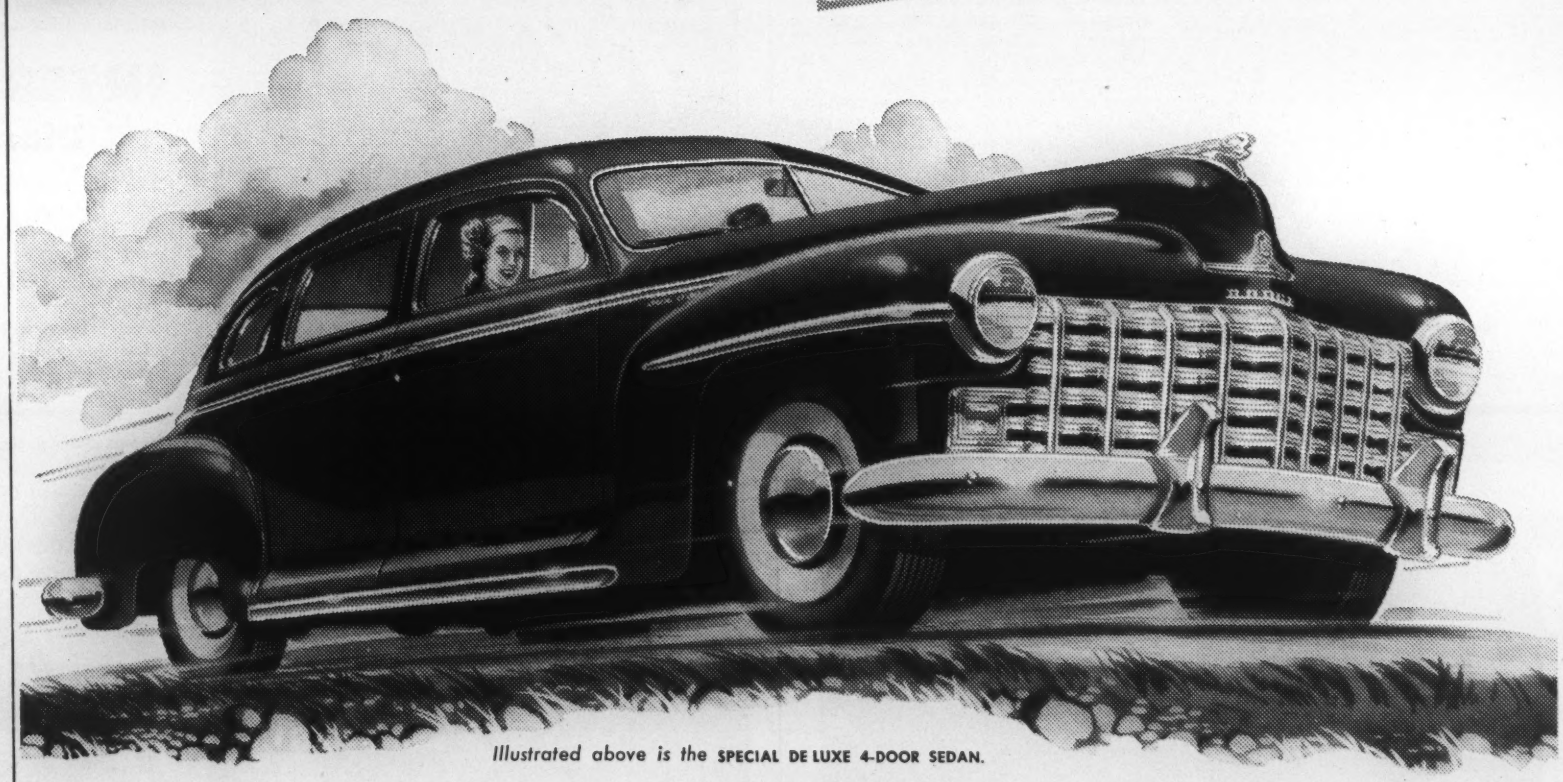

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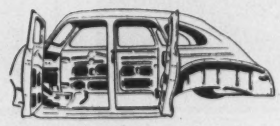

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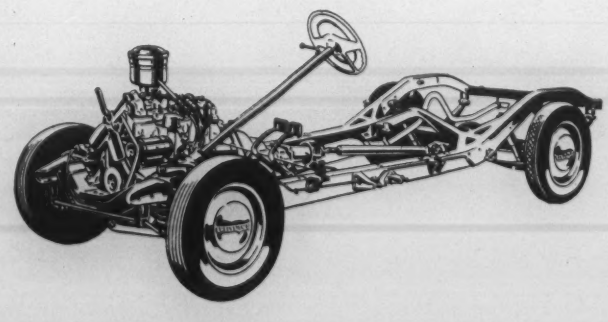

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MARITIMES LETTER

Maritime Mores Take New Polish as Spring Busts Out All Over

By ERNEST BUCKLER

Bridgetown, N.S.

AFTER a protracted "June in January", Spring has come to the Maritimes, where weather is much more than a matter of joints and sinuses. The abnormally open winter pleased everyone but the lumberman. His first line of defence, "Too little snow is better than too much", collapsed after repeated thaws left no snow whatever; and later when the teamsters were trying to navigate the cradle hills on a skid and a sunbeam, his second classic line of defense was retreated to, "There'll be lots of snow yet. Take the winter we had a hundred thousand yarded, and it was just like this, remember, and then along the very last of March . . . " Stories spawned of such and such a winter when you couldn't see the fence tops in April (the day so-and-so was born or the day of so-and-so's funeral) and, on the history of past weather's caprice, one wouldn't have been surprised to hear that a sleighing-party on Dominion Day was not inconceivable.

But this one year, none of that happened. The winter came and went and there was almost never that little bit of extra snow which makes the incalculable difference between smooth operation and the heart-breaking ordeal of makeshift, and now a considerable amount of timber is still far from the mills. Which constitutes a major hardship, not only to the logger himself, but to the lumber-hungry generally.

However, the Spring which seemed so intent on spoiling the winter and then became peevish and withdrawn as a sulky child, has been kind to the apple buds. The early danger of interrupted dormancy, with the possibility of a devastating late frost, as happened two years ago, is practically past. There is now nothing left to worry about but the usual gauntlet of bugs, blossom set, and fall gales . . . and, this year, bugs in the market. The British feel, with good reason, that in the present circumstance they can spend their money to better advantage on more substantial foods. Continuation of the contract with the Dominion Government (which more or less underwrote the crop during the war years) is also a matter of doubt.

One thing seems clear, however. The N.S. Apple Marketing Board is here to stay. Whatever criticism it has encountered, the system of centralized marketing is unquestionably an improvement over the old one, when each farmer was his own agent, and when many can recall years when returns from his fruit weren't sufficient to pay for the barrels. (Is it true what they sometimes say that we farmers recall such things with just a touch of wistfulness, that a pride in hard luck is the farmer's occupational disease?) The annual Apple Blossom Festival will be held at Kentville on May 30—June 1, when it is hoped the Gravensteins will be in the best mood to send bouquets.

Foxes and Potatoes

Spring has come to P.E.I., the favorite home of the potato (which is in questionably disposable surplus this year) and the original birthplace of the commercial silver fox industry. Cold spells are always a menace to young litters, and it is dangerous to vary one's coat with the season, at feeding time, lest the vixen suspect a stranger and destroy her young. But at least one feature of silver fox farming is independent of the weather. The temperature doesn't matter one iota to the girls who wear 'em. Spring has come to N.B., where the salmon will soon be coming up the fabulous Restigouche, and where native son Lord Beaverbrook popped up the St. Lawrence recently in time for an unexpected appearance at the prorogation of the Legislature.

Spring has come to all the Legislatures, where there has been a good deal of warmth and some real thunder storms. Labor marched recently on a Halifax session, demanding that Provincial pressure be applied to the Dominion Government for intervention in the coal strike crisis, which is becoming more and more serious. This dispute has now become so acrimonious . . . what names did labor and management call each other before there were 'Red' and 'Fascist'? . . . that the real chemistry of the issue seems increasingly obscured by the catalysis of tempers and stubbornness.

Farmers and Miners

There is always real sympathy here with the lot of the miner, and understanding of it, but at the same time a slight suspicion is growing that there must be *some* legitimate aria in the industrial symphony other than the ubiquitous "L' Abour *Toujours* L'Abour." Especially among the farmers, who occasionally venture the fact that they notice no special sentiment of brotherhood from union leaders when *they* ask for a few cents extra on the hundred weight of milk.

Demands for a bridge from the mainland to Cape Breton, across the 4000 ft. Strait of Canso are being strongly urged. The Dominion Government is taking "soundings" of the Strait, and no report can be given until these are completed. The chronic reaction of Maritimers is to feel, rightly or wrongly, that "soundings" of the Dominion Government in any connection which concerns them may be unduly protracted.

Both the N.B. and the P.E.I. Legislatures have ratified their respective Dominion-Provincial tax agreements; but there was strong feeling among members of the N.B. Legislature that observation be appended noting that approval of it was not wholehearted. Thus they availed themselves of a peculiar brand of satisfaction possible only in a democracy. It seems to be a fact that expression

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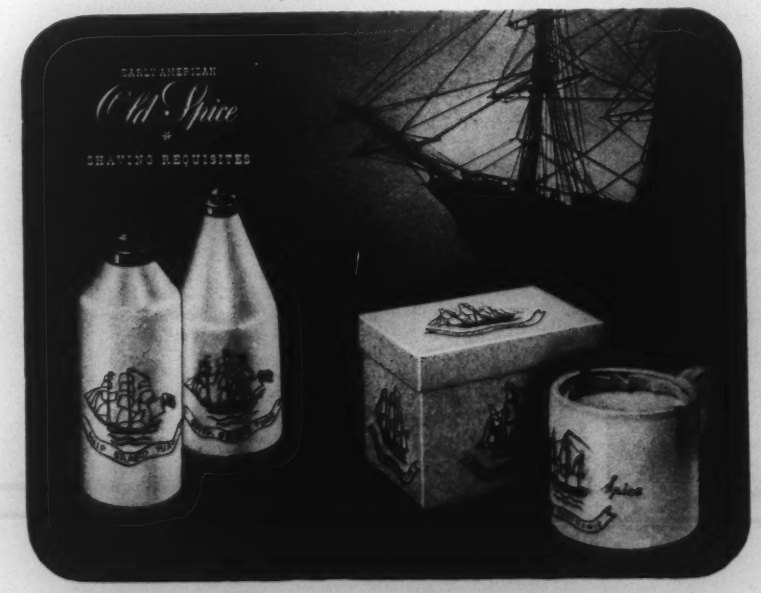

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of discontent with what you get is almost as good as getting what you want. And only in a democracy, God bless it, could a Legislature interrupt its proceedings, as the Nova Scotian just did, to give second reading to a bill allowing The Registered Barbers Association to grant honorary membership cards to members over 65. It's one of those salutary (although Heaven knows just why) signs, like the Britisher's cup of tea be the sky falling.

Sun-Glasses Department

The Maritime tourist trade is expected to be heavy this year. Resumption of the overnight steamship run between Yarmouth and Boston, which was counted on as a strong shot in the arm, has now been cancelled until 1948; but resort bookings are pretty solid, and almost any day now the first sun-glassed beflanneled *officiando* may be posing in front of the ox-team, tickled to pieces with the whole thing, but glancing apprehensively at the horns now and then as if he might be recalling the more unpleasant sections of "Death In The Afternoon". The ox-team is becoming a steadily rarer sight in the Maritimes. Mr. Louis Gaudet of Church Point still uses one, however, to convey His Majesty's Mail!

There is to be greater advertisement of Maritime attractions this year. We've been a little slow about that in the past. One often hears the remark, "If the Americans had these!" apropos of such places as the superbly located old Fort Grounds at Annapolis Royal (first settlement on the North American Continent), Grand Pré (which was lucky enough to have Longfellow for its first publicist), etc. The N.S. Government is also negotiating for purchase from War Assets of the $12,000,000 miniature-city Naval Training Centre at Cornwallis, at one time the largest of its kind in the British Empire, now virtually abandoned. If agreement on price is reached, it is to be converted into a tourist and convention centre. We hope that, if this happens, our new guests will be as well behaved as the sailors were. When the first great influx of sailors was announced, there was considerable local trepidation, what with reflection on the sailor's legendary off-duty preoccupation. Well, the off-duty conduct of these boys was exemplary.

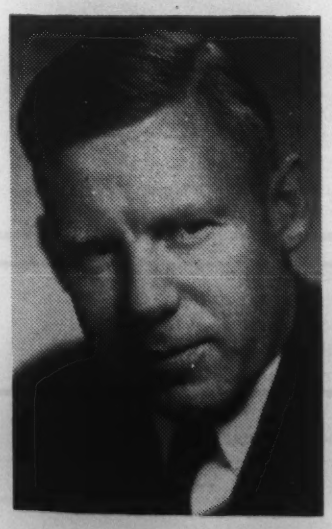
Pince-Nez Department

Dr. H. L. Stewart this month resigns the editorship of the *Dalhousie Review*. That its reputation as a fine quarterly has spread far beyond the boundaries of its own province is no accident. It has had the guidance of an exceptionally incisive mind, with an almost clairvoyant sense of direction towards the exact phrase, and which, as his students in philosophy will always remember, could achieve the rare feat of fissioning even the "Critique of Pure Reason" with an illuminating shaft of humor.

Spring is here. The young men in our cities are pitting the colors of their jackets against the colors of their pants, and the thoughts of the country lads are turning lightly to love and the disc harrow, in the order named. These lads seem to figure that the time to get married is not June, but now . . . the "slack" time, before "everything comes at once." It was my privilege to attend a "saluting" last week. No feeble self-conscious anachronism, but the real old McCoy. Guns firing, whistles blowing, tooting on conches, and belaboring of clapboards. The happy couple "appeared" at the door, and later were enthroned on the settee. The "kissing the bride" banter was thoroughly worked over, and now and then a flicker of innuendo, spontaneous and then abashed, garnished a turn of the conversation. Only one thing was missing. That nostalgic potion, the saluting "wine" . . . some sort of fruit syrup concentrate which used to be diluted and served, *de rigueur*, on this occasion and on no other. I can remember when, as a child, the very thought of saluting wine was an excitement so excruciatingly heady it put the bouquet of Napoleon Brandy in the cocoa class. I have never come across it anywhere since. Nowadays all have to settle for tea. Except, perhaps, the men; who gradually gravitate to the kitchen and, if the season is not too late, may discover that there are more ways than one to kill an apple in the fall. For instance, you can squeeze it to death.

Yes, Spring has come to the Maritimes. The weeklies are vying with each other in reporting the first assay of violet; and one morning lately I heard this remark in my own house, "Now if I could get a rug for your room, I could bring that one down in the living-room and . . ." That remark, in *any* province, is a more reliable weather-vane than the equinox.

Leads Occidental Life



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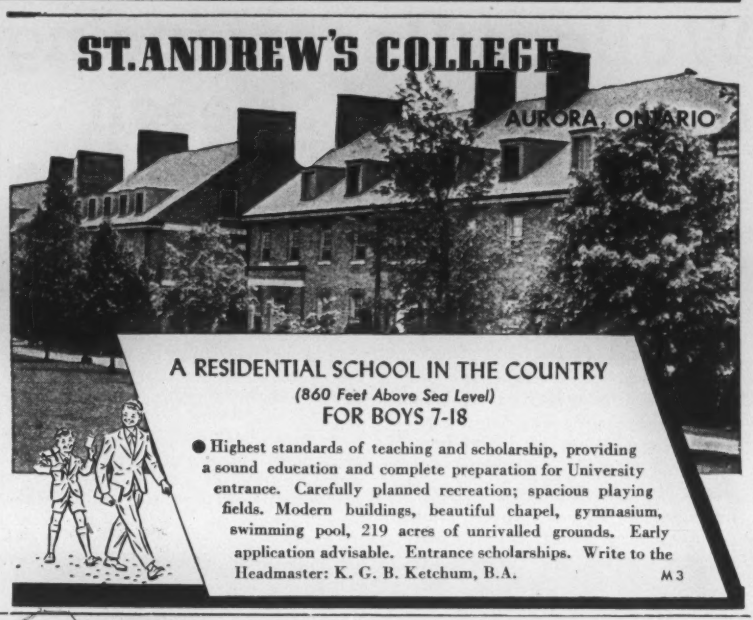
Mr. Burrows, of the Val Taylor Agency of Occidental Life at Kitchener, led that Company's entire field force in Canada and United States in 1946 with paid-for sales of new insurance exceeding $1,300,000.

Mr. Burrows joined Occidental Life in November, 1944, and thus achieved his outstanding position in his second year in the life insurance business.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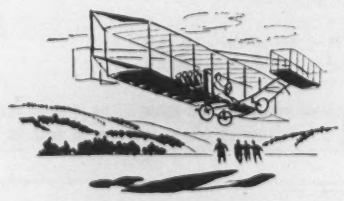
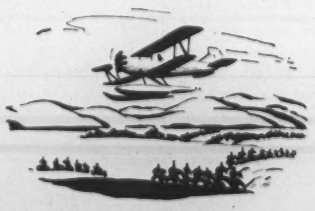
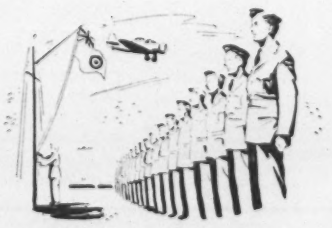
Significant is the increase in air traffic within our own borders. Today Canada's civil aviation is flying *three times* the number of aircraft miles, carrying *five times* the number of passengers and *three times* the amount of mail that it did in 1939—advances typical of Canada's tremendous modern development, with new and greater opportunities in every field of Canadian activity.



First airplane flight in the British Empire was made at Baddeck, Cape Breton, February, 1909, when J. A. D. McCurdy flew in his "Silver Dart" for half a mile, rising thirty feet above the ice.

After World War I, in which Canada's fighting airmen established Canada's world-famous flying tradition, aviation's development was rapid and in Canada more air-freight was carried—much of it by the "bush pilots" of the North—than in any other country.





In World War II, with the R.C.A.F. developing and administering the gigantic Commonwealth Air Training Plan, Canada became, in President Roosevelt's words, "the airdrome of Democracy", and emerged from the war the fourth air power in the world.

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Wallace Unconvincing in Cleveland Speech

By B. K. SANDWELL

In Cleveland last week, the Editor-in-Chief of Saturday Night heard Henry Wallace speak against the Truman Doctrine. As the opening gun of a campaign to change the policies of the great United States, Mr. Sandwell found the Wallace speech definitely disappointing. It was not convincingly delivered and the members of his audience, though evidently personally devoted to Mr. Wallace, seemed bewildered by the idea that their country owed it to Russia to pay her for the damage inflicted by the Germans. Mr. Sandwell judged Wallace to be "an excellent second man in a party, but not qualified for a lonely leadership."

MR. HENRY WALLACE opened his nation-wide speaking tour against the Truman Doctrine with an address in the Music Hall of the Public Auditorium of Cleveland, Ohio, last week. As I was in Cleveland on other business I invested a dollar and a half in an orchestra seat. The Music Hall is the smaller of the two halls in the building and holds slightly over 3000 people; but the larger is a 9000-seat affair and could probably not have been filled except on a free-admission basis. The lesser hall was completely sold out, and every seat was occupied, which gave quite a substantial profit to go to the subsequent expenses of the campaign. The meeting was underwritten by the circulation department of Mr. Wallace's weekly, the *New Republic*, which got a lot of advertising out of the affair but did not pocket the profits.

There were a dozen comfortable-looking armchairs on the platform, but nobody accompanied Mr. Wallace thither except Mr. Marvin Harrison, a Cleveland lawyer recently defeated in a Senatorial contest, who is a very bitter and pugnacious politician and described the three Cleveland newspapers as "journalistic harlots". Clevelanders apparently have long memories, for when he read a passage from the *Plain Dealer*, the morning newspaper, attacking Abraham Lincoln on the occasion of his first election to the presidency in the language then customary in the America political press, the audience booed with enthusiasm.

As the opening gun of an earth-shaking campaign to change the policies of the world's most powerful nation, the Wallace speech was definitely disappointing. The first part, an account of his tour of Europe and a defence of his utterances there, was excellent but not new. The second part, an effort to suggest a different policy towards Russia, was new but not excellent, being inadequately prepared and not very convincingly delivered.

The main point of the first part was the claim that if this is to be One World, any citizen of that world must be considered free to discuss its international problems in any part of it and not in his own country alone. It was effectively presented and the very sympathetic audience got many chances to applaud but no temptation to be carried off its feet.

Too Late

In the second part Mr. Wallace, who had spent the afternoon at the ball game, was clearly not at home with his manuscript, and stumbled several times, but was not ready to trust himself to improvisation. He broke loose with the last few sentences, but it was then too late to produce a real climax, and in any case it was not the peroration of a magnetic orator. His audience was mostly composed of young people, who probably had not much in the way of standards of comparison; but it can hardly have failed to realize that this was not the sort of thing to change the policies of a nation of 140 million people. Older hearers who could remember the Opposition oratory of such men as Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan ranked the speech pretty low.

The Music Hall is a very ornate and luxurious place, and the audience (minimum admission 60 cents) was a very respectable and comfortable-looking audience. There was a good percentage of Negroes amongst it, but they were well-dressed and groomed, and anyhow that is a perfectly common condition in any place of entertainment in Cleveland. Whether because of the appearance of the audience or for other reasons, Mr. Wallace was evidently anxious to avoid any suspicion of being too friendly with the Communists, and gave them several smart slaps which probably caused more noise than suffering. I think this was what gave one the feeling that he was holding himself in and treading warily.

He argued that Russia's attitude on the settlement with Germany, leading to the failure of the Moscow Conference, was entirely dictated by her urgent need for reparations on a gigantic scale. He made no attempt to suggest that such reparations could be obtained from Germany in her present condition. The only nation, he said, which could possibly compensate Russia for her enormous losses was the United States, with its possession of forty per cent of the productive power of the world; and it would be cheaper for the United States to provide Russia with the industrial equipment which she needed than to engage in a diplomatic conflict with her which would ultimately develop into a conflict of arms. He did not state whether this provision was to be by way of loan or gift, but the language, dealing as it did entirely with Russia's claims to compensation for losses, certainly did not suggest that he had in mind anything but an outright donation.

This new line appeared to be Mr. Wallace's reaction to the Moscow failure and the speeches of Marshall, Vandenberg and Dulles, and it may have had something of the nature of a kite-flying test. If so I do not think it met with a very favorable wind. I remained in the lobby of the hall for some time while the audience was passing out, and could detect no signs of excitement or the sort of inspiration that follows a really rousing address. The people were evidently very fond of Mr. Wallace and thought he was a great man, but they were bewildered by the idea that their country owed it to Russia to pay her for the damage inflicted on her by the Germans.

Nothing Anti-British

There was nothing anti-British in the Wallace address, and little or no bitterness towards President Truman or any of his colleagues. That element was provided entirely by Mr. Harrison, who read from a manuscript and may be assumed to have had the approval of the ex-Secretary for what he said. Mr. Wallace himself was placatory and urbane, and went no farther than to use the term "Republican" with a slightly sarcastic accent in speaking of some of the persons responsible for the present bi-partisan foreign policy of the United States.

One of his most effective mannerisms is an almost imperceptible shaking of the voice at emotional moments, calculated to give the impression that he is with difficulty restraining himself from bursting into tears or imprecations of anger. It creates a strong impression of sincerity, but he uses it only when he is delivering a carefully planned and constructed speech, and there was no sign of it in the second half of the oration—which I repeat seemed to be imperfectly digested and largely the result of last-minute thinking.

I saw no reason to change my view that Mr. Wallace is perfectly sincere in his attitudes, but that when not controlled and guided by a stronger hand he is impractical and obstinate. An excellent second man in a party, but not qualified for a lonely leadership.

After the meeting I was invited to a small reception—possibly a hundred and twenty people — given for Mr. Wallace in a suite in one of the leading hotels by a lady who is prominent among the wealthy adherents of the moderate Left. The ex-Secretary was obviously very much exhausted (he had only arrived in Cleveland that morning), and was practically monopolized by two or three local politicians, and I noticed that he did not seem to have any protection, or any capacity to protect himself, from the kind of people who push themselves forward at such gatherings.

Like the platform in the Music Hall, this gathering was lacking in citizens of substance and influence. It is true that there has not been much time to organize Wallace groups in the various places he is to visit, but it should not be necessary to let it be quite so obvious that this is a one-man movement.

"Draped Figure" by Will Ogilvie in current show of the Ontario Branch of the Canadian Group of Painters now at Eaton's Galleries, Toronto.

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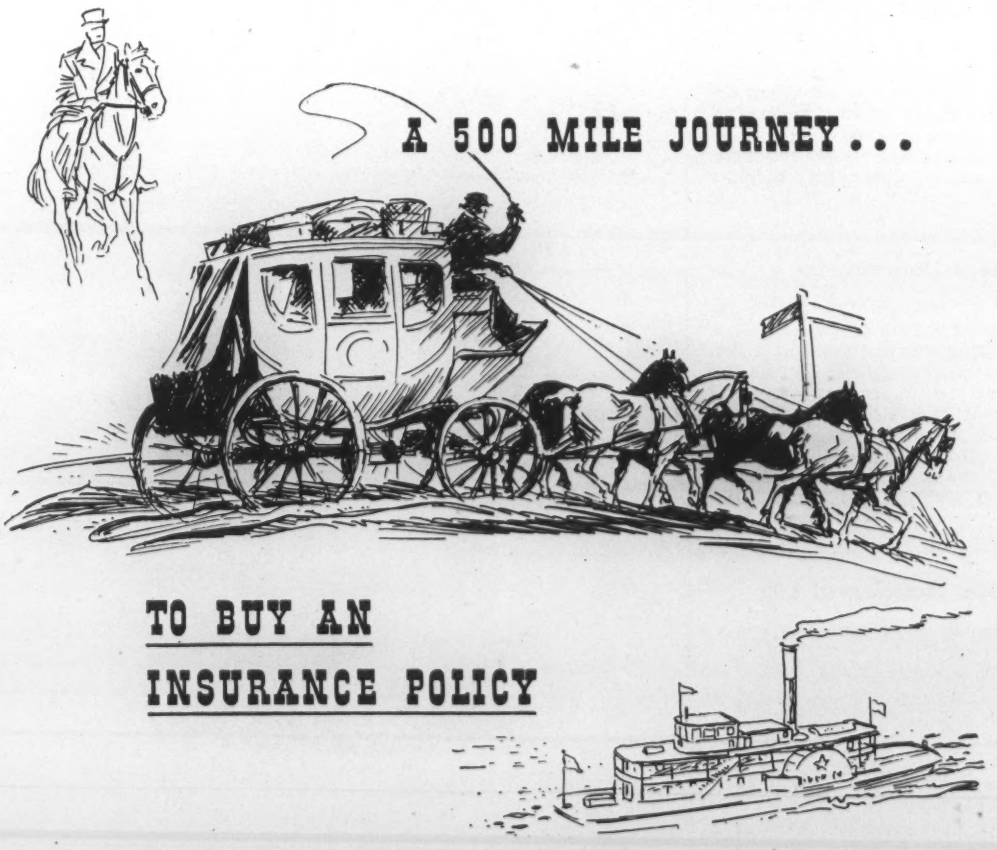

In 1845, Hugh C. Baker a Hamilton banker, felt the urgent desire to obtain security for his wife and children. But there was not a single Canadian life insurance company in existence at that time.

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Difficult Question in Naming the Preacher

By WILLIAM BOYD MACODRUM

A practising minister here explores a seemingly minor problem of the Protestant clergy and laity—a satisfactory salutation for a minister. Actually the problem has some deep implications.

The writer discusses all the common greetings and discovers weaknesses. But "padre", he finds, suggests better than any other the qualities of dignity and intimacy.

FROM my experience as a practising minister I have come to the conclusion that one of the urgent needs of Protestantism is a fitting salutation for its clergy. We have no counterpart to the serviceable "Father" of our Roman Catholic brethren, a term applicable alike in the functions of the chapel or in life's more informal situations.

A remarkable change has taken place in the past few years in the approachability of preachers to the ordinary types of men and women. Once members of the ministry lived in an aloof and sheltered isolation. Now they are expected to mingle freely with the run-of-mine condition of humanity. They associate closely in games, clubs, and hunting-and-shooting trips with individuals far removed from the church.

Perhaps before inquiring as to a fitting designation to use when greeting a clerical intimate, it would be wise to investigate some of the factors that have produced this state of affairs.

Likely one contributing cause is the vast increase in the number of men, not religious in the accepted term of the word, who help direct the administrative functions of the church. The common trend towards specialization in all fields of endeavor has not missed ecclesiastical institutions. There is in most denominations a clear-cut distinction between the spiritual and material aspects of its work. While the supervision of worship is left to the clergy and laymen with moral vision, the more mundane tasks of securing money and caring for the buildings are left to members — and sometimes not members at all but simply adherents or friends of the congregation. The latter known to be good financiers or otherwise able to loose the purse strings of affluent parishioners. Frequently among this number are close personal, as distinguished from professional, friends of the minister. These associations in many cases have lingered from college and pre-seminary days. They bring to board meetings a human contact with the pastor that gradually spreads.

Then there is the widespread influence of service clubs with their emphasis on the use of first names between people who are often little more than acquaintances. As parishioners often belong to the same group as their minister, increasing numbers of them salute him with Bill, Tom, or whatever he goes by among his relatives.

Nor must the cleric's own point of view be ignored. In many communities the minister's life is one of dreary isolation. He is tolerated by business and shunned by society. Frequently the lives of the members of his family and his own are those of trying loneliness. If this more free and easy tendency will lead to the elimination of that distressing cross of the ministry, he usually approves of it. The clergyman, despite his cloth, is as a rule intensely human. He does not relish the status of a permament alien. He is heartily tired of the "Mister" and "Doctor" that he so often receives as a token of respect. In numerous instances a much more acceptable sign of honor would be a stipend worthy of his high profession.

It cannot be denied that conservative minorities in many pastoral charges view this movement with misgiving. The proverb "Familiarity breeds contempt" is quoted. It is feared that any lowering of bars between priest and people will have a disturbing effect on congregations. This opinion deserves serious and thoughtful consideration.

Call Me Mister?

Some, however, in quest of a term more reserved than the appellation handed me by my parents and less restrained than the conventional "Mister" arouse the clerical ire.

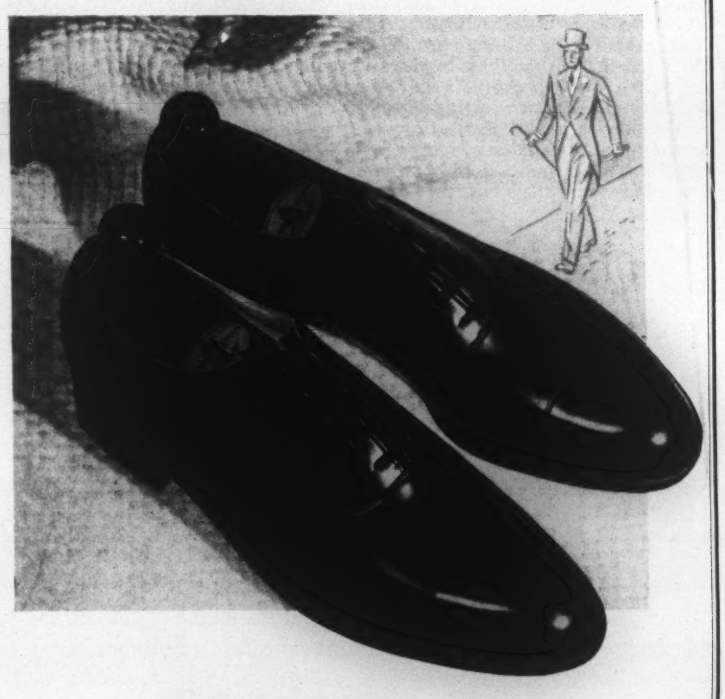
There is the correspondent who pays a doubtful courtesy by beginning a letter "Dear Rev." And occasionally a breezy soul shouts a "Hi Reverend!" from his automobile or across the street.

By no means forgotten in this unfavored tally is the unctious "Brother" affected by an ostensibly pious type of layman.

Not much more welcome are other familiar salutations. "Parson" brings to remembrance all too vividly that rear section of a fowl's anatomy that our grandmothers dubbed the "Parson's Nose." "Pastor" seems to suggest a smug, professional self-righteousness repugnant to a healthy tolerant mind. And when some verbose chairman introduces me to an audience as "Preacher Mac", I mentally hurl him to a bottomless pit where, for an appropriate punishment, he would have to hear dull sermons forever.

Personally I like people to call me by my first name, failing that the use of initials, such as "W.B." or "H.K.", is suggested to those who are self-conscious when speaking to the clergy. An attitude of friendship and understanding is created that paves the way for desirable results.

However, another term is most appropriate and combines dignity with intimacy to a remarkable degree: the word "padre," used extensively in the armed services. I usually wear clerical dress including the much maligned round collar. I will confess that since the war I have been thrilled to my very heart when some returning veteran, with the desert heat still seared in his face or the spray of the Atlantic on his cheek, has greeted me simply with "Hello, padre." It can be used by young or old, stranger or friend, alike. It is always in good taste. It relieves embarrassment when a clergyman carries an unpronounceable surname. And as women are graduating from seminaries in increasing numbers it is susceptible of a softening into, say "padress."



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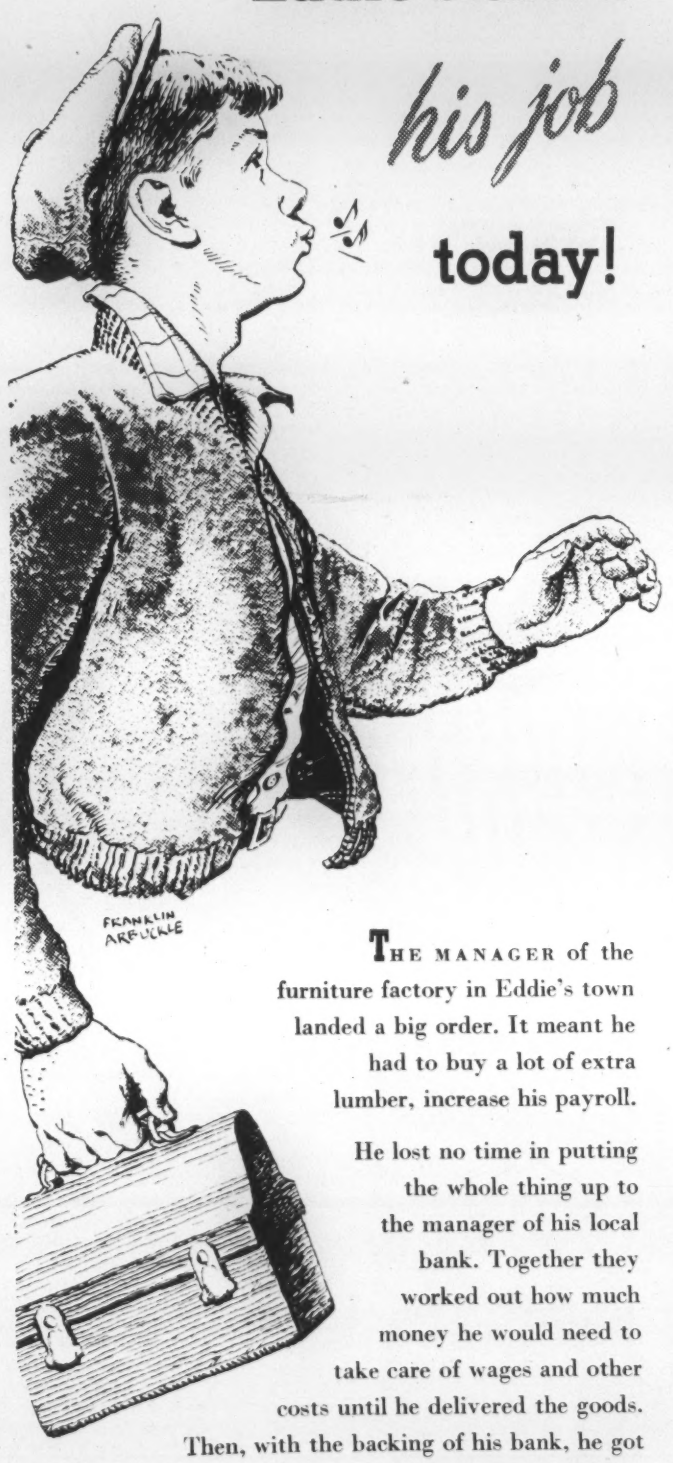
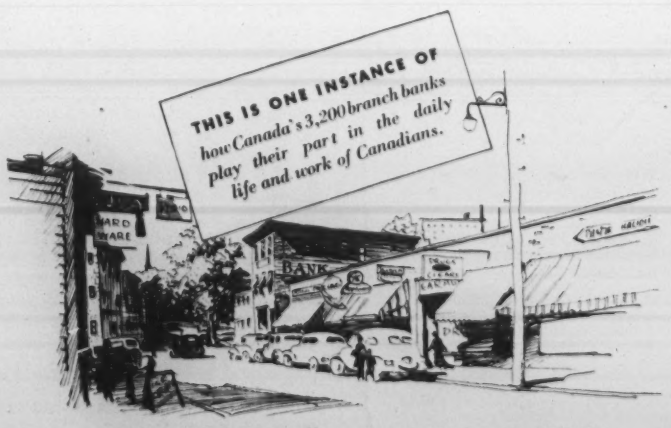


THE MANAGER of the furniture factory in Eddie's town landed a big order. It meant he had to buy a lot of extra lumber, increase his payroll.

He lost no time in putting the whole thing up to the manager of his local bank. Together they worked out how much money he would need to take care of wages and other costs until he delivered the goods. Then, with the backing of his bank, he got to work on the order.

. . . And that's where Eddie came in. He was put on the payroll—given his first chance to learn a trade. Right now he's on his way home to tell Mom and Dad how much he likes his new job.



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MANHATTAN MEDLEY

The "Escapists" Steal the Show in New York's Cool Springtime

By NAT BENSON

New York.

SPRINGTIME in gay old Manhattan is usually a time for things, including people, "to be bustin' out all over." Even the odd grim-visaged out-of-town buyer has in past seasons been all but taken unaware by the glory and the warmth of Manhattan's lyrical season. Ordinarily, the merry months of April and May are astonishingly mild and warm, suggesting bare-headed rambles round beflowered Central Park, romantic rides in the old horse-drawn cabs that clip-clop through its dusky leafy roadways, lovers wandering out-of-the-world through wonderful old Washington Square to the Cole Porter music in their hearts. . . Yes, Manhattan in the spring has always been something to write home about in more ways than one.

But not this year. Not by a shiverful. The only blossoms we saw in spring's first weeks were thousands of vaccination marks, save for the hardy sprig or two of forsythia which can "take it" like a commuter's pocketbook. What with the joys (?) of imminent inflation and the dubious pleasure of being "clipped" for every known commodity, it's bad. Now that FDR is gone, some people blame it all on Molotov. The Slavic Solon with the smile of a betrayed walrus hasn't done much to make him expect a rousing affirmative shout if he asks: "'S everybody happy?" Still, you'll have to blame most of our non-financial discomfort on the abominable weather. New York has never experienced a tougher spring climatically speaking. January was a zephyr by comparison. Walking up Fifth Avenue was as warm as bucking a northern head-wind on the Varsity Campus in early March, or waiting for a street car at the woe-begone corner of Bloor and Sherbourne. So, naturally, the Manhattan stage has been usurped temporarily at least by three odd characters who "wanted to get away from it all"—and did.

HANDSOMEST escapist and sole survivor of the trio was Bill Cimillo who perpetrated and got clean away with one of the most colorful thefts in history. Bill was a very competent bus driver who drove one of the big red and gold beauties on the Gun Hill Road run in the Bronx. One morning he got so tired of the thought of travelling over the same old route or rut, that he just lit out—with the bus. Like Ol' Man River, Bill jus' kept rollin' along until he finally ran plumb out of gas 1500 miles away in Florida. You'd imagine such a bus would be just about as easy to steal as a pink pachyderm. Plenty of curious folk noticed it, and wondered what a big glamorous gal of the roads like the Gun Hill Beauty was doing way down south so far. But Bill not only had a steady hand at the tiller; he had a ready answer for them all. "Where you headed, pal?" "Goin' south to bring back the Yankees." (ball team). And if you can think up a better on-the-spot answer at that time of year than Bill's, if anyone found you with a fugitive $18,000 N.Y. bus on your hands far south of the Mason-Dixon line, why then, my son, you belong on General Marshall's staff.

It didn't need the newspaper fanfare to get the populace to take Bill to its heart. The news of his fabulous flight southward, the glow of his daring counter-migration stirred thousands of dim embers in the breasts of those bill-hunted males who wished to goodness they could get away from the little woman and the kiddies in the same epic fashion. Bill's "escape" kindled envy and sympathy in the hearts of so many harried guys that when he was pinched, he found himself a national hero. He felt so tickled he even offered to drive the bus all the way back to good old Gun Hill Road. But alas, the Third Avenue Surface Transportation Company weren't having any more of it. If they'd been properly hep to the right kind of publicity, Bill's triumphant return would have resembled a Roman Conqueror's. He was probably the only wage-earning New Yorker who ever saw Florida without getting a fierce hang-over and a financial headache from it. He was feted like a prince when he returned in nominal gyves. His pals decided to hold a benefit dance to pull him out of the hole; and his boss, finally awake to the unbelievable amount of wholly desirable publicity that the Bus line got out of Bill's escapade, forgave him warmly, decided not to prosecute, and restored him to his old job on a year's probation.

So Bill joined the ranks of the immortal escapists of Manhattan along with the Hudson River ferry boat captain who one morning in the long ago, got so fed up with piloting the good ship "Lulu Belle" on the endless shuttle from the city side to Weehawken and back, that he just turned her nose around and headed her out to sea, chugging through the Narrows, likely hoping to make Europe by the end of the month.

Some day, if this kind of mechanized escapism persists, we expect to see our pal Gene, the elevator man, fail to shut the juice off and let her go crashing right through the roof on a resolute stratospheric, get-away-from-it-all flight, maybe far out into interstellar space, to spend a pleasant week or two with the platinum-coated loogans on Mercury, or among the inscrutable maidens of Mars. Gene says there's too many ups and downs in an elevator man's life anyhow.

We almost forgot (and we don't enjoy taking the cream off things anyhow), especially if there's a tinge of heroism about them. It was later found out that Bill Cimillo, the Ulysses-on-Wheels from the Bronx, didn't head for Florida just to listen to the murmurous surfing of the Gulf Stream, or the soughing of the lazy Trade-winds in the palms. No, like most of the rest of us, Bill found his weekly stipend as a bus-jockey didn't quite fill the bills. So, being a man of resource and imagination as you can see, he made a "book" or accepted horse-bets on the side. This, according to no less an authority than the late great Damon Runyon, is an even quicker way to go broke than by betting on the bang-tails themselves. Bill not only went broke, but he stayed with the game until he was $3000 in the red, and he was afraid, not without reason, that some of the more rugged Bronx characters to whom he was greatly indebted, would come round and beat it out of his hide in the typical rugged Bronx manner. So he incontinently scrammed, figuring in his astute way that a live Ulysses was better than a dead Rothstein. Like Hamlet, Bill probably had no suspicion of the fame that would later be his, or he might have intoned like the psychotic Dane: "I could be confined in a nut shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not for the fact that I have bad dreams." But for a genuinely disturbing dream, please settle down to our next little tale of quite another kind of escapism in Manhattan this most untimely spring. Glib reporters in Gotham called it, as Erle Stanley Gardner might have, "The Case of the Frightened Hermits."

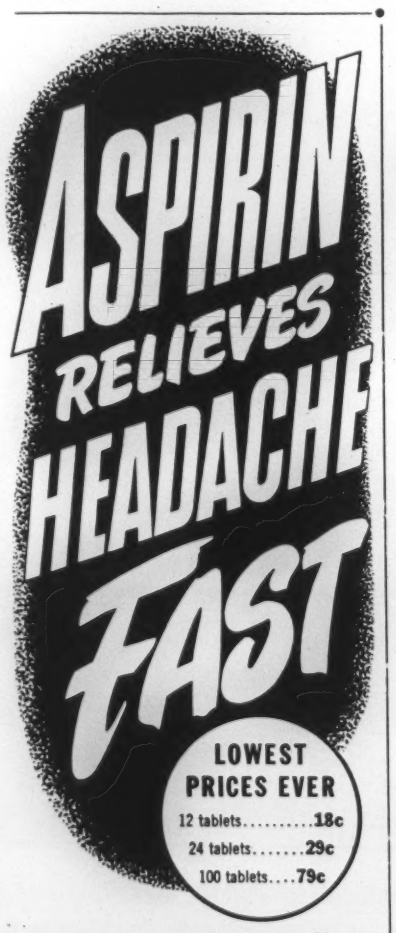
WITH the finding of the rat-chewed body of 61-year-old Langley Collyer in his disintegrating mansion of junk at 2078 Fifth Avenue, the New York police brought to a close one of the most bizarre and grisly episodes in Manhattan's history. The odd gentle recluse who looked like Edgar Allan Poe, but unfortunately had the instincts of a human pack rat, rather than those of a poet, had lived in unimaginable seclusion from the rest of the world, with his blind and paralyzed brother Homer, in their curious junk-filled fortress in the heart of Harlem since 1909.

The whole Collyer story is so fantastic that, to quote one of New York's best-known admen, no editor would have bought or even believed the amazing life-story of the two Collyer anchorites. Their father was a famous and prosperous physician of the "Life with Father" era. They were aristocrats, college-bred, and moved in the upper strata of New York around the turn of the century. Homer became an admiralty lawyer; Langley was a musician, and something of an aesthete. Both of them were independently wealthy after their parents' deaths. They could have been expected to lead normal, happy, prosperous lives—.

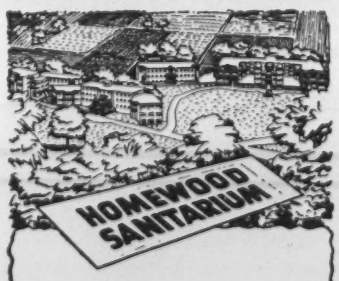
But somewhere in the story something unbelievable crept in. These quiet cultured brothers, Homer and Langley Collyer, literally retired from the world, or at least from what is generally accepted by the world as a normal existence. Homer's sight began to fail, and Langley began to collect things. They walled themselves up in their big and then-substantial brownstone mansion, and dispensed with all the ordinary amenities of civilization as we understand them. They piled up through four decades many hundred tons of junk and the mansion came year by year to resemble a rabbit-warren where the rabbits were rabbit-sized rats—and the incredible Collyers.

Into this fabulous heap of effluvia which the years piled up, went the fashioning of two distorted and frustrated lives, so extraordinary in their dénouement that even the effete and blasé cliff dwellers of Manhattan can still hardly believe that it was all true. The answer probably lies somewhere in the curious spiritual structure of New York itself. Nowhere in the world, nowhere on the face of this often smiling and sunny earth does the human being feel so cabin'd, cribbed and confined, so harassed and driven as here. Nowhere is the human spirit made to feel so dwarfed or insignificant, so utterly licked and beaten. Even that giant in vigor and stature, Thomas Wolfe, felt caught up and driven by what he called the shoving, scrabbling manswarm, and he of all writers most inspiringly hymned the odd varying moods of exaltation that Manhattan in her more smiling and seductive moods can convey.

At any rate, the all but incredible



GENUINE ASPIRIN IS MARKED THIS WAY BAYER



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GREAT CANADIAN NAMES IN THE WORL

NO 3, SAUNDERS

THE KILLING frost came early to the Prairie grain fields in the Autumn of 1907. At an experimental farm in Saskatchewan, the morning of September 12th dawned on a scene of heart-breaking desolation to scientists who had labored endless days and nights to produce a more frost-resistent wheat . . . but, amidst those ruined patches of different strains was one straight-standing beautiful picture of life and strength . . . the red-gold miracle of Marquis wheat had come to the world.

Charles Edward Saunders, Canada's first Dominion Cerealist, developed the famous Marquis wheat and made it possible to roll back the wheat map of Canada for many miles into the North. Untold millions were added to the national wealth by his genius and unending patience. He was born in London, Ontario, in 1867 and as a young man devoted himself to music. In his thirties, however, he followed the family tradition and worked with his father, Dr. William Saunders and his brother Perry, who were experimenting with strains of wheat that would ripen before the Prairie frosts could ruin them. A scientist to his finger-tips, he tested the baking and milling qualities of wheat from all over the world in the only way then known, by chewing little globules to compare the gluten strengths.

Although the development of Marquis wheat was his most spectacular achievement, Charles Saunders also helped to give the world Garnet wheat and new strains of other grains of incalcuable value. In 1934 he became Sir Charles Saunders. After twenty years of service to his country, he died in 1937, but his work, carried on by his successors, still goes on to the greater glory of the nation.

Charles Edward Saunders, Father of Marquis Wheat.

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VANCOUVER AN

A Pueblo, Colo., dentist has invented a remote-control device to give confidence to patients, who have only to push a button to stop the drill if things become too painful, thus ending any tendency to grab dentist's arm.

story of those two pitifully sad derelicts, Langley and Homer Collyer, provided a field day for New York that lasted three full weeks. For the Hearstlings and the News Nellies, it was manna from Heaven that boosted circulation by loosing a journalistic Saturnalia on the public. The people ate it up. Tough sharp editors marvelled at how well life could design a long-lasting macabre miracle for all the Front Pages in the land. Boiled down to its rawest details, two odd old hermits, one blind and half-paralyzed (Homer), and the other (Langley) who had been harmlessly out of his head for a good many years, starved and suffocated in the wreckage-crammed brownstone where they had lived a meaner and more primitive existence than the crudest mugwumps in the darkest hinterlands of Ontario. That this happened on Fifth Avenue was what gave the fillip to the true tale. These two curious men lived without light, gas, water, plumbing or any of the commonest conveniences. For water Langley used to go out late at night with several little tin pails to a near-by park fountain.

In the course of two decades Langley managed to collect at least 200 tons of a monstrous conglomeration of junk which was piled from floor to ceiling in every room of the forgotten and forsaken-looking house of mystery. He had collected a number of pianos, violins and other musical instruments as befitted a good musician who had once played at Carnegie Hall, but had "retired" gracefully in his youthful prime when Paderewski, who followed him with a recital, received better notices than Langley did. That ended Langley's possibly distinguished career as a pianist, and it speaks volumes for his common sense at that time (however addled he later became) that he refrained from inflicting a little more fourth-rate music on a surfeited public. He decided that if he couldn't be Paderewski, there was no point in being a pianist.

THE Collyer mansion became a weird tunnelled warren full of unsuspected booby traps built to crush possible dangerous burglars in an area where certainly some of the continent's most dangerous human fauna abound. The windows were boarded up tight, and presented to the outside world a gaze as blind and void as that of the sightless hermit within.

However, the first few days after the finding of the body of the hapless and helpless elder brother, who had starved to death within a few miles of ten million people, yielded comedy of a fetchingly high order for the populace. The Collyers in their very real fear of very real burglars, had rigged up the house with an amazing series of elaborate and precarious booby traps, which when unwittingly disturbed, loosed tons of dangerous and massive junk on the heads of any interlopers. The first of the latter were, of course, the police of New York, who battered their beleaguered way into the crammed and monumental mess. Cataracts of head-smashing boxes, bales, jugs, weights, heirlooms and furniture cascaded on the rugged brows of the finest. "Ho-ho!" chortled the populace, "this is real fun! This Langley was a card—to rig up all that stuff just that way to let the cops have it on their fat heads."

Knowing reporters pictured Langley lurking round the corner, laughing hugely about the fun he was causing. Everyone expected him to turn up at least for Homer's funeral. But the cops knew better—they said with the fatalism born of long experience dealing with the disinherited of Manhattan, that he couldn't show up for Homer's funeral because he was likely lying dead in the wreckage. The romantic-minded readers of the papers scoffed at such an anti-climactic idea.

But time proved the cops were right, as they usually are about most of modern Bagdad's grimmer dénouements. Eighteen days after they discovered Homer's body, they found Langley's, buried, suffocated, and rat-bitten under a huge pile of rubble only a few feet from where Homer had starved by inches.

One of the editors of the newspaper *PM*, avowed champion of the Left, had quite a few pungent truths to offer as the Collyers' obsequies:

'The watching crowd sets down the Collyer brothers as crazy, cracked. I suppose it is right. The story of their infancy experiences, their dreams and desires as young men, the psychic hurts and lesions which jolted them into the grooves they were to keep for 40 years: all that would make a psychoanalyst's bonanza. I can't do even an amateur's job on them, and I don't propose to try.

"But one can see clearly enough what it is that has captured the public imagination.

"First of all, we laugh at grown men who piled up so much useless and irrelevant junk and lived among it. Chandeliers, rotted bicycles and rubber tires, dressmaker's dummies, baby carriages, mounds of old newspapers and magazines, cartons of paper scraps, old lamp-shades, old-fashioned hats, a Ford chassis. All abnormality is simply an extension into the fantastic of the things we call normal. Which of us, in all honesty, is free from the itch to collect things which, by the farthest stretch of the imagination, we shall never have use for, and pile them up in closets and attics? The Collyer brothers (driven by what obscure and now buried impulsions?) took this hoarding-instinct of ours and carried it to its logical and morbid end.

"But this is only the surface. The Collyers were more than hermits living a retired and cobwebby existence. *The point is that they were ingenious and belligerent hermits.*

"Their lives were organized militantly around the campaign to keep out the world. They fought an unceasing guerilla-war against the world and its pace and values . . . "

Oddest contrast of all perhaps was to read of Henry Ford's death on the same pages as Langley Collyer's. Both the multi-billionaire machinist and the frightened hermit had piled up awesome masses of material things. Both had been furious collectors of what must to them have seemed like vast material riches *en masse*. Both proved one truth at least—that whoever you may be, and however much you may pile up, you must deliver your exit-line alone and fare forth empty-handed. *"You can't take it with you."*

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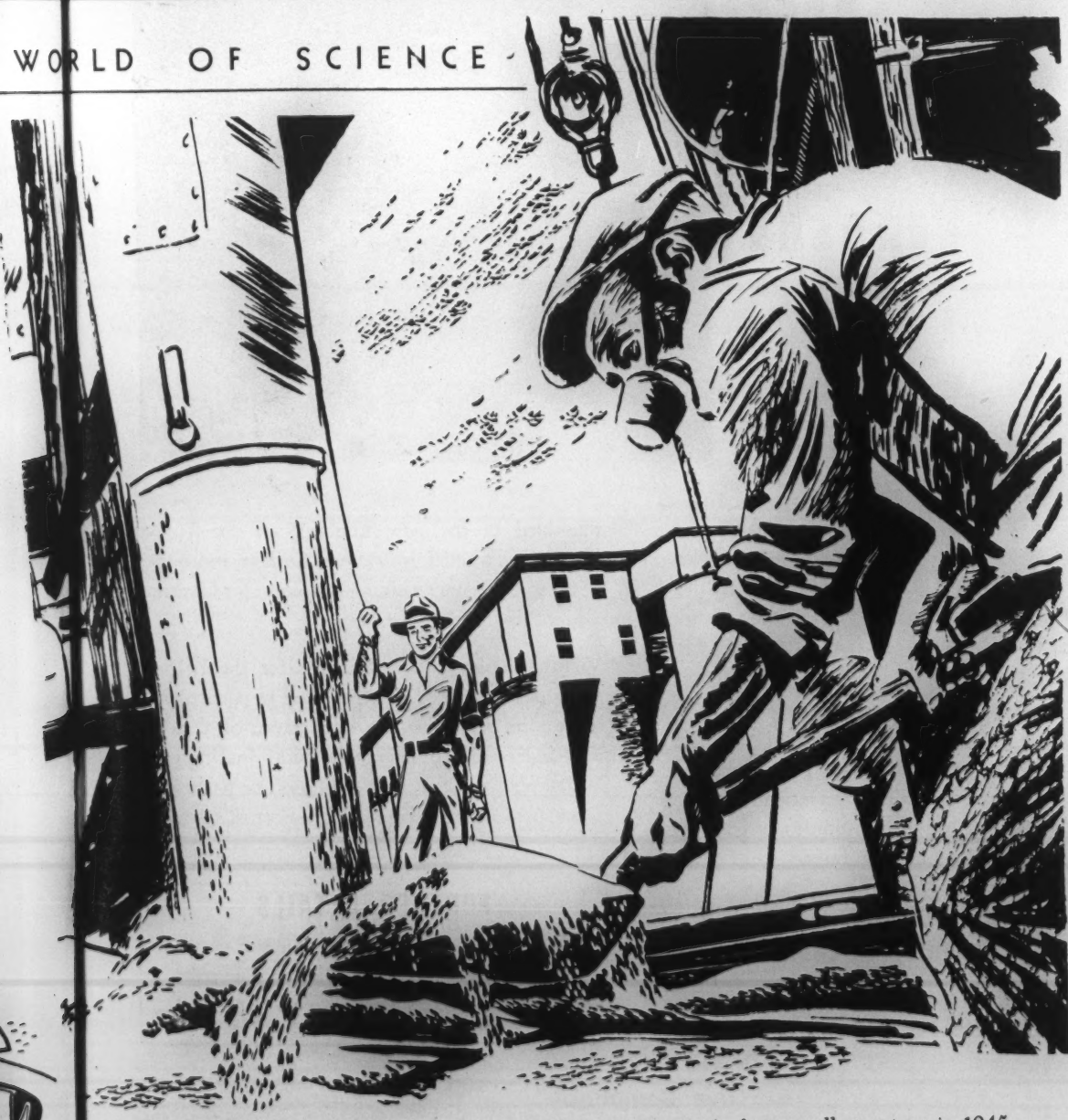
The President of General Bakeries Limited, J. William Horsey, announces the appointment of J. M. MacDonald as Secretary-Treasurer. Born in Nova Scotia, Mr. MacDonald is a graduate and was a member of the staff of The Harvard Graduate Business School. For some time he was head of the Dalhousie University Department of Commerce, and in 1937 he organized a similar Department at the University of Manitoba. In 1939 Mr. MacDonald was appointed Economic Advisor to the W.P.T.B., later becoming Assistant Administrator of Foods for the same Board—following which he was appointed Assistant to the President, Commodity Prices Stabilization Corporation.

WORLD OF SCIENCE



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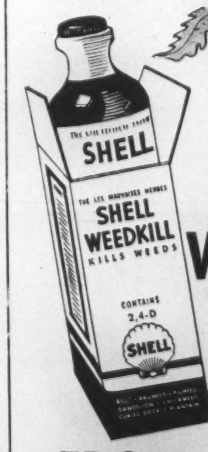

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SHELL WEEDKILL

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Editor Bruce Hutchison Commutes Between Victoria and Winnipeg

By J. K. NESBITT

NEARLY 30 years ago a teen-age youth called Bruce Hutchison was "Shylock" in Victoria High School's presentation of "The Merchant of Venice." In the audience one night was rotund, bald, bachelor Benny Nicholas, for years editor of the Victoria *Times*. Mr. Nicholas, who died at his editorial chair in 1936, was so impressed with Bruce Hutchison's Shylock that he called back-stage to meet the young actor, invited him to the *Times* the very next day.

Bruce Hutchison called on Mr. Nicholas, went to work on the *Times*. That was the start of a journalistic career that has led to the top in Canada, until now Bruce Hutchison is one of North America's best known and most widely read writers.

Bruce first reported sports on the *Times*. Then he graduated to the police beat and, like most enthusiastic young reporters, loved riding around in the patrol wagon and visiting Chinese gambling dens in the middle of the night, protected, of course, by stalwart officers of the law. The City Hall came next. In Victoria's ancient, creaking seat of civic government Bruce first learned about politics. The subject fascinated him. He did more than mere reporting. Young as he was he lectured timid aldermen on what they should do to get themselves re-elected. So it was that the transfer from City Hall to the Press Gallery at the Legislative Buildings was a natural for Hutchison. It was in the Gallery he really found his feet.

Mr. Nicholas, through the years, growing more and more proud of what he found that night on a high school stage, gave Bruce Hutchison every opportunity. Bruce seized those opportunities, made the most of them, worked like a fiend, day and night. He still works hard, knows what it is to figuratively tear his hair when a story won't work out as he planned.

He wasn't long on the Parliament Buildings beat for the *Times* before he was taking a serious interest in politics. He battled long and well with the Tolmie Conservatives, in power from 1928 to 1933, when they were wiped out by the Pattullo Liberals. Then Hutchison proceeded to battle with Pattullo. He and Mr. Pattullo rowed and argued long into the night on every conceivable occasion. It reached the point where Bruce downright refused to visit the Pattullo office; he was sick and tired of being sewn up into Pattullo confidences. Premiers have a habit of telling reporters all the inside dope, then swearing them to secrecy. Bruce would have none of this; he preferred to write his news from the outside looking in, rather than being pledged to silence. He figured it may be all very nice and flattering to the ego to be in a premier's confidence, but it just didn't pay; certainly it didn't help a reporter write news. Bruce is not quite so determined nowadays; he's willing to take confidence from a cabinet minister and advise him what to do, conveniently forgetting that the subject might make news — often big news.

Never Really Young

Bruce Hutchison was born in Prescott, Ont., June 5, 1901, the son of John Hutchison, who had been born in Rome, Italy. John Hutchison's father, an Englishman, had gone over to the Catholic church at the time of Cardinal Newman and had become a Papal secretary, with the title Count of the Holy Roman Empire. This is a hereditary title, but Bruce Hutchison is not a Roman Catholic. When he was a child his parents left eastern Canada and Bruce grew up in Victoria's public schools. He was a serious, but popular member of neighborhood gangs and liked to lecture his harum-scarum companions. There are those who say Bruce Hutchison was really never young; that may be, but he also never changes.

In his younger days Hutchison was a clever cartoonist, and still could be if he would be bothered. When he gets on a phone he doodles picture after picture of the person he's talking to on a pad, on a phone booth wall, on telephone books. In the old days he dearly loved to lampoon politicians. The Vancouver *Province* gave his political cartoons full-page spreads. In 1928, when the Tolmie Conservatives came to power, Hutchison left the *Times*, went to the *Province*, the chief Tory newspaper in B.C., which wanted expert coverage from the Parliament Buildings. While the *Province* was building up the Conservatives, Hutchison was tearing them down. Prominent Tories, even today, blame him for the shades of darkness that descended on B.C. Conservatism in 1933, only to brighten a tiny bit since. Yet *Time* magazine not long ago called Hutchison a Conservative — and there have been no Hutchison protests. In such a manner, as he would say himself, young men grow old.

Laughs Openly

Hutchison used to have no fear in his writings. Sometimes nowadays he shows concern that the *status quo* may change and he warns against too many radical upsets. Once he openly laughed at the whole B.C. Legislature, said it was getting itself worked into a fine frenzy about entirely unimportant matters. No B.C. M.L.A. spoke to Hutchison for days. Another time he took a prominent cabinet minister; said that the gentleman, making a speech, sounded just like taut wires in a high gale. That cabinet minister hasn't spoken to Bruce since, loses no opportunity to scoff at him.

When Hutchison was on the *Times* he occasionally did a stint on the city desk, though he doesn't particularly like editing copy. Cub reporters, who were scared to death of him, because he shouted and roared and seemed to know so much, soon learned to think it was swell if Mr. Hutchison read their copy. If the story was good he said so; if it was bad he showed where it was bad. In other words, while Mr. Hutchison might roar and shout, he never acted like a big shot. Young reporters can't abide city desk big-shots.

Newspapers on the B.C. coast—indeed, much farther afield — have always squabbled over Mr. Hutchison and his writings. It was the *Province* that got him away from the *Times*, though not entirely. The *Province* gave him a good offer. Mr. Nicholas wouldn't hold him, seeing greater opportunity in a bigger city than Victoria. But Mr. Nicholas didn't want the *Times* to lose Hutchison either. It was arranged that Bruce would do work-a-day reporting for the *Province* and write a column called "Loose Ends" for the *Times*. Bruce was modest in those days, didn't care to see his name in print. Besides he felt sure the column would be a flop, didn't want people to know who did it. So he signed it H.B.W.—his own initials backwards. The column most definitely wasn't a flop. Everyone wanted to know who H.B.W. was. No one seemed to know, not even Mr. Nicholas nor Bruce Hutchison himself. The whole thing created a great mystery. After a few years, however, Hutchison got over his modesty, signed his own name in full. He stayed with the *Province* some years; then in a dramatic flip-flop that shook B.C. newspaperdom to its roots, he switched to the *Province's* chief competitor, the *Sun*, all the while doing his column for the *Times*. In recent months he stopped appearing in the *Sun*, and is these days in Vancouver's fast growing morning newspaper, the *News-Herald*. Bruce, however, has nothing to do with this. He writes his column for the Winnipeg *Free Press*, which syndicates it.

The B. C. papers that gave him a start are only a sideline with him now. His first love is the great *Free Press*, of which he is associate editor. Which is how it should be, for Hutchison is of the opinion the late John Dafoe of the *Free Press* was one of the greatest Canadians who ever lived. Hutchison's ambition is to become another Dafoe.

Despite tempting offers from big city dailies and magazines in eastern Canada Hutchison refuses to budge out of Victoria. He likes Winnipeg, but he wouldn't live there, has even been known to laugh in print at what he calls rugged Winnipeggers who huddle in steam-heated apartments all winter. Refusing to live in Winnipeg, he commutes from Victoria by air. He's always singing the praises of Victoria and Vancouver Island, sometimes to the annoyance of stenographers and store clerks who say it's all very well for Bruce Hutchison to talk of never wanting to leave Victoria—he flits off to New York and Montreal every few months.

When he's at home in Victoria, Bruce Hutchison looks more or less like a tramp. His hair usually needs cutting, never is cut until his wife

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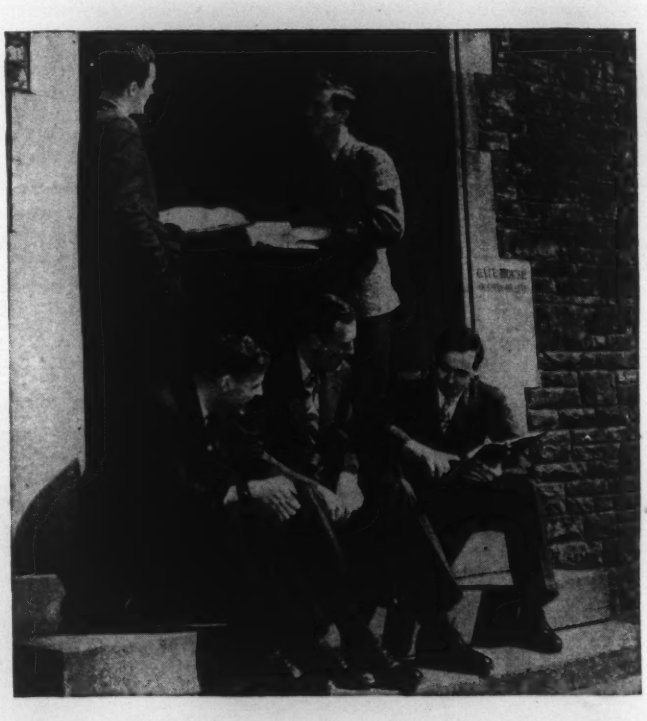

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BRUCE HUTCHISON

threatens to leave him, or his daughter tells him he's a disgrace. His hat is a beauty, battered and beaten. When his wife starts to town with him she won't step out of the door until her taciturn husband dusts off and dons his best one. He hates social functions, can't stand bridge and thinks dancing (for himself, anyway) a waste of time. Once, however, he did dress up and dine at Government House with the Earl of Athlone, Governor General of Canada, and H.R.H. Princess Alice who wanted to meet so well-known a Canadian writer. Mr. Hutchison grudgingly admitted he enjoyed the evening.

He's an erratic worker. When he's reporting legislative doings he rolls up his sleeves, bangs his typewriter, shouts, "How do you spell knowledge— are there two e's?" Sometimes, in the late afternoon he sends a page boy to the restaurant for tea and toast which he gobbles as he works. He seldom smokes—though the habit is growing on him, in fact, in the last few months he developed into a chain smoker and then swore off entirely. His sufferings because of this made an entertaining column. He didn't drink for years; when he sipped a glass of wine at a banquet once it caused quite a stir. He doesn't like public speaking, yet now and then does his duty in this respect. He gives a good talk, has a pleasant platform appearance, a better voice than radio gives him. At one time he gave a weekly cross-Canada radio program—"Scrub Oak Hollow." The public loved what he said, but his voice over the air, to be perfectly frank, wasn't so hot.

Cariboo Vacation

Hutchison lives and works about four miles from Victoria — in the pleasant suburban area of Saanich, where he has a big garden and a view from his cluttered study of the blue hills of Sooke and the sunsets. Some of his best writings have been about his gardens and the sunsets of Sooke. When he wants a vacation he goes to the Cariboo, the ranching country in the interior of British Columbia. He likes to talk with cowboys. His first introduction to the Cariboo was more than 25 years ago when he made a long horseback trek there with Mr. Nicholas, Charles L. Shaw, now of Miller Freeman Publications in Vancouver and C. F. Moriarty, manager of the Victoria bureau of the Canadian Press.

He has a son Robert and a daughter Joan, now in their late teens. He used to write about them in his column, referred to them as the little boy and the little girl next door, quoted them chapter and verse, made them loved by everyone in Victoria and Vancouver. When they got into high school they laid down the law to their father, insisted that he stop writing about his children forthwith. Father stopped. He has built up dearly loved characters—Mrs. Noggins and her alderman uncle in Liverpool, George Pudbury and his good barnyard stuff and through them he observes the passing scene and philosophizes.

In 1937 Hutchison went to the Coronation in London. It was his first trip abroad. In 1940 he traveled on Wendell Willkie's campaign train. He has attended Roosevelt press conferences in the White House.

"The Thing"

But he has most fun when he's home in Victoria writing on Victoria topics. Some years ago the City Fathers built a cement lighthouse, complete with green and red lights, and installed it in the centre of a main boulevard. Hutchison was appalled at a lighthouse in the middle of the road. He poked fun at it for years, called it "the thing." The City Fathers were very annoyed at Mr. Hutchison, some refused to speak to him. When a truck bumped into "the thing" one night and ruined it, some people suspected Hutchison of having tipped off the truck driver. Bruce wrote "the thing's" obituary, breathed a great sigh of relief that it was gone.

His wife, Dot, so he says, is long-suffering, broad-minded about his peculiarities. She was Dorothy McDiarmid, daughter of a one-time city solicitor of Victoria. In 1925 Mr. Nicholas sent Bruce to Ottawa to cover the House of Commons. Bruce and Dot, planning to be married, thought bachelor Mr. Nicholas was trying to part them. Dot went to Ottawa, too, and there they were married.

Two mothers-in-law live in the Hutchison home. Everyone gets along perfectly. Mothers-in-law, wife, children, look on Bruce as an oddity, make allowances and so there is happiness and understanding. Bruce likes to spend his summers at a retreat at Shawnigan Lake, 40 miles in the Malahat Hills from Victoria. There he goes rustic, becomes a real tramp, a beachcomber, rows a boat, chops wood, builds outhouses, writes articles on the glories of the backwoods and the sad state of world affairs, vows he'll never again leave Vancouver Island. Yes, say the stenographers, all very well for him to talk like that—why, next week he'll probably be dining in the Chateau Laurier or the Waldorf Astoria.

Bruce, according to his writings, likes to prune trees and pile autumn leaves into a compost heap. He goes insane when he hears people sometimes burn leaves. Recently he was in a newspaper controversy with Christopher Morley, who had confessed that the smell of burning leaves in Autumn is indeed a wonderful smell. This so horrified Bruce Hutchison that he wrote an indignant article pointing out how leaves should always be left to rot in winter rains and then go back into the soil in Spring. All very well for him, said Victoria's one-lot gardeners, he has acreage, with plenty of room to rot leaves. If he lived on a city lot he'd have to burn leaves to get them out of the way.

Bruce first hit the international field when he sold a fiction story entitled "Park Avenue Logger" to the *Saturday Evening Post*. Hollywood liked it so much it was made into a film. That was years ago. He has never been in the *Post* since. *Reader's Digest* liked so much a story he did for *MacLean's* not long ago that it condensed it. *Fortune*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Atlantic Monthly* are always anxious to print Bruce Hutchison. Not long ago *American Mercury* featured a character study of Prime Minister Mackenzie King by Hutchison, complete with caricature of Mr. King on its cover.

Between writing newspaper and magazine articles, Bruce somehow finds time to write books. His first, on Canada, called "The Unknown Country" has been an outstanding success. It is still in demand in bookstores and libraries. His next book was fiction, "The Hollow Men," which wasn't so successful as the first. It was so filled with profanity that a lot of people didn't think it was nice. Now he's engaged on his third book—fiction also, with the locale on the British Columbia coast.

Mr. Hutchison is a great one to say the Canadian people have an inferiority complex, that they are too modest in the face of American ballyhoo, that too many Canadians go to the United States to make good. It is interesting to note that Mr. Hutchison, the minute he has a new book and a good short story, hightails it to New York, sees that he gets all the American ballyhoo he can.

Mr. Hutchison has had success—success such as few Canadian writers have had. Despite this, he's still a home-town boy. When he goes to his favorite barber shop, every four months or so, he gets a shoeshine and carries on a long and weighty conversation with Posey, the Negro bootblack. He used to quote, in his column, the sayings of Mr. Posey. When he walks down Government Street all the cranks and poets of Victoria—it is said there are more to the square foot in Victoria than anywhere else in Canada—corner him and lecture him; Bruce never seems in a hurry and lectures right back.

To sum up, Bruce Hutchison fits that much misused and abused word, a character—that kind of character it's a pleasure to meet on Main Street corner and pass the time of day with.

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BOX 85, SATURDAY NIGHT

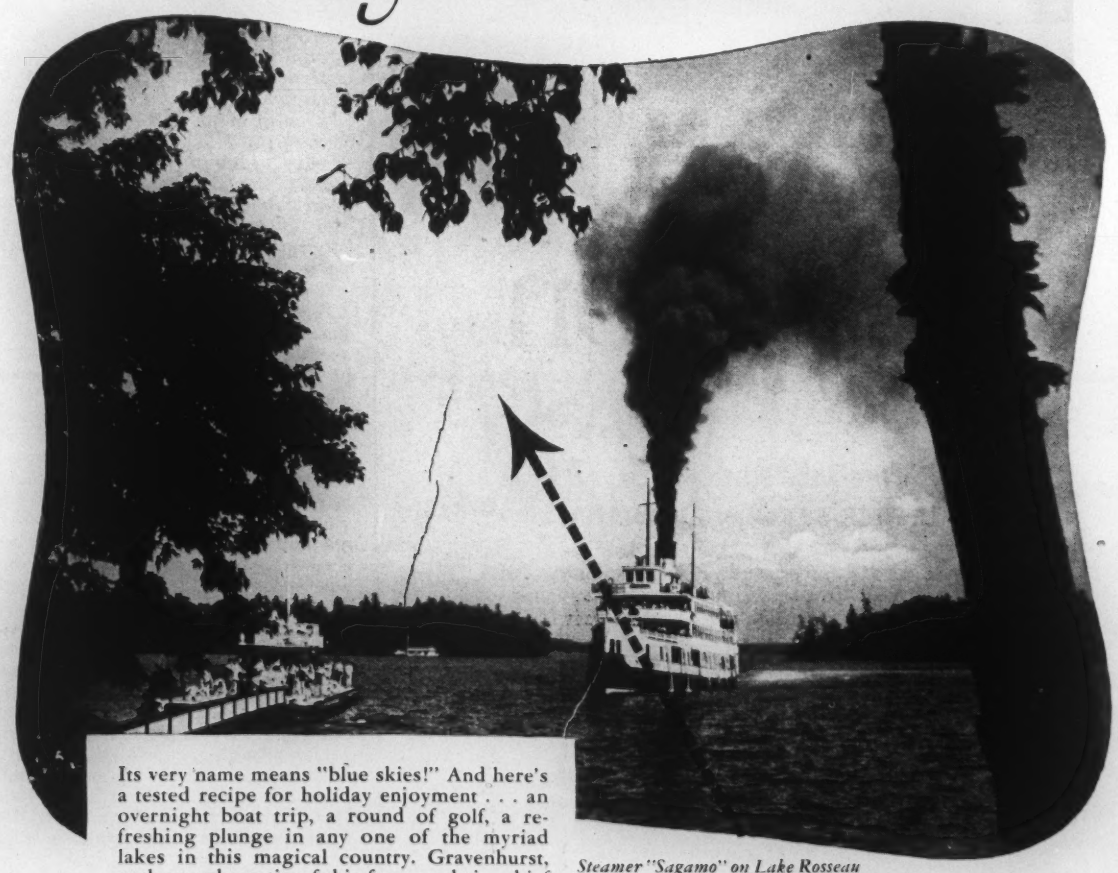
DOMINION LIFE APPOINTMENTS

E. G. SCHAFER,
B. Comm., F.A.S., F.A.I.A.

H. M. ATRUBIN,
B.A., F.A.S., F.A.I.A.

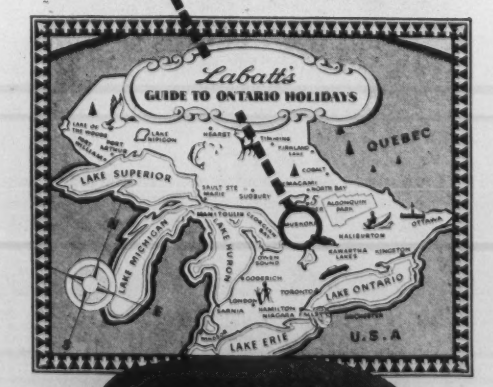
The Dominion Life Assurance Company has announced the appointment of Mr. E. G. Schafer, B. Comm., F.A.S., F.A.I.A., Associate Actuary since 1940, as Assistant General Manager. The appointment was made at a Board of Directors' Meeting on Friday, April 18th, along with the appointment of Mr. H. M. Atrubin, B.A., F.A.S., F.A.I.A., as the Company's Associate Actuary. Mr. Atrubin has been Assistant Actuary for the past six years.

The Magic of Muskoka...



Its very name means "blue skies!" And here's a tested recipe for holiday enjoyment . . . an overnight boat trip, a round of golf, a refreshing plunge in any one of the myriad lakes in this magical country. Gravenhurst, at the southern tip of this famous chain, chief among which are Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph, is only a three-and-a-half hours' drive, north on highway No. 11 from Toronto. And this popular playground is easily reached by train or bus from any point in or outside the Province. For more details on Muskoka, write Ontario Holiday, Room 1004, Victory Building, Toronto.

Steamer "Sagamo" on Lake Rosseau



TOURIST BUSINESS IS GOOD BUSINESS ... FOR EVERY CITIZEN

We all profit when the tourist industry prospers. Even if you have no connection with hotels or garages or amusements, their prosperity still helps you. The more they earn the better customers they will be for *every* other business. So it's in your own interest to plan to spend *your* holiday in Ontario and do all *you* can to encourage friends from other parts of Canada and the United States to come and share our fun.

"Let's make them want to come back!" Labatt's

One of a series of advertisements about Ontario Holidays published in the public interest by John Labatt Limited

National Cultures Make Festival Show-Window

By LESTER C. SUGARMAN

The institution of the Folk Festival in Canada was started nearly two decades ago through the efforts of Murray Gibbon, famed Canadian writer and formerly public relations officer for the C.P.R., when he organized a series of folk-song, folk-dance and handicraft festivals in Quebec and at various places throughout the west. The Folk Festival is a unique colorful show-window of the various national cultures in the Dominion. During the week of June 8-15 at the Toronto Art Gallery one of the most extensive and complete festivals ever planned will be held.

FOR the first time since its opening in 1911 the Art Gallery of Toronto will shelve its fine art collection. During the week of June 8-15, the Gallery will be stripped; the canvases will be temporarily stored to make way for the most extensive and complete Folk Festival ever organized in Canada.

It is, to say the least, an unconventional move for such an institution, but none the less, very much in keeping with the Art Gallery's progressive attitude towards the arts. The Executive of the Art Gallery of Toronto has long realized the potent force for unity and understanding inherent in the arts; they have constantly striven to make the Gallery a hub of communal interest and activity. Through the medium of Folk Arts and the Folk Festival, the Gallery has succeeded in bringing together a cross-section of Canadian life representing forty-two racial, cultural and language groups. Yes, it can be done. *All* Canadians regardless of skin color, race, belief or political persuasion who live in and around Toronto are going to work together, each in his own way, for one week, under one roof.

The public will have a chance to see and hear tangible evidence of the deep roots of culture that are being woven into the very fabric of Canadian life. Those of us who take Anglo-Saxon culture and the English language as a matter of course often forget that almost a quarter of Canada's population is composed of so-called foreign elements. These three million citizens have brought with them the songs, the dances, the hand work, the customs and traditions of nearly every nation on earth. So it is that the program of Folk Festival reads like a roster of the United Nations; indeed, Folk Festival is a practical approach towards the ideal of "One World".

At the entrance to the Gallery, as a symbol of their priority the North American Indians are erecting two full-size Totem-poles. Inside, the public will see the distinctive dances of almost every nation in the world — Polish Mazurkas, Palestinian Horas; Italian Tarantellas; Russian Sword dances performed to the accompaniment of an elaborately costumed chorus of old Russia.

Folk-Dances

They will follow the graceful and refined nuances of the Japanese Parasol dance and the more classical "Hori" done to the music of the "Koti" — a harp that lies flat on the ground. They will watch the cheerful, light-hearted Norwegian Polkas; the peculiar athletic dances of the Basques; the Scottish Highland and country-dances; the Finnish Ring dances; the bright Hungarian Czardas that feature bells on the feet and hands of the performers. They will see the slow traditional Dance of the Greek Maidens and the quick rhythmic precision of the Austrian Shoe-plattlers. The United Empire Loyalists will do examples of early-American square dances and a young French-Canadian group will present some folk-songs and dances brought to Canada by Champlain.

A great many of the dances will be accompanied by choruses; choral groups taking part include the Welsh, the Jewish Folk choir, two Negro choruses, a Latvian choir, two Ukrainian vocal groups, as well as Mormon, Russian, Bulgarian, Hungarian and Lithuanian choirs.

Those who attend will hear the songs of the fields, the homestead and the mountains — music that speaks of the wind and the storm, of man's simple joys and sorrows. They will hear instruments as different and as ancient as the Chinese flute and the Celtic harp; there will be Yugoslavian tamburitzas, Russian balalaikas, Scottish bag-pipes, zithers, cymbals, and double-stringed and odd violins from many lands. Guitars, mandolins, the lyre and the lute, accordions, marimbas and tom-toms will accompany many of the songs and dances.

To accommodate all this activity, the Sculpture Court of the Gallery will be transformed into an auditorium with a spacious stage. The performances will be well-balanced and changed each evening Monday to Friday, to give all groups an opportunity to take part. Each additional group will have its own exhibit in the galleries. After the performances, the audience will be able to take a "trip round the world" using the crafts and skills — the specialized designs and the unique work of the hands as guides.

Homespun and Lace

On view in the mornings, afternoons and evenings will be such things as hand-loomed Armenian rugs, Austrian petit-point, Belgian lace, Czechoslovakian embroidery, Danish personalized jewellery and antique pottery; batiks from the Dutch East Indies, Gouda and Delft potteries from Holland; rare presentation shawls from Estonia; weaving of exceptional refinement from Sweden and Lithuania; rare theatrical costumes from China; bold Bulgarian embroideries; French Canadian homespun patterns; Mojolica potteries from Italy, etc.

The Royal Ontario Museum will contribute a fine display of antique and modern native Indian crafts. Most of the articles exhibited are the finest examples of the arts and crafts that can be found in Canadian homes where they are prized possessions. The exhibits will be explained and demonstrated by Torontonians dressed in the colorful costumes of the countries from which they or their ancestors came.

For the mornings and afternoons there will be special programs arranged for school-children. Two Folk groups are coming as guests from the United States for these programs — a very fine group of English Morris dancers from Fairhope, Alabama; and a well-known Lithuanian dance group from Chicago. From Quebec will come a youthful group of eight French Canadians, a unit of the movement which is reviving Champlain's "Order of the Good Time", to perform also for the children. A group of our own Indians from Brantford will be featured. For the entire week Emiline Chong will act as commentator of the children's programs.

Folk Festival's keynote is simplicity, informality, sincerity and friendliness. It does not attempt to be pretentious or precious. Nor is it to be presented in the spirit of competition or as a spectacle. It is human and colorful and rich, belonging to *all* the people be they of North American Indian, Anglo-Saxon, European or Asiatic stock. Folk Festival combines goodwill and mutual appreciation with art and citizenship. It is positive and dynamic democracy in action.

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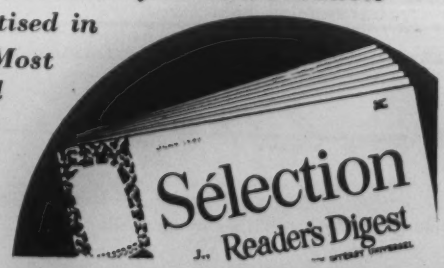

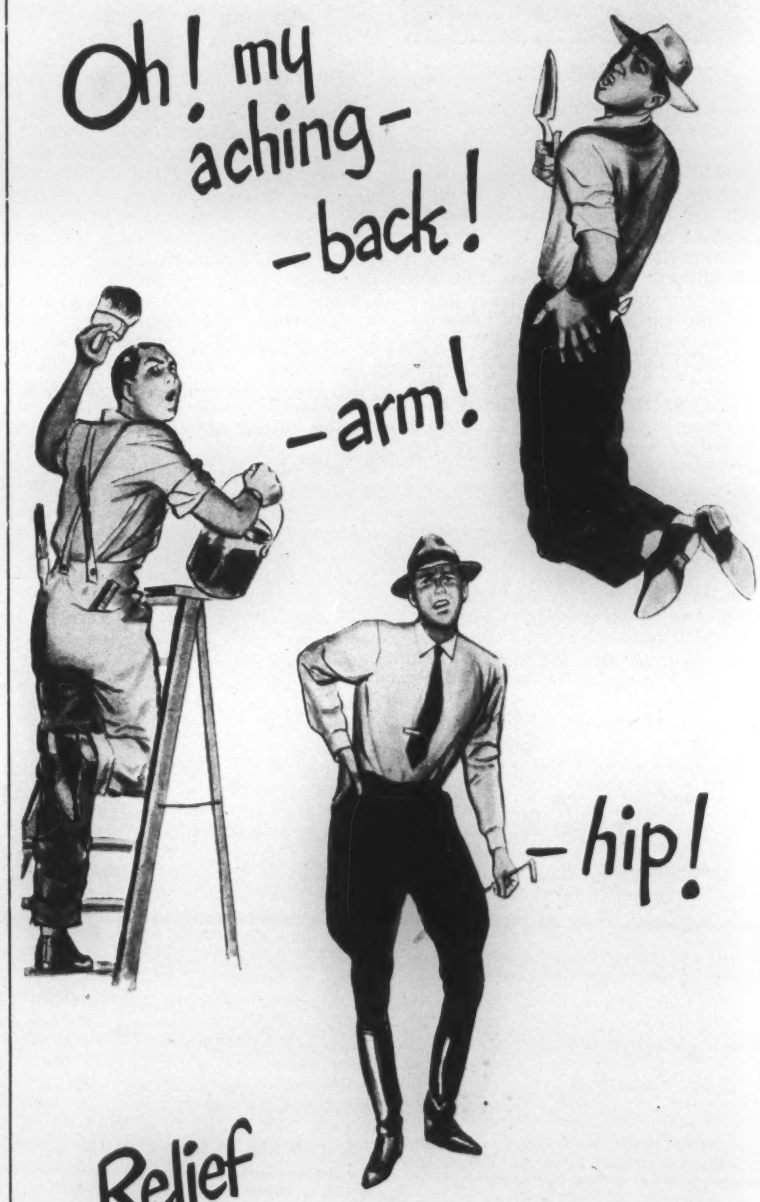

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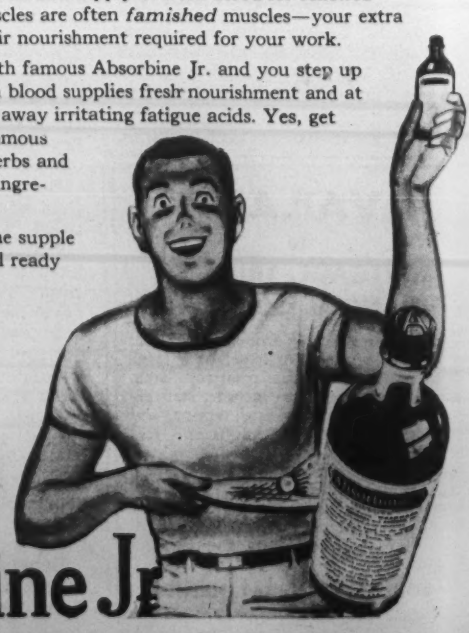

-ah! my Absorbine Jr.

LONDON LETTER

Mr. Dalton Stands to Win whether Britons Quit Smoking or Not

By P. O'D.

London.

IN MR. Dalton's recent Budget the item that caused the greatest dismay among the sufferers and aroused the bitterest opposition and criticism was the new tobacco tax—an extra shilling on every packet of 20 cigarettes and corresponding increases on pipe tobacco. This hits nearly everybody in these days of almost universal smoking, the workingman as hard as anyone else, or even a little harder perhaps, for the British workingman is a steady and inveterate smoker. If the dear fellow would only work as steadily as he smokes, what a difference it would make to the export figures! There might even be a little more left over for home consumption.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was jauntily hard-boiled about it all, in spite of the protests of his own back-benchers. "If you want to get even with me," he said in effect, "you have only to cut out smoking. I shan't mind in the least."

Why should he mind? He stands to win either way. If people go on smoking the same inordinate amount, he collects a vast revenue in taxes. If they cut down their smoking—there may even be a few heroes who will cut it out—he has less American tobacco to pay for out of his dwindling supply of precious dollars. And this last is probably the alternative he would prefer.

Although it is still too early to say definitely what the customers are going to do about it, it is not difficult to make a likely guess. In the first few days there was a drop of as much as 50 per cent in sales in London and the provincial cities, and then—well, then the sales began gradually to climb up again. Taxes may vary, but good old human nature doesn't. Think of all the people who give up smoking every New Year's—for a day or so.

"Haven't been sellin' so much the past few days," said my own tobacconist, who is something of a philosopher, "but I'm not worryin'. They'll be back. Got to spend their money on something, haven't they? An' wot else is there? Wot can you buy without coupons, except beer and tobacco? They'll grumble, but they'll pay. Nobody gives up smokin' because it costs more."

I explained to him that, as a matter of fact, I was giving it up—partly because of Mr. Dalton and partly because of what my doctor told me—but that I felt I ought to keep a few cigarettes in the house for when my friends dropped in. He handed them out without a word, but with a very bored look in his eye. He had probably been listening to that sort of story rather often of late.

Royal Press Commission

Now that the Government has announced the names of the 17 ladies and gentlemen who, under the chairmanship of Sir David Ross, are to form the Royal Press Commission, people are wondering more than ever what real good the Commission can be expected to do—beyond finding out the things that everyone knows, and making the sort of general recommendation for the control and conduct of the Press that almost any experienced person could make without bothering to spend time inquiring into it.

The Chairman is an Oxford don, Provost of Oriel College. He has, however, had experience as a member of arbitration tribunals during the war, though nothing in any intimate way to do with the Press. There are, in fact, only two members who could be described as newspapermen—Sir George Waters, for 20 years editor of the *Scotsman* of Edinburgh, and Mr. R. C. K. Ensor, the historian, who was once upon a time a member of the staff of the Manchester *Guardian*. Mr. J. B. Priestley, the novelist, might also be regarded as a man with a considerable knowledge of newspapers, he has written so much for them, but he has never been a professional journalist.

For the rest, the Commission is composed of trade-union representatives, barristers, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, the General Secretary of the Baptist Union, the Socialist Lord Mayor of Manchester, an economist, a chartered accountant, and Mr. G. M. Young, the historian. The Government is certainly hunting with an oddly mixed pack. Wonder what sort of quarry they will put up.

A Grim Ending

People going from this country to Europe for a holiday, as a good many are doing just now, are allowed to take with them up to £75 in English money, but no more, on account of the exigencies of the exchange position. And £75, it must be admitted, doesn't go very far with prices where they are now.

It is not surprising that a good many English people, in the midst of having a good but decidedly expensive time, have made the horrid discovery that they were running out of cash. Nor is it altogether surprising that, in such a dilemma, they have met obliging persons who were willing and even eager to get them out of their difficulties. Just give them a cheque, and they would attend to all the rest.

There has been so much of this going on, that the Government has for several months past had a special squad quietly at work investigating what has become a highly organized business—most of it centering around the activities of a gentleman with the picturesque name of Max Intrator. To make matters worse, it seems that Intrator has been using the sterling funds he has obtained to help finance the illegal emigration of Jews to Palestine.

There have already been a number of prosecutions and convictions in this country for these currency offences, and it is claimed that there are hundreds of cases pending — many of them involving quite well-known people. Rather a grim ending to a Continental holiday, but exchange is a serious matter nowadays, and the authorities are said to be taking a very stern view of the business.

British Stars Win Out

Hollywood may regard this country as a sort of colonial territory to be exploited at will, but apparently the British film-public doesn't share this view. Recently a considerable portion of this public as represented by the patrons of a large chain of cinemas, was asked to give its vote for the best films, actors, and actresses of the past year. Here is the result.

In films, "The Way to the Stars" was put first, followed by "The Seventh Veil", "The Captive Heart", "Lost Week-End", "The Wicked Lady", and "The Rake's Progress", in that order — all British but "Lost Week-End".

Margaret Lockwood came first among the actresses, and then Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis, Phyllis Calvert, Greer Garson, and Patricia Roc — all British but two, for Greer Garson is an Englishwoman. Among the men James Mason was first, followed by Stewart Granger, Ray Milland, Alan Ladd, Bing Crosby, and John Mills — three and three.

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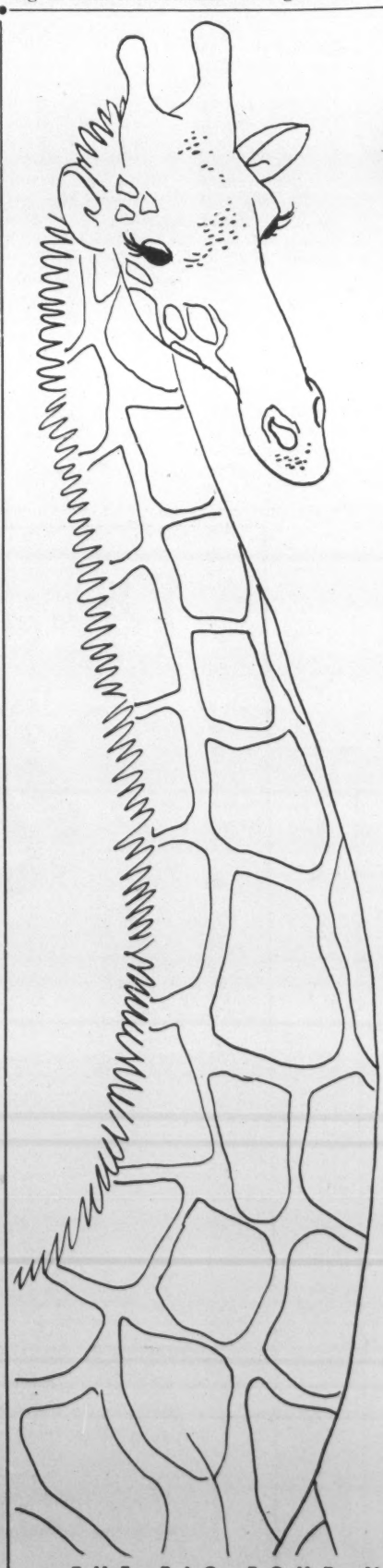

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STAR WEEKLY — LA PRESSE

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CONDUCTED BY HERBERT McMANUS

Race Hatred Is a Deadly Effusion A Destroyer Unless Destroyed

THE CHILDREN—by Howard Fast—Collins—$2.75.

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT—by Laura Z. Hobson—Musson—$3.00.

Possibly through realization of their new Imperial destiny and the message which they propose to carry to the rest of the world, Americans are becoming increasingly conscious of some of the blots on their own internal record. Currently there is a growing number of important books dealing with the problems of race minorities and these will be discussed in forthcoming issues of SATURDAY NIGHT. *In the mantime it is interesting to note that "Gentleman's Agreement," reviewed below, has reached top listing among U.S. fiction best-sellers, edging out Kenneth Roberts' "Lydia Bailey" and John Steinbeck's "The Wayward Bus."*

IT MAY BE that during those nightmare years which purported to end in 1945 there was a considerable number of trusting souls who looked forward to a better world. One of the things against which they were fighting or were told they were fighting, was race-discrimination and hatred and the Aryan myth of Hitler; once the last shot had been fired a new era of the brotherhood of man would come about. Surely the world had had enough of bitterness and the slaughter and torture of innocent people for no other reason than the accident of birth; something would be done to heal the wounds of those who had suffered so much; but even more—conditions would be created throughout the world in which such a development of anything so hideous could never again occur.

Lip Service Only

Now, two accomplished, skilful and sympathetic American writers, one with no reference to what went on in Europe under the Germans and the other with only an indirect relationship, set out to examine where the small and vicious seeds of race intolerance lie, how widely distributed they are and what pervading evil may again grow from them. More lip service is paid in the United States to the principle of equality than is encountered in daily life and so widespread has the practice of racial exclusion become that it is now—and here is the real danger—accepted without questioning or protest. Only the isolated and more spectacular cases receive any public notice and in the meantime the petty persecutions and half-concealed insults continue and grow. How much good will be achieved by these books is a matter of some doubt; at least it can be said of both writers that they have passionately and sincerely cried out in the cause of understanding and sympathy.

Howard Fast's *The Children* was written twelve years ago and first published ten years ago in *Story* magazine; only now is it appearing in book form where it may command the large circulation which it deserves on so many counts. "When I wrote it," says the author in a brilliant current introduction, "I wrote it out of bitterness and hate for what our society does to children; nor do I think that situation has appreciably bettered itself. Racism — and the murderous lesser 'isms it breeds —is the curse and cancer of modern America; it is a radio-active effusion that penetrates to every level of our society, and unless we destroy it, as surely as the earth exists, it will destroy us."

The Children is a beautifully written narrative of life in the New York slums which covers just about every human emotion but always with a sustained and mounting note of horror. It is raw meat, made the rawer by the fact that its people are children of the formative years; here, in the environment in which they live without knowing any other, they encounter brutality, gang fights and gang leadership, budding sex in a nasty sense, theft, deception and even murder. Here the epithets of nigger, sheeny, mick, larded with even fruitier adjectives are freely and constantly exchanged leading to the inevitable physical clashes; the fighting itself is as dirty as the surroundings which brought it about. What type of citizen with what type of mind and prejudice will emerge from all of this is an even greater horror which the writer leaves to the imagination of the reader. Shocked as he may be at the recording of these things, anyone who reads *The Children* should be sufficiently moved to try to "do something about it"; Howard Fast himself expresses the modest wish that "if this tale does anything to help . . . decent housing, it will be well worth printing." But the book should do a great deal more than that; it should bring the realization to even the most sheltered North American that wherever and whenever such conditions exist in the world, they are a potential menace which will not be in the least selective of its eventual victims.

Flick On The Raw

Mrs. Hobson's approach to the problem is pitched in a much lower key, set in an entirely different level of society, examines the facts with some of the dispassionate skill of the researcher but is, nonetheless, just as vehement in its protest against existing abuses. The device chosen for this postwar novel is exceedingly clever. Schuyler Green, an established writer has been given a staff job on a large "liberal" national publication; his first assignment on moving to New York is to turn out a series on anti-semitism. Search of the normal sources of reference produce little that is new until the idea occurs to him to live as a Jew and see what happens. Green is an easy name to have been changed from something else and quietly he spreads the necessary background. He wanted things to happen to him and what happens is so much that it involves everyone from his small son at school to his wealthy sister in Grosse Point, Michigan. By "Gentleman's Agreement" he is refused accommodation at all the smarter hotels outside of New York—that he had expected. But there was the daily flick on the raw in all small things; "Of course, you *would* have been for Roosevelt"; "You don't need to be so sensitive all the time." Green was a widower and when he finally met the woman he wished to marry, the romance broke on the smouldering indignation which had grown in him and the calm acceptance of the customs of exclusion on the part of the girl and her well-to-do friends. But the experience did produce good copy and the editor of *Smith's* magazine was pleased; during the experiment, however, he discovered that his own personnel manager had had for years a hard and fixed rule against the employment of Jews.

Mrs. Hobson is an accomplished writer of fiction and her structure and dialogue never falter; the authenticity of her background of combined social and working atmosphere of a big "slick" magazine is due to her own experience in national magazine promotion. *Gentleman's Agreement* reached the best-seller list immediately on publication but it is impossible to report that the story can be read as a piece of fiction apart from its central theme of anti-semitism. It is in fact, a defect that this preoccupation has been allowed to creep into practically every situation, however minor. It is also possible that over-emphasis and over-dramatization produce occasionally a slight air of incredibility; it is difficult to believe that all the characters concerned are perpetually in such a fine state of indignation. But crusaders, even in the worthiest causes, are seldom given to even speculation on the merits of both sides of a question.

Both Howard Fast and Laura Hobson have produced telling and timely contributions to a moral problem which is of supreme importance to the world today and possibly more important in North America than elsewhere. There can be no disagreement with the premise of either book; unfortunately it is not quite possible to paint the prevailing picture in sharp black and white alone; race-prejudice and race-consciousness produce excesses not on one side alone as the news reports reveal daily. But if even some degree of tolerance and understanding grows out of these books it will be a real reward to writer and reader alike; both can be commended to the widest possible audience and Howard Fast's story can be enjoyed as well for its mastery of realism and high degree of literary achievement.

Sean O'Faolain whose own selection of his shorter pieces, "Teresa and Other Stories" has just been published. (Clarke, Irwin, $2.00). The volume includes such typical yet contrasting studies as "The Man who Invented Sin" and "The Woman who Married Clark Gable". It is fully representative of this Irish writer's mastery of style and ironic prose.

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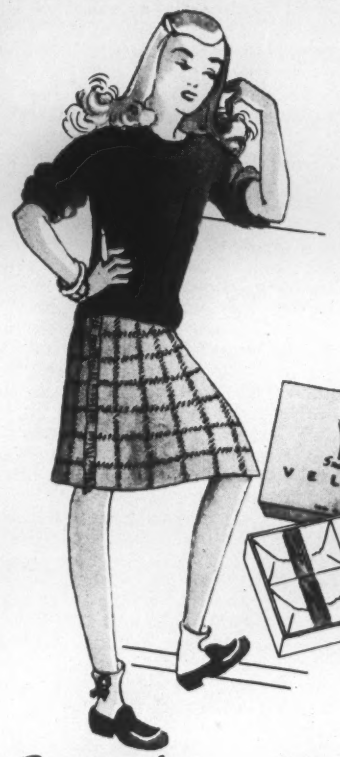

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THE BOOKSHELF

Two Books Tell About the Man But Very Little of the Artist

By L. A. MACKAY

BALZAC—by Stefan Zweig—*Macmillans*—$4.50.

STEFAN ZWEIG—by Frederike Zweig—*Oxford*—$3.25.

WHETHER Balzac was more interesting as a novelist or as a person is a question that might be disputed at no little length, though to no great advantage. Stefan Zweig, without explicitly raising the question, has given his answer in his biography of Balzac, though perhaps it is not the answer he thought he was giving. As a biographer, keenly interested in the social background of his subjects, Zweig had long been fascinated by Balzac, the great inventor of characters and portrayer of social history. At the time of his death, Zweig was working on a large biography, projected in two or three volumes; from his copious notes his friend, Richard Friedenthal, has put together a work that bears no obvious signs of incompleteness, except such as may reasonably be ascribed to the author's intention.

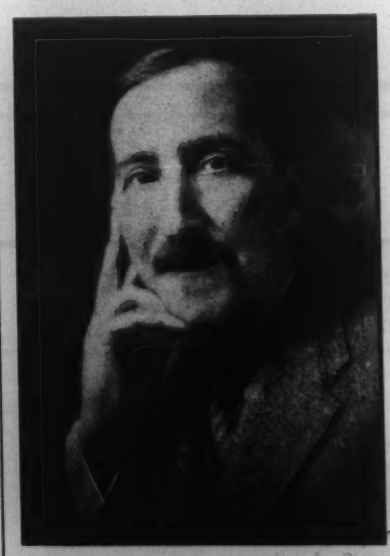
For there is one curious and rather surprising omission, or at least inadequacy in the presentation. Balzac the lover, the snob, the magnificent but often ill-advised spendthrift, the ingenious, impetuous, and invariably ill-fated businessman, the inhumanly industrious and monstrously productive craftsman—all these facets of his character are presented with that devoted attention to detail and order that marks Zweig's style. Of Balzac the novelist we catch only occasional glimpses.

After a sympathetic presentation of his youthful hardships, we see him, spurred by an interesting combination of physical attraction, vanity, and shrewd calculation, dashing across the length and breadth of Europe in pursuit of his extraordinary collection of women, whose portraits, along with several admirable portraits of Balzac himself, are reproduced at the beginning of the book.

The slight attention given to analysis of Balzac's creative work, though it may disappoint critics and literary historians, will probably not injure the book in the esteem of the general reader. It may be that if Zweig had lived to complete his work on the more ample scale he originally designed, he would have devoted more explicit attention to the nature and quality of Balzac's literary accomplishments. But this is doubtful, for the evidence of his other biographies indicates that he wrote biography as a novelist might who turned to biography rather than fiction through distrust of his own ability to create plots, or who by voluntarily taking up the "lazy man's load" of copious documentation attempted to conceal from himself his own reluctance to face the labour of direct creation, or who perhaps modestly found in the actuality of other men's lives a greater stimulus and a more complex fascination than in the creatures of his own fancy.

Rich Man's Son

Certainly Zweig, as he appears in the biography written by his first wife, is an interesting combination of modesty, industry, and self-indulgence—the kind of wilfulness and absorption in his own interests that comes easily to a rich man's gifted son who feels that his early upbringing was lacking in sympathy and understanding. Though a diligent and careful writer, Zweig had always something of the dilettante about him. He was capable of great kindness and generosity, yet his demands on the consideration of others must often have made him extremely difficult to live with. Nonetheless, he could inspire in those that knew him best a great and lasting devotion, and this account of his life, written by the wife whom after twenty years of married life he divorced to marry a girl twenty-seven years his junior, displays him as a man of sensitive feeling and generous impulses, a scholarly writer of varied interests and humane culture, with a thoroughly international outlook.



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THE WEEK IN RADIO

Would Network Radio Competition Lower Costs and Raise Wages?

By JOHN L. WATSON

SNIPING at the C.B.C. is considered pretty good sport by most radio critics, both professional and amateur. It has been indulged in more than once in these columns and it is the stock-in-trade of a large section of the Canadian press. Although some of the criticism has been vitriolic enough, God knows, it has not always been very constructive. However, now that some of our foremost political thinkers have taken up the cudgels on behalf of private enterprise in radio, it behoves us all to study the subject with great care in order that we, too, may Strike an Attitude — pro or con.

The recent charge that Canadian radio artists would fare better financially under a system of free and competitive enterprise is one of those vague but effective conjectures which cannot be either proved or refuted. We have not had competitive network broadcasting in Canada, so we have nothing to go on. We have had the C.B.C. for just over a decade during which time broadcasting has expanded by leaps and bounds. Therefore, comparisons with pre-C.B.C. days are certain to be misleading. Even to state the obvious fact that there are far more well-fed radio artists in Canada today than there were in "the good old days" is merely indicative, but by no means conclusive. A statement, with statistics, from the Association of Canadian Radio Artists would provide useful information — for one side or the other.

As was so succinctly pointed out in the editorial columns of this journal recently, a comparison with other media of entertainment and instruction in Canada, all of which are highly competitive, would seem to suggest that there is little hope for the poor, benighted radio artist under any system of broadcasting (short of a considerable and rapid increase in population, through immigration — a policy which has a staunch supporter in the person of the Premier of Ontario). Canadian artists in virtually every field are notoriously ill-paid, especially in comparison with their more fortunate American colleagues.

It is argued that the abolition of the C.B.C. with its monopolistic powers, and the establishment of competitive networks would result in competition for the services of our best radio artists and the consequent raising of their living standards, which would be a very good thing — if it worked. Competition in every form of commercial enterprise almost always results in lower operating costs and higher wages. However, we live in a most unusual country; a country in which the problems relating to all aspects of *transportation* and *communication* must be considered in an entirely different light from those relating to almost all other forms of enterprise. It is entirely possible that competition in network broadcasting, in a country of twelve million people, might be no more productive of lower operating costs than competition in railroading.

The assertion that a different radio system would lead to a substantial export of Canadian talent to the U.S.A. is, like most fairy tales, delightful but improbable. Experience in related fields leads us to believe that the *importation* of canned U.S. talent would be terrific and the *export* of Canadian talent to the U.S.A. virtually negligible (unless accompanied by the live bodies of the artists.)

The dissolution of the C.B.C. is sincerely — sometimes fanatically — desired by many people, not a few of whom have a fairly hefty political axe to grind. What sort of chaos an event like this is likely to occasion no one can say. But why worry? After all, there are probably very few people in Canada who would miss the old Corporation: only those few eccentrics who are queer enough to enjoy lots of fine music (much of it Canadian), superlative radio drama, objective reporting and intelligent comment; who admire a broadcasting organization with a sincere appreciation of the social implications of the medium through which it operates; and who believe in radio as a medium of cultural and aesthetic education as well as an outlet for such modern and up-to-date things as advertising and sales promotion.

Of course the C.B.C. is not perfect for all people — but then, neither are lots of other indispensable institutions . . . . like Marriage, broccoli and the Ontario Government.

School of Opera

An interesting and important venture in Canadian music was inaugurated on Sunday, April 27.

C.B.C.'s Trans-Canada network is carrying five half-hour broadcasts by the Toronto Conservatory's School of the Opera. All five productions are under the direction of Nicholas Goldschmidt, conductor of the Opera School. Performing under him are the School's principal soloists, a chorus of 32 voices and a 24-piece orchestra.

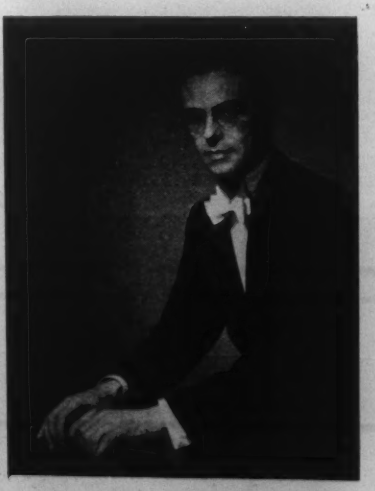
The Toronto Conservatory School of Opera, the first of its kind in Canada, plans to provide musical training which heretofore has been obtainable only in Europe or the United States and to develop and promote a permanent repertory company. It is part of the Conservatory Senior School for advanced musical studies under the direction of Dr. Arnold Walter, composer and musicologist.

The programs are heard every Sunday at 10:30 p.m. E.D.T., until May 25.

The regular Summer series of programs by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, aired in the United States by the American Broadcasting Company, will be carried by the C.B.C. Dominion Network each Tuesday at 8:30 p.m., E.D.T. Arthur Fiedler conducts.

A British radio salute to musical successes, past and present, will be presented in a weekly program series for C.B.C. Trans-Canada Network listeners each Saturday at 10:45 p.m. E.D.T. Entitled "Serenade to the Stars," the program is to be broadcast through the B.B.C. Transcription Service.

A new series of folk-song recitals are being broadcast by baritone Ed McCurdy on Saturdays at 10:30 p.m., over the Trans-Canada Net. In making a one-man survey of the folk-song racket, Mr. McCurdy found that almost every phase of pioneer life was expressed in its song-themes, which fact he is prepared to demonstrate at some length.



Principal Ettore Mazzoleni at the final concert of the Toronto Conservatory's jubilee week announced that King George VI had accorded permission to the Conservatory to use the prefix "royal". The new title, Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto, will be adopted at a later date. Highlights of the jubilee were the opera production (S.N., May 3), Pierné's "Children's Crusade", chamber music program, and a T.C.M. symphony orchestra night.

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Socialist State Must Not Control Artist

By J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

In the Fabian Society's recent series of Jubilee Lectures in London was one given by J. B. Priestley entitled "The Artist and the Socialist State". He believes that the State must exist for artists and not artists for the State. The State must not maintain its artists for they would soon want to dictate the type of art these artists must produce. This would mean control of Art by politicians who know nothing about it.

"THE Artist and the Socialist State" was the subject of an address by J. B. Priestley to the Fabian Society in the recent series of Jubilee Lectures in London. Mr. Priestley emphasized that the State exists for artists, and not artists for the State. He said that Art is one of the ends to which the Socialist State is the means. He pointed out that the Socialist State, as distinct from the community, is really a piece of machinery. He claimed that the creation and true appreciation of Art are spiritual activities, and they must not be supposed to exist to "serve a piece of machinery."

"The commonest mistake about Art, and one very popular among politicians, is to assume that Art is like the icing on a cake, the fancy bit of decoration added to some solid substance of life," said Mr. Priestley.

"Actually it is more like the yeast in the dough. The artist sees more, remembers more, feels more keenly and gets closer to reality and uses up more vital energy than other men. And never did men need the artist more than today." He declared that life without Art for urban, industrial and semi-educated communities is "life already turning sour."

Secretly Afraid

Mr. Priestley added: "Although as a citizen he is likely to have Left sympathies, the artist secretly is rather afraid of the Socialist State. He feels that the atmosphere it will create may be unfavorable to his outlook and work. This is particularly true of romantic artists, who have always made good use of the dramatic and picturesque possibilties found in a very unequal society." He said the Socialist should understand this and must try to recompense the artist. "If the Socialist State requires good Art, it must create favorable conditions for the artist." It must provide paper, printing and binding and good bookshops for writers; concert halls and opera houses for musicians; playhouses for dramatics and actors; studios for painters.

Mr. Priestley uttered a warning against the exploitation of artists, who, he said, were easily exploited and "must be protected from this as householders are from burglary." He contended that, except in special circumstances, the State must not maintain artists, but must create conditions to enable them to keep themselves.

"If the State maintained its artists," he said, "it would soon want to own copyright of the artists' work." It was important that the artist should retain control of this because he knew best what the work meant and what should be done with it; and it would be very dangerous if copyright passed out of his hands.

"If the State maintained its artists, it would soon begin to dictate what kind of Art these State servants must produce," declared Mr. Priestly. "This would, in fact, mean control by politicians, who knew nothing about Art, or by elderly academic types of artists who would tend to favor dull mediocrity."

There is nothing very new in all this, except that it comes from one who by his writings and public speeches played an influential part in the election of the Labor Government with its out-and-out Socialist program. Mr. Priestley has virulently attacked the capitalist system, yet everything that he says about the possible exploitation and dictation of artists by the Socialist State applies equally to artisans and all citizens of a Socialist system of society. Since he is an artist himself, and one who has a not inconsiderable personal stake in the way of capital, the danger of State burglarization of his literary property and profits appears to have come to him.

It may be that Mr. Priestley—who has been an admirer of the Soviet system—has been reading the reports that have come out of Russia regarding the suppression of a "new school" of writers who have not conformed strictly to Socialist "ideology." This new school was condemned in a report issued by the central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party because it was not political enough. The Committee's report stated:

"Many writers who are Communists have lost their sense of responsibility and Bolshevik concern for the lofty commitments of Soviet literature. Furthermore, many of them have followed in the wake of cheap writers and literary hacks. In the Leningrad branch of the Union of Soviet Writers a situation has arisen in which the interests of the State and of the party were being sacrificed for the benefit of personal interests and friendly relations, a hail-fellow-well-met atmosphere of mutual admiration.

"As a result, the writings of the Leningrad authors have failed to reflect the heroic exploits of the Soviet people, their inspired, creative labor in the postwar reconstruction of works and factories, collective farms, towns, scientific and cultural institutions."

The report concludes with a resolution demanding that the chairman of the Soviet Union of Writers, Tikhonov, be replaced, because the union executive "has not fought against the non-Soviet writers, has taken no measures to improve the (Leningrad) magazines, and has connived at the infiltration into them of tendencies and morals alien to the Soviet Union." Leningrad writers are called upon to mend their ways, study Marxism-Leninism more profoundly, raise their ideological standards, and preach "the lofty sentiments of Soviet patriotism."

The above quotations were contained in an editorial recently appearing in the Manchester *Guardian*, which concludes with this comment: "Apart from its importance as a sign of literary isolationism, it suggests that the life of the creative artist in Russia is a good deal less glorious than we are often asked to believe."

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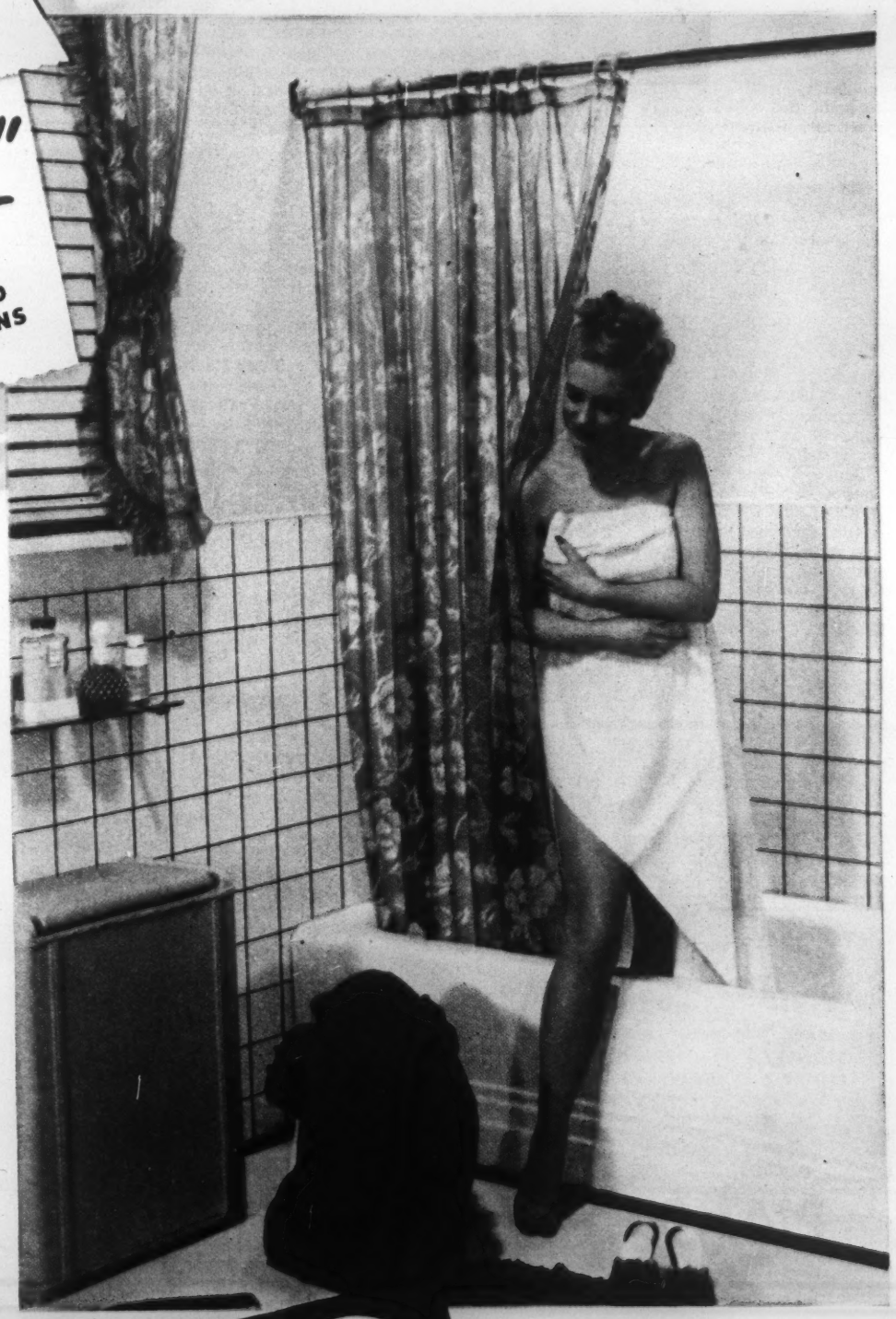

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MUSIC AND THEATRE

Program Plan Introduces Canadian Compositions to Keen Audiences

By JOHN H. YOCOM

THE Canadian composer is gradually losing the title of Music's Forgotten Man, and we are glad to take note of some recent encouraging signs of the fact. Although much has still to be done, a four-way fillip, involving composers, artists, official sponsors and keen audiences, was given to the title-removing process last month.

MURRAY ADASKIN

All that the Canadian composers wanted were (1) competent artists willing to play their works, (2) audiences willing to give those works a hearing. We might have added as a (3) publishers willing to print the compositions. Last month at Toronto's Harbord Collegiate Auditorium they achieved the first two, with the composers themselves sometimes in the role of performers and a large audience of students and an interested general public. The concert of contemporary music by Canadian composers John Weinzweig, Barbara Pentland, Harry Somers and Murray Adaskin, was sponsored by the Ontario Department of Education under the direction of Major Brian S. McCool. It is the department's commendable intention to make similar concerts available in other parts of the province.

Murray Adaskin played his own Sonata for Violin and Piano, with pianist Louis Crerar. The violin part in the first movement had considerable lyricism despite unorthodox melodic patterns and Mr. Adaskin from a great reservoir of technical capacity and warmth of feeling interpreted it extremely well. However, for a sonata the piano part had an unrelated, at times unfinished, quality and seemed to lack the purpose of development as in the violin. The third movement was the most interesting, starting with a lively passage, followed by a slow, moody melody on modern lines against broken piano chords and then a return to the sprightly.

Harry Somers' three songs from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass", sung by soprano Frances James, matched lines of near-pantheistic meaning with completely impressionistic music. When the music was descriptive of the lines (e.g., a tick-tock accompaniment in "Clear Midnight"), the effect was clearer than when it was abstract and not always matching word meanings. Pianist Reginald Godden played Miss Pentland's delightful "Studies in Line" (Graph, Circles, Straight Line and Zig Zag) and captivated the audience with neatly executed, unpretentious musical abstractions. Constructed on a plan that might appear unpredictable on first hearing, John Weinzweig's one-movement Sonata for Violin and Piano had a development containing some of the most provocative ideas and interesting expressions of them in the entire program, of which Hyman Goodman and Reginald Godden gave a clean-cut interpretation.

Some melodic phrases in Miss Pentland's song cycle to a poetic text by Anne Marriott we found quite inappropriate. To what purpose, for instance, were the big intervals in "Wheat"? Why did "Mountains" have musical accents on words and syllables that had secondary stresses in meaning? Her "Cities" was imaginatively done and her syncopated piano accompaniment to "Tracks", a poem about railway steel "locking west to east", was especially expressive. However, even Frances James with a notable ability to lyricize, must have found the going tough in these melodies.

Dedicated Sonata

Harry Somers' piano sonata, "Testament of Youth", dedicated to Dudley Garrett, a member of the R.C.N.V.R. killed in action, as well as a condemnation of war, had been worked out on major dimensions and was completely effective melodically, harmonically and in over-all plan. The angry chords of the Largo, the utter simplicity of the melody in the contrasting Adagio, and the patterned bass of the third movement out of which again grew those angry chords were important elements in a most impressive work, played by Godden.

In summary, we found that the composers' ideas seemed to be better expressed in the larger forms (e.g., the piano sonatas) than in the songs in which melody, as most people still understand it, had a limited emotional appeal and to which elaborate harmonic combinations in accompaniment often added only a feeling of groping and questioning. But all minor criticism aside, the idea of regular concerts of music by Canadian composers has our unreserved praise.

The night before, Leo Smith, eminent cellist and composer, presented a program of his own chamber music compositions, assisted by vocalists Myrtle Bruce-Brown and Helen Simmie, pianist Madeline Bone and harpist Nora Rogers. The main item was the composer's new Quartet for Two Voices, Cello and Piano. Not only did the composer show complete command of the quartet form and fresh imagination in working vocal colors into the instrumental but all the while maintained melodic beauty and stimulating counter-melodic inventions with old London street cries as the basis.

Although regular concert programs with the consequent opportunity for performing Canadian works now enters the slack period, there is still the radio. Happily the C.B.C. has always shown a willingness to air new compositions by Canadians. Harold Sumberg, noted violinist and a leading member of the T.S.O. string section, tells us that he intends to perform about six new Canadian works during the C.B.C. Wednesday-at-9:30 p.m. series "Symphony for Strings," which he conducts. Program planners of the Promenade Symphony Concerts might also occasionally beat the drum for Canadian works.

A Young Playwright in the Blue Moon

By JOHN COULTER

IT WAS courageous of the New Play Society of Toronto to stage Lister Sinclair's three-act satire, "The Man in the Blue Moon", directed by himself. Courageous because it is a new Canadian work, and challenging. Its challenge ought to be in its theme, which is serious; but actually is in its form, which is frivolous. Others, including notably that black and white tandem of late 19th century comedy in English, Wilde and Shaw, have shown what wonderful things can be concocted by a serious mind with a sense of fun. Wilde and Shaw know how to ride-in a serious idea on the back of a joke. And so does Sinclair. He provided an evening in the theatre that with few lapses was lively and stimulating and funny. Yet his subject was a terrifying one: the annihilating potential in the discovery of nuclear fission. But it was the fun, and not the terror and destructive power, that was made real to me and remains with me. Which is not as it should be. For surely, however much one has laughed in the theatre, after facing for hours a subject so serious, one should not be able to turn away from it without profound disquiet.

The disquieting thing to me was the failure in this show—as in play after play, chiefly radio plays of many merits by various writers including Sinclair—to carry us below the brilliantly perceived surface impression to the dark and menacing reality, so that the subject is inescapably imprinted on our minds, illuminated, interpreted, made part of our conscience and thought with convincing and perhaps regenerative force.

Radio Play Effect

It may be that radio is incapable of this supreme achievement of dramatic art, but the theatre is not. And if I must try to say why the theatre, through "The Man in the Blue Moon", had no more effect than a prolonged radio play, perhaps it was because it offered little more than a radio play with an added, but inessential, visual dimension. Time after time I found myself closing my eyes so that the true virtue of the piece—the satiric and witty verbal commentary—should not be obscured by its irrelevant embodiment in the scene, and in the person of the actors whose material never allowed them to appear as real people or as true dramatic symbols.

I have not used the word "play" in describing this piece, because I think a play is a story told on the stage by actors, and we were told no story. We were given instead a spirited and prodigal outpouring of intellectual wise-cracks and gags on every aspect of the subject: that of the predicament of a mathematician trying to pass to anybody and everybody else responsibility for a formula of destruction worked out by himself. It was a revue, a phantasy of hysteria in face of danger—hysteria shutting out awareness of the reality of the danger. The virtue of such prodigality is in its stimulating sense of youthful intelligence, alert and exuberant. Its failure is in not supplying the special artistic pleasure of the precise and disciplined use of means to an end—the embodiment of dramatic ideas in dramatic form. A book of aphorisms makes poor continuous reading. Sin-

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clair's show had sometimes the tedium of a collection of dramatic aphorisms. Bit by bit, good enough, but as a whole not good enough. It seemed to me often good fun, but frequently fake theatre.

Yet it was a grand thing to let this young playwright with his gift of satire find how it is on a stage before an audience. The New Play Society and the company of the stage did wonders for his show. He may yet do wonders for himself and for Canadian theatre.

G. Lawrence's Eliza Excels G.B.S.'s

By JOHN H. YOCOM

WHEN Shaw put more inventiveness and less intellectualism into "Pygmalion" than in some of his other comedies, he avoided making Eliza Doolittle, the overhauled cockney flower-girl, just another witty mouthpiece. Instead she is one of the most fascinating characters in modern literature. And at the Royal Alex. this week, Gertrude Lawrence as Eliza not only covered the wide comedy range and sounded the emotional depths to meet Shaw's demands but added her unique acting finesse to deliver a superb performance and to repeat her triumph of last fall. Furthermore, Miss Lawrence and her supporting cast delivered the smooth, sparkling Shavian wit so capably that even occasional verbosity, which can dull the keen edge of audience interest, sailed right along, accepted if not unnoticed.

The more obvious theatre in Eliza's early dialect and mannerisms was given a special élan by Miss Lawrence, which, I could easily believe, surpassed the character as G.B.S. envisaged it for Mrs. Patrick Campbell 35 years ago. In Act II when the society ladies stimulated the half-made-over but confident Eliza to try her stuff and in Act III when her doing-over neared the end of the assembly line, the comedy job grew harder. But the silky-voiced repartee, the restrained wit, and manners, polished yet still with flashes of gaucherie, were handled with complete effectiveness. Similarly the actress showed Eliza's emotional development, sometimes with pathos, at others with whimsicality, from the early brutal scenes of the professor's studied contempt to Act III when the young lady tilted at the romantic windmill of his heart—when the classical theme of creator-loving-the-created is reversed.

Dennis King as Prof. Higgins, with less emotional ground to cover, expertly expressed every accent of the comedy pattern, be it a bombastic outburst or a low-toned rebuke. The secondary comedy in Act III, when Father Doolittle with good fortune and in posh clothes dissertates on "middle class morality," was undoubtedly verbose and to an audience anxious for the dénouement involving Eliza, especially Miss L.'s Eliza, was a little boring. But Ralph Forbes managed to bring it off while adding little to his achievement in Act I.

THE FILM PARADE

Frank Capra and James Stewart in a Triumphant Homecoming

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"IT'S a Wonderful Life" is a picture that leaves one with a heightened affection for the United States of America, even if it's a United States that exists chiefly (though by no means entirely) in the imagination of Director Frank Capra. This is another of Capra's loving studies of small-town life and it represents the Rotarian - Chamber - of - Commerce point of view but in a very special way — the best-of-all-possible-worlds lighted by imagination and enlivened by observation, tenderness and irony. For Capra's best-of-all-possible worlds isn't by any means the best world possible for human beings to live in. He is aware of its treachery, greed and cruelty, but he believes that innocence has a chance against cunning, and disinterestedness against greed and brutality, and he is determined to make his belief come true on the screen, even if he has to bring in the supernatural to prove it.

This makes him an optimist; and optimism today about anything, but particularly about human nature, is oldfashioned almost to the point of disreputability. Frank Capra accepts the hazard however; and since he is a directorial magician as well as an optimist he can make his audience accept it along with him, so that three hours of Capra magic pass like a breeze.

Heaven Steps In

"It's a Wonderful Life" is the story of a small-town boy (James Stewart) who dreams of adventure and far foreign travel. But family affection and a sense of loyalty to his fellow townsmen hold him to his father's pipsqueak Loan and Building corporation. All through the story he longs to get free, but love and affection always step in to bar escape. He marries happily, yet more than half-grudgingly because he is always conscious of his small-town frustration. Then when he loses his life-long battle against the town's banker-ogre (Lionel Barrymore) and is suddenly faced by bankruptcy and ruin he decides to jump in the river. It is then that Heaven steps in, in the form of a Guardian Angel (Henry Travers.) The angel is sent to rescue him and finds his opportunity when the hero cries distractedly that he wishes he had never been born. He gets his wish, in the form of a vividly ugly flashback, which shows him what his town might have been like if he had never existed. The picture concludes on a note of outrageous happiness with his fellow townsmen arranging with bushel baskets of banknotes to bail him out of his predicament.

The charm of "It's a Wonderful Life" is divided about equally between the Capra direction and James Stewart's acting. In spite of the highly idealistic claims of his role James Stewart contrives to retain his human inconsistency throughout the picture. He is always a reluctant and indignant saint, putting up a game but losing battle against his better nature and never more than half-grateful for his occasional moral triumphs. I can't think of any funnier or more tragic domestic scene than the one in which he returns home, distracted with his money worries, to the loving but exacerbating tensions of family life on Christmas Eve. In this scene and in the one at the cocktail bar where he prays desperately for some sign of help from Heaven, only to turn and be smashed in the face by an indignant citizen, he is as fine and honest and moving as any actor could be. James Stewart has come back from the wars a good deal better in every way than the gangling and engaging young actor who went away.

In "The Man I Love" Ida Lupino is a nightclub chanteuse who combines a smouldering microphone personality with the quiet wisdom of the ages. Back on a visit to her folks in California Ida finds that her sister is having trouble with her husband, a shell-shocked veteran. She fixes that up in no time. She straightens out her younger brother who has fallen into bad company, and when the young couple across the hall get into difficulties she gives them both a good piece of her mind. She also slaps down an admiring but unscrupulous nightclub proprietor and rescues a wayward pianist. Altogether she straightens out more tangled lives than Shirley Temple at the age of five. In the end, however, she turns her face sadly eastward — the rescued pianist for some reason has refused to marry her. It's her one frustration but it gives her a chance to throw almost unbearable anguish into such lyrics as "Bill," "Why Was I Born" and "The Man I Love." All the deserving people in the picture had reason to be grateful for Miss Lupino's performance, which is more than can be said for the deserving people in the audience.

SWIFT REVIEW

13 RUE MADELEINE. Another spy film from the files of the O.S.S. This one has a March of Time documentary approach for extra realism but apart from that seems to be standard espionage melodrama. With James Cagney, Annabella.

THE MACOMBER AFFAIR. Hemingway's savage study of an American marriage against a background of African big-game hunting. An impressively handled film, featuring Joan Bennett and Gregory Peck.

THE EGG AND I. Last season's best seller provides the setup for some typical highjinks by Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray.

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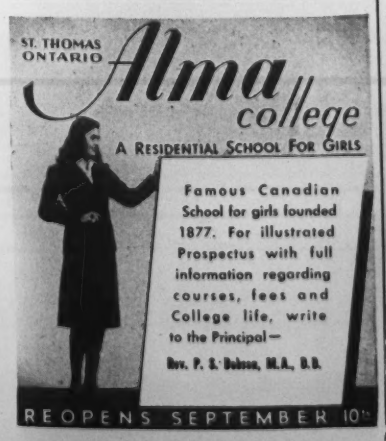
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REOPENS SEPTEMBER 10th

Stanley Chapple (left) will conduct and Frank Wennerholm, six foot five Danish baritone, will be guest soloist at the Prom Symphony Concert in Varsity Arena next Thurs., May 15.

The running of the King's Plate . . . highlight of Woodbine Race Week. The wearing of Andre's ranch mink jacket . . . highlight of the fashion picture on the Members' Lawn. St. Regis Room, Fashion Floor The Third.

Simpson's

THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Mens Sana and Corporal Arno: How to Enjoy "Good Works"

By CANDIDA BARRY

"AT last I shall be loved and admired as I deserve," I thought, as I set foot firmly on Canadian soil, "for I am starting life anew in a new land." The originality of the idea quite stunned me. True, starting would in all probability soon be merged in finishing, for lack of financial support, but starting there undoubtedly was. Just think—except for two trusted relations, (and few among us can boast more than two trusted relations), I should be entering a new circle of acquaintances, any one of whom might be led in time to entertain for me those sentiments of reverent respect and delighted appreciation so sadly lacking in the insensitive and carping types I had left behind.

In the past friends have often been pained, they said, by my frivolous attitude to serious subjects such as their lumbago, their spotty offsprings' love affairs or lack of same, or the embarrassingly intimate well-being of their quite unimportant husbands. Now all should be changed. "In my new life I will be well spoken of," I thought. "I will be popular. Before one person has had time to mention lumbago I will betake myself to Good Works".

My relations, though surprised, were quite willing to forward my ambition. In olden times they also had suffered from what a dear girl had once called my warped sense of humor. They said that if I was in earnest it was a good idea, but to remember that they had to live in the place afterwards. The important thing, of course, was to find a suitable Good Work.

The Very Thing

I said I didn't want one with a lot of walking in it. The unaccustomed steam heating was making my shoes too full of feet: and not before eleven in the morning, and nothing implying cooking. I didn't want to recite, either, or sew anything made of flannelette. About one day a week I thought would be nice—paid if possible.

They said they had the very thing—Hospital Visiting.

I said how about censoring films for the Y.W.C.A.?

They put me down for Hospital Visiting without another word. They added that it would be soldiers, in a coaxing voice.

I thought of how it might have been worse, and how I would read to them and take them flowers. It would be such a surprise for them to see a visitor from England—quite like old times. I might even run across one of the extremely good-looking ones who used to purse the lips and emit a low fluctuating warbling note as one passed through the village street at home. I sighed, and said I would go.

When the time came I was very sorry. Visiting hours appeared to be from seven to eight p.m., and by the time we had finished the ridiculously early evening meal I felt more inclined to dispose my warped sense of humor upon the couch than purge it with pity and terror by a nasty walk in the rain to see a lot of men in pyjamas who would have been much better looking with collars on. Then I remembered our Brave Boys, and gloomily festooned myself with coats and mackintoshes.

"I suppose I just follow the other visitors," I remarked, opening my umbrella in the house, out of spite.

"The Lady with the Gamp," retorted my relations unfeelingly. I plodded off.

Inside the Hospital doors there was not a visitor to be seen. Far away across an enormous hall a soldier scurried by. He took no notice of me. Then another sloped by with a tray. I was beginning to feel like the Invisible Man so I jumped out on the next one from behind a pillar.

"Would you please find me a Sister," I asked. He did look rather like a stork. He looked round for help.

"I'm a Hospital Visitor."

"A what?"

"A Hospital Visitor."

"Who do you want to find?"

"Someone to visit," I said plaintively.

"Here," he called nervously, to a passing man with a trolley. "Take this lady up to Ward X." His friend motioned me disapprovingly into a small lift that smelt of hot rubber. We shot up, got out with a jerk, and he scurried away from me down about eight passages. "Oh my fur and whiskers," I quoted to myself. "He only needs a pair of gloves to be the White Rabbit in 'Alice in Wonderland'. Now for the Duchess." We rounded a corner at the double and there she was—dressed as a nurse with a disapproving expression.

"I'm a Hospital Visitor," I said feebly.

"Oh."

"From England," I added, to give a little variety.

"Wait there," she ordered. Not "How nice of you to come" or "They will be pleased" or "Let me introduce you to a lonely pilot who can't speak English" or anything—just "Wait there." I waited. The White Rabbit had very sensibly disappeared.

She strode into a ward full of soldiers walking about or sitting on empty beds, and said something. The whole lot rose as one man and limped or hobbled out of sight. She might have been the Pied Piper in reverse. At the far end was a white screen. The Duchess peered behind it and beckoned to me. I tiptoed down the glossy aisle and there, sitting on his bed, was the largest red-haired, red-faced man I had ever seen. One foot was swathed in snowy bandages—the reason for his presence, no doubt. "This is Sergeant McKay," said the Duchess, and tramped off. Sergeant McKay motioned me to a wooden chair, and began to swing his feet and look at the floor.

"It's awful, visiting," I said.

"Och aye."

"Is your foot very bad?"

"Och no."

"Would you like me to bring you any books or papers?"

"The Red Cross does us verra weel."

"Is your home far away?"

"Och aye."

"I suppose it's a long time since you saw your people?"

"It's all of a fortnight."

"Are you going home soon?"

"Tomorrow," he said.

Several minutes passed in silence. "I think I'll have to go now," I said, as he retrieved my umbrella for the third time. I wondered if his ears were always so red. "I do hope you have a good journey back."

"Thanks for coming," said Sergeant McKay, with a beaming smile of relief.

Slightly frustrated I descended some stairs that looked as if they must lead somewhere, and found myself in a different hall with more pillars. In one corner a solitary soldier was prodding at a jigsaw puzzle in a disillusioned sort of way. "Occupational therapy." I thought proudly, "Psychiatry case," and drew near. I pointed out the blue piece, and he popped it in, and moved up at once to let me share his bench. "Lonely," I diagnosed.

He was restfully small, and not red-haired, and had been to England. He knew a nurse at Brighton. I only once met an Overseas soldier who didn't know a nurse at Brighton. He knew one at Bournemouth. After we had put in all the interesting pieces ignoring the background by mutual consent, my Good Work rose. "Coming to the Show?" he asked.

"What Show?"

"Show for the patients." Grasping my arm he led me to some folding doors through which I could glimpse dim chairs and a flickering screen. "Well, perhaps it will rehabilitate him," I thought, as I glided willingly within.

"How extraordinary. And what did he say when you left?" enquired my relations, as I poured out the successful termination of my mission.

"Well—er—he said next time you come ask for Corporal Arno. There's another Show Thursday."

"Was there a mark on his sleeve?" I thought hard and remembered. My relations groaned.

"We might have known," they said. "Good Works, indeed!" We sent you to visit the sick," they said. "I only hope nobody saw you. You've been to the Cinema with one of the staff."

Issues of the Day and Applied Influenza Offer Enlightenment

By LOUISE STONE

WHEN Marion called to see how Ellen was feeling after her bout with influenza, she found her on the chesterfield surrounded by newspapers, magazines, and books on psychology.

"Push the dictionary off that chair and sit down," Ellen invited. "I've been taking advantage of the flu to prepare a talk for the club on issues of the day."

"Cocktail bars?" Marion inquired.

"I've been reading about inflationary tendencies and labor and strikes and the exploited sex—that's us—and opinions about cocktail bars and motivation and rationalization and—well, that's about as far as I've got."

"You've covered a lot of ground," Marion remarked.

"It shows what you can do," Ellen said, "when you have the time to concentrate. What we need is an affirmative governmental policy to reconcile the larger conflicting interests to free collective bargaining under established standards."

"You don't say?"

"I'm quoting another woman."

"She seems to know what she's talking about," Marion commented.

"She's writing, as one gal to another, in a woman's journal. For this we need a comprehensive code, and law, to replace existing, and disintegrated, legislation."

"Cocktail bars?"

"Labor. And though we are presently in a state of chaos, there are beams of light pointing the way."

"Cocktail bars?"

"The exploited sex. I mean. . . Now you've got me all mixed up. Psychology's easier — take rationalization, the ascribing of false motives to one's behavior. Some people substitute desire for reason, using reason to rationalize desire. Desire is then the master of reason."

"Plato?" Marion suggested.

"Cocktail bars."

"I give up," Marion said.

"Please don't interrupt. Should everyone have what he wants? Is everyone fit to judge whether what he wants is the best thing for him or not? Are laws artificial conveniences to be changed whenever they pinch?"

The More One Thinks

"Are you asking me?" Marion inquired.

"Last night I was reading about motivation and rationalization and reason and they were intelligible until I applied them to sexploitation and labor and inflation and then I got all mixed up. I asked Henry about it.

"'Henry,' I said, 'it's probably the influenza, but my mind isn't as clear as it should be.'

"'Don't apologize,' Henry said. 'Issues have grown to be so complex that the more one knows about them the weaker are his deductions.'

"'But I've got to arrive at some conclusion,' I said.

"'It's quite simple,' Henry said. 'Establish your prejudices on first impulse and, if you must investigate, look only at the reasons that suit them. Then everything is clear. You have no doubts. You are well-adjusted. Then, when the time comes, vote for the best-looking man.'"

"Mr. Drew?" Marion inquired hopefully.

"That would be a matter of personal taste," Ellen said.

"I don't exactly follow Henry's reasoning," Marion said.

"Neither do I. But I didn't want to press him—he was looking a little cross. Men are strange at times. You're never sure what they're thinking. You can usually guess what women are thinking."

"Especially the unmarried ones," Marion said.

"Anyway," Ellen said, "a good dose of influenza is worth while if you take advantage of it. My talk will be the most enlightening the club members have heard since the one I gave last year."

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WORLD OF WOMEN

A Villain or Joker? Life of Real Estate Agent Not a Happy One

By EILEEN MORRIS

THE red head smiled knowingly across the desk. "I'm *sure* you could find a small apartment for me to rent if you tried! Why, you Real Estate agents have all sorts of contacts."

I tried to set her straight. "Lady, I haven't had a rental since the atom bomb was a pup. Matter of fact, I'm in the market for a rental myself. Perhaps if you try advertising in the daily papers . . ."

"Oh, gracious no, there's not time! You see, I arrived this morning, and need the apartment by tonight. Thanks, anyway."

That gal probably smoked out a cozy place with tiled, four-piece bath before sundown; life is like that!

But her idea that agents keep apartments and houses hidden up commodious sleeves troubled me after she left. Unfortunately, that is only one of the public's contrary notions about this business. Among those friends I've managed to hang onto, certain remarks seem to suggest that in the mind of the private citizen, Real Estate agents are a Hard Hearted Bunch.

T'ain't so, John Q.! Before the war, we handled the routine of selling or renting anything from bungalows to haciendas. Now the agent is the joker standing uneasily twixt those who desperately require housing, and those with houses to sell . . . at a stiff price. He doesn't like the situation any more than the next fellow.

Hard hearted? Don't you believe it! Only physicians hear more stories of misery and privation; like the physician, the agent must be sympathetic, understanding, and encouraging. How would you answer an urgent plea for housing from a defensive young vet who is puzzled and angry to find that after helping to liberate mankind, he cannot afford shelter for his family?

Consider a few cases, and perhaps you will see what I mean.

The Impossible

"Do you believe in miracles?" There was a wistful catch in the young woman's voice. "I just arrived from England, and I *would* like to find a few rooms where we could be on our own." She made a wry face. "In-laws don't make the best landlords, you see." I tried to soften the routine answer. . .

The couple sitting across from me had just asked the question I hear a dozen times a day. "We know we want the impossible, but have you a six room house for rent? We put our name on every list, but never hear anything further." I tried to explain why they heard nothing. Owners with housing for rent no longer list it with agents, for there is no need to pay us a commission when they can find excellent tenants through friends, or newspaper advertisements.

"There's the wife, myself, and the two kiddies, all crackerjacked into a basement recreation room. I've got to get them out of there, but what to do? I could afford a down payment of only $500 on a house, but there is nothing available for that, I know!"

What to do, but answer, "Sorry, I can take your name, and if anything turns up, I'll certainly get in touch with you." There was a time when a good home could be purchased for less than $1,000 down, but not today. Mortgage companies are cautious in their commitments, and owners demand their full cash equity out of the sale. It takes a better-than-average income to swing the usual $3000 down payment, as well as handle other expenses in connection with the purchase.

It's A Deal

I'd like nothing better than to have a dream home ready for every enquiring family, for there is a real thrill in matching up houses and people.

"We've always wanted a five-room bungalow, solid brick, stone bay, attached garage," the thirty-ish client explained. "A home in a good neighborhood, with a big garden."

"And the basement, Johnny," his wife interrupted.

"Oh, yes. Well, we would like a recreation room—nothing fancy, you know, just comfortable." They watched my face hopefully. "Anything like that?"

Mentally I ticked off the bungalows listed in our files. Maybe that place on Glenadale . . . nope, too small a yard. Park Drive was nice. I looked up the listing.

"Can you handle $3500 down?"

"Yes, that's O.K."

"Fine. Place here might be just right. I'll phone ahead, and take you through. Oil heating, you know."

They walked from room to room, gravely listening to my comments, picturing things I could not see. Chesterfield along this wall, John's chair drawn up by the fireplace, rose drapes at the window, a rug . . . green, maybe, for the floor.

"How do you like it?" They had inspected it thoroughly, exclaiming over the landscaped garden, and seemed very pleased.

"It's swell!" The husband looked at his wife, waiting for her reaction. Somewhere I read that women buy 90 per cent of the merchandise, and I have learned that in this business, the woman must be thoroughly satisfied, or it's 'NO SALE.' So, John and I waited to hear if he had bought a house.

"Oh, yes," she smiled at both of us. "Let's buy it!"

Human Element

Dealing in Real Estate makes us students of human nature. We observe marriage partnerships during the most momentous purchase, buying the family home. The majority of couples discuss their ideas together, and come to an amicable decision one way or the other. But I've met men who bought the house without glancing at their wives who spend all day indoors, and I've known women to handle the entire deal, not consulting their husbands except to request that they sign the Offer to Purchase!

A gay young matron enthused over a property I showed her. "The lawns, the tennis court, and that Tudor den —utterly perfect!" I happily figured 3½ per cent of $20,000, until I took her husband to approve the property in the evening. He did a double take, asked the price in a choked voice, and disappeared hurriedly, never to be seen again. The little woman had chortled "This is it!" without having a very clear idea as to how the family budget would stand up to her decision. In the higher income brackets, a surprising number of the fair sex seem to have only the vaguest notion of their husband's net salary.

"The human element!" I murmur philosophically, when such things occur.

In another instance, the whole family loved the place. Excitedly, the girls chose their rooms, Mom decided the dining room suite would fit, and the gabled house seemed to have found its family. It was the following day when Pop telephoned, regretfully asking that we forget the whole thing. Judicious questioning brought out the real reason — daughter had had a fight with her beau last evening. What did that have to do with the sale of the house? Alas, in a sentimental moment, he had agreed to put up the cash!

Finishing that call, I greeted a swarthy faced workman, dressed in coveralls and wearing heavy, mud-caked boots. Such thrifty Czech, Slav, and Polish laborers often transact large real estate deals involving thousands of dollars. Accustomed to hard work and simple living, these people put their faith in property holdings. Mike looked over the house shrewdly, putting questions in his broken English. Without his wife seeing it, he bought the property, signing the Offer in a painstaking scrawl. Apparently in Europe, the husband has tight hold of the purse strings, and is truly head of the house.

Everyone looks for certain features in their dream home. The first things women check for are cupboard space, kitchen brightness, and modern wrinkles in design. Give a gal loads of closet space, shelves and storage room, and she is pleased as

JOAN RIGBY

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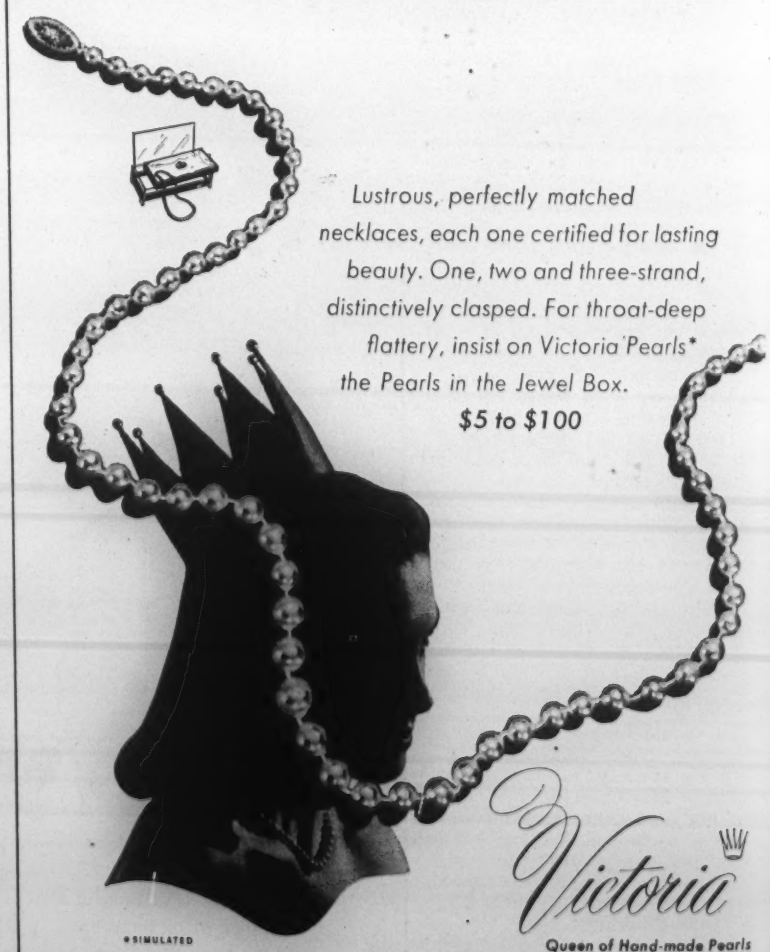

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punch! Men check heating, lot size, and garage facilities before anything else, probably thinking gloomily of winter stoking and snow shovelling.

Without stepping from the automobile, some clients will say enthusiastically, "Just what we want!" while others go over every room with a fine tooth comb, checking for electrical outlets and possible mouse holes.

But when a client starts toting up figures for coal, light and taxes on the back of an old envelope, and his wife enquires about the nearest school and shopping centre, I know it's a sale. Then, being able to wish them a sincere "All the best in your new home" makes up, somewhat, for those countless times when I must say, "Sorry, nothing at present, but keep in touch with us."

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THE WORLD OVER

THE DRESSING TABLE

Milliners and Hair Stylists Get Together on the New Headlines

By ISABEL MORGAN

THE way the hair is worn has a great deal to do with whether a hat is going to look like something that has fallen off a hat-rack and accidentally landed on the head, or like a thing of beauty that is the logical and perfect completion of the costume. Milliners and hair stylists are far from being unaware of this state of affairs, although in the past the two groups have been known to go off at different tangents. However, a short time ago, leading millinery designers and hair stylists teamed their talents at a show held in New York and presented hat and hair fashions under the title "Made For Each Other."

Six hair designs, inspired by the season's basic millinery silhouettes, were shown with a variety of complementary hats. "Madonna," a restrained hair arrangement with a center part, back hair rolled under and barretted with its own soft curls, was particularly striking when worn with Lilly Dache's "Rubens Coif" of starched white lace topped by a navy straw breton. Sally Victor also dramatized the serene, smooth-crowned hair design with a halo of pink silk roses and sheer black lace. A double brim of black lace ruffles on a transparent black horsehair crown was Mary Goodfellow's suggestion; while John Frederics followed the natural contours of the head with a deep cloche of black milan, trimmed with moss green satin.

"Sidepouf" swung longish hair around the head to roll into a double chignon at one side. It was shown with Mme. Pauline's "Platform Sailor," a sharply tilted silhouette in white straw with navy grosgrain and wine red quills; and with Braagaard's white felt profile beret trimmed with pheasant feathers. A wide-brimmed rippling picture hat by Anita Andra, in dawn grey shantung trimmed with turquoise chiffon and irridescent paillettes also had the profile interest which complemented the side-swept chignon.

"Swirlaway," for the sophisticate, swept hair up from sides and brow in a smoothly banded effect with soft curls at the crown breaking its severity. Walter Florell showed an open-crowned halo of cloud white tulle, trimmed with white lilacs and red roses, while Emme allowed the upswept curls to rise through the open crown of her transparent black horsehair scuttle bonnet, trimmed with black satin ribbon and black wheat. Laddie Northridge covered the curls with a simple crown and accented the smooth brow with his oversized breton of navy horsehair, trimmed with bands and soaring bows in three shades of blue taffeta. Florence Reichman took a different angle by posing atop the upsweep a shallow Victorian sailor of coffee straw and maline with a new looking forward pose.

"Backflip" was another upsweep, waved back from brow and sides into large, soft puffs concentrated on the back of the head. It was particularly adapted to the open-crowned hats such as Peg Fischer's dramatic leghorn bicorne, faced with black velvet, and Hattie Carnegie's oversized breton of white flowers on a chartreuse velvet lattice, trimmed with chartreuse streamers. Another dramatic treatment was Mme. Reine's one-sided halo of pastel silk orchids with a long scarf of royal blue maline.

"Tintype for Teens," an engaging young style, featured smooth sides and top, an almost straight bang and soft curls close at the nape of the neck. Shortest of all was the new "Jiffy Coif," an easy-to-brush, easy-to-manage hairdo with its smooth crown brushed high in front and breaking softly into double bangs.

Newcomers

A new perfume, super-charged with sophistication and created in Paris during the occupation, has been brought out from under its wraps and is to be found now in Canadian shops. It is "On Dit," a subtle perfume of bitter-sweet character, and is the first new perfume to bear the Elizabeth Arden cachet since 1940.

We like to think that the Chen Yu people were twining garlands in their hair and dancing round a maypole when they named their new color "Spring Fever." Whether it came about this way or after more sober forethought, the name is attached to a pink that's unusual, light in tone but intense, a spirited color that comes in a lipstick and nail lacquer for matched-up fingertips and lips. Should go along nicely with fragile hats that feature flowers, tulle and other such appealing nonsense.

Everyone knows that the skin must have some sort of a base preparation put on it before powder and other make-up can be expected to cling and remain on for a reasonable length of time. Harriet Hubbard Ayer has a new semi-liquid finished called "Ayer Tint" for this purpose which is applied by putting two or three dots on each cheek, on the forehead, nose, chin and throat, and then blending with the fingers all over the face and neck. It vanishes into the skin in a most satisfactory fashion, leaving a faint tint and base that takes gladly to powder. It is kind to oily skins as well as others, and has a mildly stimulating effect which can be felt as a slight tingling sensation as it is applied.

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CONCERNING FOOD

Travel Can Be So Broadening If Menus Are a Field of Research

By JANET MARCH

TRAVEL is supposed to broaden the mind, but it also broadens the gastronomical outlook. If you listen to returning voyagers they are usually found to be talking about those marvellous lobsters or that very fine dish of real Italian spaghetti, instead of discussing the architectural merits of the buildings or the most striking picture in the last picture collection. The truth of the matter is that travel makes you very hungry, and the only thing that will relieve the sight-seer's weariness is a good square meal.

So often show places seem to be lacking all life, but Washington's house at Mount Vernon looks as if the family might have moved out yesterday. "Why, the furniture is just like what we have," said a surprised March. "I wish it were," I answered, looking covetously at an inlaid desk.

Since my last visit there is a new museum filled with fascinating things. There is Washington's tooth brush, and his sun glasses (green and with those fashionable wide sides to them). Of course there are lots of swords and guns and heavy silk stockings with clocks, but there is also Mrs. Washington's bathing suit made of checked gingham, full length and weighted at the bottom so that swimming would be quite impossible. A case full of letters in the rather spidery careful handwriting of the period is worth studying, and amongst the letters is a recipe for a cake made with forty eggs, four pounds of butter and five pounds of flower—spelt that way. It must have been quite a cake.

The kitchen has a wonderful collection of iron and copper pots, and spits and hooks to hang them on over the big open hearth. The climate by the Potomac is pretty cold in winter, and the fact that all the food had to be carried from the kitchen to the main house through a roofed passageway must have made for rather chilly meals. But no doubt the Washington family ate well in their lovely dining-room, and adjourned afterwards to the sitting-room overlooking the river to hear tinkling music from the two-keyboard harpsichord.

Probably Southern cooking was as famous then as now, and the home produce from an estate of 5000 acres must have made for good living. Here are some Southern recipes you may like.

Fried Chicken

This is the dish which most people think of when southern cooking is mentioned, but don't think it's just as easy as buying a couple of broilers and having them split and then popping them into the frying pan. If you are wise you will simmer your pieces of chicken in either some stock or water well seasoned with salt, pepper, and some herbs for about half an hour. Then take the pieces out and skin them, if you haven't already done this, and dip them in a batter made this way—

Chicken Batter

1½ cups of flour
3 teaspoons of baking powder
½ teaspoon of salt
1 egg beaten
½ cup of milk

This should make enough batter for a fair sized chicken or two broilers. Mix the egg and the milk together and sift in slowly the flour, salt and baking powder. Dip each piece of chicken in the batter and fry in deep fat till golden brown.

Chicken Terrapin

2 cups of dark diced cooked chicken meat
1 chicken liver cooked and chopped
3 hard boiled eggs
1 cup of chicken stock
4 tablespoons of butter
3 tablespoons of flour
1½ cups of cream
4 tablespoons of sherry
Salt and pepper
¾ cup of cooked mushrooms
Cayenne

Melt the butter and stir in the flour, then add the chicken stock and the cream and stir till the mixture thickens. Season with salt and pepper and cayenne, and then add the chicken, the chicken liver, the mushrooms, and the hard boiled eggs cut up, and heat thoroughly. Last of all add the sherry and serve.

Gingerbread And Sour Cream

4 tablespoons of shortening
½ cup of brown sugar
¾ cup of molasses
2 eggs
1¾ cups of flour
1/3 cup of boiling water
1 teaspoon of ground ginger
½ teaspoon of salt
1 teaspoon of baking soda

Cream the shortening and add the sugar, and cream well. Beat the eggs and add them. Pour the boiling water onto the molasses and add alternately with the sifted flour, salt, soda and ginger. Beat well and pour into a greased pan and bake for an hour in a slow oven, not over 325. Serve with sour cream or, if you prefer, top the gingerbread with a layer of sour cream before serving.

• •

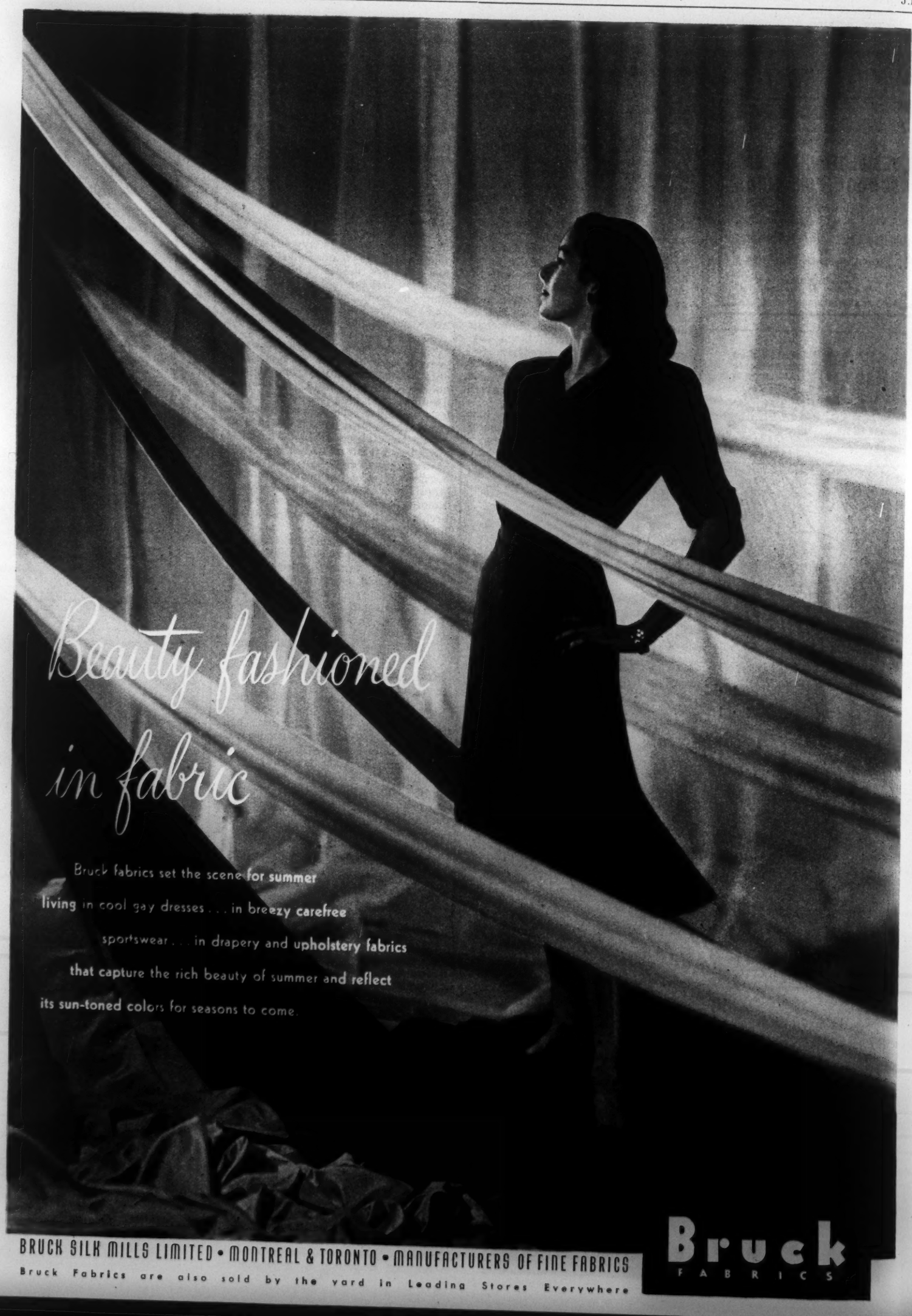
WINTERSONG

(With apologies to the Swan of Avon)

WHEN icicles are everywhere,
And fruit preposterously dear,
And you could almost cut the air
And take it home to chill your beer,
When spirits hit their lowest low,
Then nightly blares the radio,
"No coal!"
A fearful note, while Sis and Mater
Embrace the tepid radiator.

When health is weak, and drinks are strong,
And "books are read", and lips are blue,
And tempers short, and undies long,
And streetcars will not stop for you,
When city streets are in a mess,
Then nightly screams the public press,
"No coal!"
A dreadful note, while Pop gets snatches
Of heat from cigarettes and matches.

J.E.P.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THE OTHER PAGE

Puritan Conquest of England

By JOHN GLOAG

"FIND out what the children are doing, and tell them not to!" is an instruction that many a well-meaning parent has given to a nurse. It reflects a belief, deep-rooted in a certain type of English mind, that everybody is sinful and nobody can be trusted to look after themselves or to be conscientious in their duties and moderate in their pleasures. In the Middle Ages men with such minds generally entered monasteries and lived an ascetic life; but after the dissolution of monasteries, their numbers increased, for vows of celibacy no longer restrained their breeding. Men who had hitherto been a comparatively rare type now mingled freely with the community. But they lacked the normal capacity for enjoyment that distinguished their fellow men. They were in the community but not of it: they felt and expressed a conscious superiority, and during the seventeenth century they were stigmatized by a special name. Those who could enjoy the pleasures of life and practise the art of living called them Puritans, and that word was thereafter identified with one of the two main types of Englishman; the other being the live and let live civilized kind. The conflict of these types split the nation, fomented and carried through a revolution, and imposed the darkest period of tyranny the country ever endured.

Since Elizabeth's reign the Puritans have always been with us; but only twice have they directed the destinies of England. The first experiment gave their countrymen such a distaste for Puritan government that two hundred and eighty-five years passed before they were again allowed to have power. The Puritan military dictatorship instituted by Cromwell and ultimately enforced by twelve regional controllers, was ended in 1660 by the restoration of Charles II. The second period of Puritan government began in 1945, but this time the word "Puritan" is not used, though the word "Socialist" in government stands for much the same thing, and, as we are finding out in England, the same type of spiritual and material dictatorship that Cromwell instituted.

The mental and moral condition of England in the first half of the seventeenth century produced confusions and uncertainties similar to those which have afflicted the first half of our own century. The mediaeval civilization of England had declined; only in remote and isolated country districts did any traces of its character survive. The old, universal Church, uprooted by Henry VIII and temporarily restored by Mary Tudor, had given place to a national church, whose authority was unequal to the task of repressing a disputatious and innovating freedom in religion. New and illegal sects multiplied, and religious controversy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries attained a vigorous exuberance which, in Europe, led to a series of disastrous wars and a period of revolutionary ferment; and in England to a civil war and a Puritan dictatorship.

Today, men's minds are swayed by political rather than by religious beliefs. Social and economic questions now stimulate the ravening passions that theological questions once commanded. Contemporary beliefs, derived as they are from the hope of material instead of spiritual betterment, lack the impersonal nobility that inspired men in the seventeenth century; and although such beliefs when expressed in action have results comparable to those arising from religious intolerance, the consequences are likely to be more disastrous for civilization, because materialism in whatever guise ultimately corrupts men and parties and nations. So far, in Europe the result has been two disastrous wars and a period of revolutionary ferment; while in England a second Puritan government has power.

Nobody now living in England can mistake the character of this present Puritan government. With its enormous majority in the House of Commons, with its fanatical insistence on a certain brand of political faith, it is speeding along the road that leads to dictatorship, to the totalitarian autocracy which the English-speaking peoples have resisted throughout their long history and against the threat of which they have fought two major wars within thirty years.

The likeness between the first half of the seventeenth and the first half of the twentieth centuries is more than superficial. Both periods are sequels to phases of prosperity and expansion, under two great queens, Elizabeth and Victoria. Between 1600 and the rule of the Commonwealth, and between 1900 and the rule of the Socialists, men were doubting old truths, flirting with new faiths, questioning this, examining that, and seeking urgently for some faith which would provide safe anchorage for their minds, forgetting, as men always forget, that a ship at anchor can make no voyage, forgetting also that the art of navigation is more important than the peace and security of a safe harbor, and that any ship of state that remains too long at anchor will inevitably rot, rust and sink at its moorings. Cromwell's grim, austere Puritans, firm in their faith that there was only one way to live, one way to act, one way to think, paralyzed the English at home and succeeded in making them extraordinarily obnoxious abroad. The Puritan seeks to *contract* living, always in the name of improvement, he seeks to curb and control the vivid diversity that is one of the most glorious characteristics of the English race; he frowns on independence, and at heart, despises liberty.

The Civil War in the seventeenth century drove out of England men who encouraged and delighted in the arts of life. The Puritans disliked glamour and gaiety and decoration; the very clothes they wore proclaimed their belief in austerity for its own sake, and gradually by legislation, by threat of persecution, and finally by widespread invasion of privacy conducted by Cromwell's regional controllers, the hated Major Generals, they sought to impose a bleak uniformity of life, with the earnestness of all fanatics who sincerely believe that what most people like must, for that very reason, be wrong. "Find out what the children are doing, and tell them not to!"

Today, the second world war gradually reduced England to the material and economic levels of a conquered state. We became for the second time in thirty years, much against our will, a great military power, and with our Dominions and Allies, we won great military victories. And now we have been conquered—by the Puritans. The Socialists are completing the process that war began, and like Cromwell's fanatics, they are suggesting that all the amenities of life are either wrong or else could have existed only for the benefit of a few under the wicked rule of the privileged. Where the Cromwellian Puritan would have used the word "Royalist," the socialist Puritan uses the word "Capitalist." The seventeenth century Puritan set about his task of rule and repression in the name of God; the modern Puritan drives the ponderous machinery of repressive government through and over the people in the name of liberty, fraternity and equality, and his God is not the Jehovah of the Old Testament, but a compound of Karl Marx, Lenin and an impalpable but universal creature, whom nobody has ever met and whom nobody will ever admit to being—the Common Man.

Puritanism in seventeenth century England was encouraged by small and comparatively unimportant representatives of unpopular religious sects from Europe, some of them formed by exiled Englishmen. Like most persecuted foreigners, they found sanctuary of a sort in Puritan England. Today, English Socialism draws much of its nourishment from the ideologies of Central and Eastern Europe, and Socialists forget that the people who produced those ideologies have for many generations been conspicuous for their incapacity in the arts of government, and have bred tyrants, militarists and frustrated revolutionaries (of whom Karl Marx was the most outstanding), supplying a turbulent and continuous threat to the civilization of Western Europe since the end of the Thirty Years' War.

History never repeats itself exactly, but with nations, the same patterns of conduct recur in different centuries, and there is recognizable continuity in national policies. For example, there is practically no difference between the expansionist policy of Russia under the Czars and under Stalin. There was little difference between the national policy of Prussia and Germany under Frederick the Great, William I, William II and Hitler. The only difference between the policy of the Puritans under Cromwell and the Puritans under Attlee is one of scale. In Cromwell's day, England was smaller and the rulers were larger: today, England is larger and the rulers are smaller, but the Puritans of the Socialist government are armed with legislation and bureaucratic machinery far transcending the apparatus of tyranny employed by Cromwell and the twelve Major Generals who controlled the twelve regions into which Puritan England was divided. The tyrants of the Puritan Commonwealth governed England in order to prepare men for the Promised Land, which they would enter only after death. The Puritan Socialists of today govern England in order that men may enter a promised land, possibly in their lifetime, though it may well be deferred for some generations; but it is not paradise.

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Nations Must Agree on German Reparations

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London.

Reparations to be made by Germany and the level to which her industry is to be reduced cannot be treated as separate problems, says Mr. Marston. While Germany obviously cannot make good all the damage caused, countries devastated by her are entitled to all she can reasonably contribute.

Agreement between the Allies is therefore necessary, not only as to Germany's economic future, but also as to whether reparations should be made by taking away capital equipment to replace that destroyed elsewhere, or should be left in Germany and worked by German labor to produce goods for repayment purposes.

London.

MUCH more has yet to be heard of the problems which the Foreign Ministers have failed to settle at Moscow. Fundamental differences on important points may have obscured the fact that on other not unimportant matters, such as present four-power administration of Germany, useful results have been achieved; but Germany will continue to be an obstacle to peaceful progress until the victorious powers can agree what shall be her place in the economy of Europe and how much restitution she shall make for the ravages of her aggression.

The first problem, what to do with Germany as an industrial power, revolves round the question as to whether Europe can get the benefit of Germany's productive potential without risking another onslaught when that potential has been restored. Not one of the occupying powers wishes to keep Germany crippled, as a deliberate policy: on the contrary, there is general willingness to allow a higher level of production, both to mitigate the burden which the country has become to the Western occupying powers and to provide a surplus with which the poverty of Europe can be relieved.

The difference is on policy for controlling the power so created. The Russians are still obsessed with the possibility that a western bloc may be created, with the Ruhr as its industrial heart, and they claim a share in controlling the Ruhr. Britain and the U.S. object that no joint control of the Eastern industrial areas is offered—though admittedly there is nowhere else on the Continent so heavy a concentration of industrial resources as the British Zone contains in this relatively small Ruhr area.

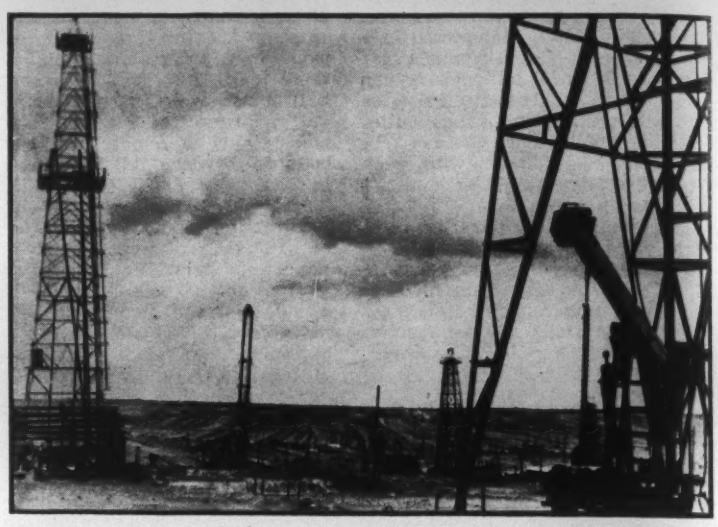
Reparations and the level of industry cannot be treated separately. Out of Germany's total capacity reparations must come. Some of her plant has been dismantled, and is accordingly not available for her own production. The Russians have all along argued for more of this real capital, while the British and the Americans would prefer to leave the capital intact and to pay reparations from goods which it produces. The obvious possibilities for compromise between the two points of view were realized at Moscow by Mr. Marshall.

Basic Realities

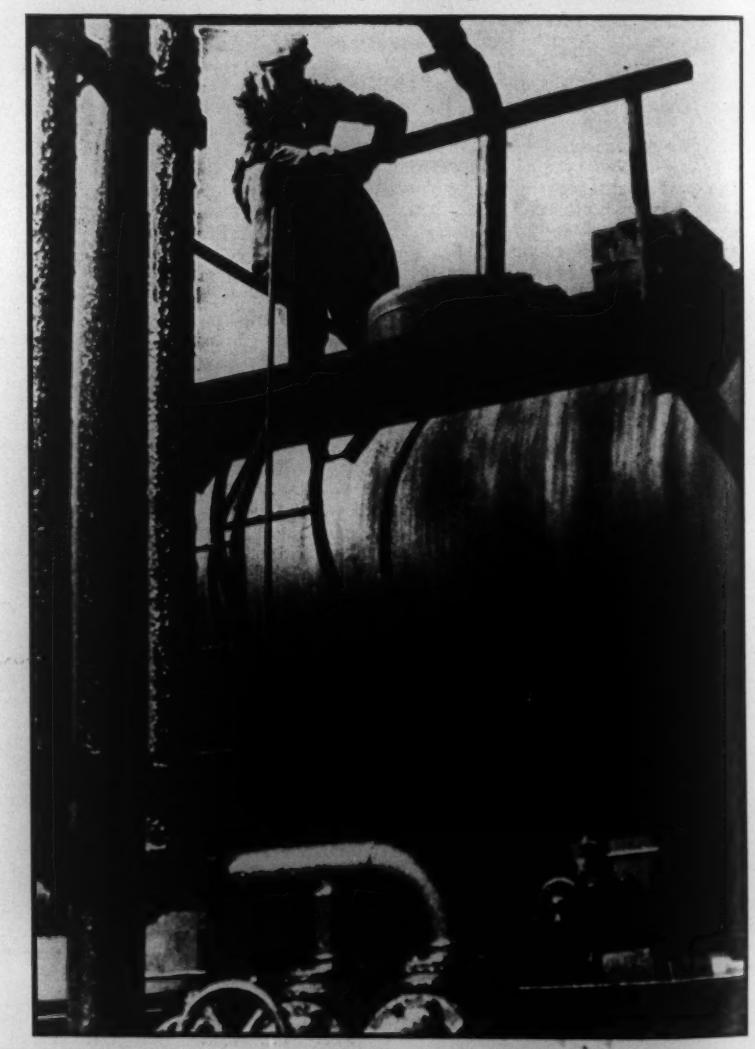
One figure presented at the Conference brought the reparations problem down to basic realities. It was the Soviet claim for £2,500 million. The figure arouses two different reactions. First, it would take about 20 years to deliver the appropriate quantity of goods and would, of course, seriously impede German recovery. Secondly, and conversely,

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Russians Said To Be Exporting 60 Per Cent of Austria's Oil



Allegations that Russia is trying to force British interests out of Austria have been made by a Canadian petroleum expert, Col. Keith Van Sickle, who states he isn't allowed to visit any of his Zisterdorf wells, that Russians remove equipment and export 60 per cent of all Austrian oil. The 400 wells produce a million tons of oil annually. Above, general view; below, loading tank wagon on way to refinery. Russia's actions follow . . .



. . . her failure to date to weaken Britain's hold on Iraq concessions . . .

. . . Above, interior of pumping station at Haifa, end of Iraq pipeline.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Business, Prices, and Russia

By P. M. RICHARDS

OUT of the jumble of events, several pretty basic facts seem to be establishing themselves. One is that there's no reason to fear war with Russia for several years at least, because Russia's too exhausted to make war. Second, there's a minor business recession close ahead but not a serious depression. Third, the present rather frightening upmove of prices is close to the peak and within a few months most prices will turn downward. Fourth, some labor unions now negotiating for further wage increases are really negotiating their workers out of jobs, since when prices turn down the cost factor will rule out a good deal of marginal production. On balance, these items should mean that there is more stability in the business outlook than has generally been supposed.

As regards the coming business recession, what the best forecasts add up to is that it will be quite a minor affair, both in depth and duration. Both prices and the output of goods are expected to decline, over all, about 20 per cent; the low point for business should come sometime next spring, and recovery should be plainly evident by mid-1948 or soon after. Though prices of many goods are likely to be somewhat lower a year hence, they will be permanently at levels higher than used to be considered normal, because of continuing high wage and material costs. Wage rates, now still moving up, are not likely to decline much during the recession, thus making far more unemployment than would otherwise be the case. Automobile prices are likely to decline less than the cost of new houses.

Recovery in 1948 should usher in several years of good business, though this will depend, especially for Canada, upon the degree of recovery of world markets as well as upon this country's ability to provide quality goods at competitive prices. There's plenty of demand for goods; the question is how to make it effective.

Why Russia Can't Make War

Undermining everybody's confidence in the future has been the fear that another world war was in the making, as a result of Russian aggressiveness. But it now appears that this is definitely not the case. The democracies certainly don't want to fight, and Russia is not now, and will not be for years, in a position to do so.

Several well-substantiated reports have appeared lately on the immensity of Russia's war devastation and impoverishment. One of the best is provided by Whaley-Eaton Service of Washington, from information from its representative at the recent Moscow Conference. He reports that Russians claim that twenty millions of their people were lost in the war. This may be an exaggeration, he says, but it is true that most heavy labor is now relegated to women and war prisoners. Few young men are seen anywhere and there are great numbers of cripples. Tuberculosis rates are fantastically high in all the cities, and it appears that the Russian people will require a generation or more to recover their vigor.

Production of civilian goods ceased entirely in Russia during the war and is being sacrificed to heavy-industry requirements now. But rehabilitation is slow. There has been little effort to clear up war damage; steel and machinery production goes on in buildings whose roofs are a sieve of bomb holes. Transportation and raw-materials shortages are unrelieved. Literally hundreds of German war plants were boxed up and taken to Russia, but shortages of raw materials, of skilled labor and of technical know-how have prevented their use. Such machinery lies rusting in the fields alongside the railroads. A great tractor plant turns out only 35 finished units a day. It was considered a great achievement when 600 automobiles were completed for the Conference delegates.

Soviet Economy Must Be Rebuilt

It is no less than ludicrous, Whaley-Eaton's representative says, to think of Soviet Russia engaging in a major war with the western powers. It has apparently much fine artillery and has developed a tank better than the best the Germans had. Military leaders have great faith in rockets. There are hints, too, of a secret biological weapon that would "devastate an enemy." Nevertheless, the production and transportation facilities needed for modern warfare have yet to be built. The Russian man-in-the-street expresses amazement that other countries have any fear of war until the Russian economy is wholly rebuilt—including a new generation of young men.

The western world has no understanding of how utterly deficient are all forms of transportation in Russia, this correspondent reports. Rail equipment is poor, far out-of-date, and limited in quantity. Highway transportation is even worse; there are few roads, virtually none paved; even in the major cities what paving there is is mostly brick or cobblestones.

While a small hierarchy lives luxuriously, the poor of Russia are just as poor as before the revolution. The vast majority of Russians live in conditions approximating those of the American pioneer. The average pay of 700 rubles per month is insufficient to support a family. The average Russian is constantly harassed by crowded living conditions, long hours of work, by inadequate and unvarying diet, and by harsh police supervision. Beyond the few basic rationed necessities, prices in Russia are heavily inflated. But privileged persons, such as army officers of the rank of colonel or higher and certain government officials, have the right to buy in special stores at special low prices.

While we have ample reason to beware of Soviet agents in our midst, it is evident that we have little to fear from Russian militarism.

(*Continued from Page 42*)

it would represent only an insignificant proportion of the damage caused to Soviet territories by the German invasion and occupation. This damage has been estimated at £32,000 million, more than 12½ times the sum claimed.

These two facts together mean that Germany has done such terrible damage that it is beyond her power to repair it. Only a token payment is possible, and only a token payment is demanded. It is difficult to believe on this point, too, that no compromise is possible.

The suggestion has been made that Russia's only hopes of reconstruction are either reparations on a huge scale or else a big loan from the United States; and that her insistence on the reparation claim was intended mainly to avoid the need to come to Washington, offering a modified political policy in exchange for a loan. A high Soviet official has told the eminent newspaper correspondent, Mr. Alexander Worth, that Russia can, if necessary, alone and unaided, repair the damage of the war, immense though it is, and restore her standard of life. The demand for reparations, which has been a worse obstacle than any other matter discussed at the Conference, may be intended as much to appease the Soviet public as to replace what has been lost.

Why, then, such resistance on either side to accept the other's point of view on reparations and the level of industry? The only explanation is ulterior motive; or rather, perhaps, the suspicion of ulterior motive on the other side. Russia will not yield, because she believes that Britain and the U.S. are intent on strengthening Germany as a possible base against her. Britain and the U.S. will not agree to large-scale capital withdrawals from Germany, because they believe that it is Russia's intention thereby to weaken Germany permanently.

In other words, the German problem is not a problem of Germany but a problem of the Allies who defeated her. The morals of the case are simple. Vindictiveness is stupid and useless; but the Germans have no claim to consideration in preference to those whom they oppressed and plundered. Germany cannot rebuild more than a fraction of what she has destroyed; but the devastated countries are entitled to all that she can reasonably contribute.

It should be a matter for technicians, not politicians, to decide whether her resources can be most effectively used for the common good if taken away to replace equipment destroyed or if left in Germany to be worked by German labor.

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NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty-Five Cents (25c) per share has been declared on the issued No Par Value capital stock of the Company for the second quarter ending June 30th, 1947. The above dividend is payable in Canadian funds, July 2, 1947, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 5th day of June, 1947.

H. H. BRONSDON,
Secretary.

Dated at Toronto, April 29th, 1947.

ALUMINIUM LIMITED

COMMON DIVIDEND

On April 24th, 1947, a quarterly dividend of $2.00 per share was declared on the Common Shares of this Company payable in Canadian Dollars June 5th, 1947, to shareholders of record at the close of business May 8th, 1947.

Montreal
April 24th, 1947

J. A. DULLEA
Secretary

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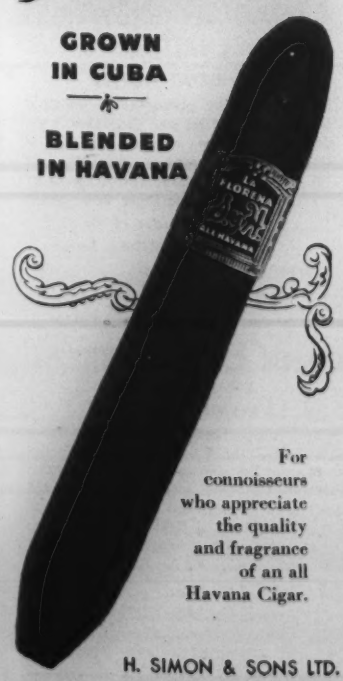

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NEWS OF THE MINES

Ottawa Enlarges Field Program; 20 Parties in N.W.T. and Yukon

By JOHN M. GRANT

IN assigning a total of 90 geological, topographical and National Museum parties to field work throughout Canada this year, the Mines and Geology Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources has enlarged the program over that of 1946 by 10 parties. It had been the intention, Hon. J. A. Glen, Mines Minister stated, to send out a considerably larger number of parties, but extreme difficulty has been encountered in recruiting qualified men. As a result the permanent staff of the Geological Survey is the smallest it has been for 50 years past; and three quarters of the field parties are in charge of university professors and graduate students. The Topographical Survey, he states, has fared but little better. In addition to the field parties, twenty officers of the Bureau of Mines will visit the quarries, mines, mills, smelters and mineral-using industries across Canada with a view to obtaining first hand information regarding current development and progress, and maintaining that close liaison with industry upon which the usefulness of the Department so largely depends.

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So far, only about 11 per cent of the Dominion has been adequately mapped geologically, and in Toronto a year ago, Mr. Glen, pointed out that it was essential that the mapping of the other 89 per cent be greatly speeded up. To do this in a reasonable time the staff of the Geological Survey will have to be greatly enlarged, but it may be a matter of several years before the necessary additions to the staff can be obtained, owing to the fact that during the war very few students entered the mining and geological courses. The work of the field parties is designed to aid the efficient use and development of the country's natural resources and their conservation. Most of the work of the Geological Survey is to aid the discovery and development of minerals, but an appreciable part of its attention is devoted to the problem of determining underground water supply. The Topographical Survey will map areas at the request of the Geological Survey and other government departments.

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In announcing details of the work arranged for the 90 parties throughout the Dominion, the Mines Minister states that because of the growing interest in the development of the resources of the Northwest Territories, the Department has commenced projects aggregating $9,000,000, almost entirely in behalf of the mineral industry, and during the summer there will be eleven parties in the Territories. A definite revival of mining activity is apparent in the Yukon and nine parties will do mapping there. In cooperation with the program of the Ontario Department of Mines, detailed maps on a scale of 1,000 feet to the inch will be made of the area north of the Kirkland Lake producing gold belt. Three parties will continue detailed mapping in the eastern end of the Quebec gold belt. During recent years the careful 1,000-foot mapping has been a useful guide to the mine developers in Louvicourt and other townships and several important discoveries have been made.

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Ore reserves at Quemont Mining Corporation as of March 31, 1947, are estimated at 9,000,000 tons, before dilution, sufficient to supply a mill of 2,000 tons capacity daily for 14 years. The grade is 0.172 oz. gold, 0.92 oz. silver, 1.524 per cent copper and 2.691 per cent zinc. This average is down somewhat from that of a year ago, when the estimate was 6,000,000 tons, and this is due to the inclusion of considerable material on the outer sides of the orebodies. J. H. C. Waite,

(*Continued on Page 48*)

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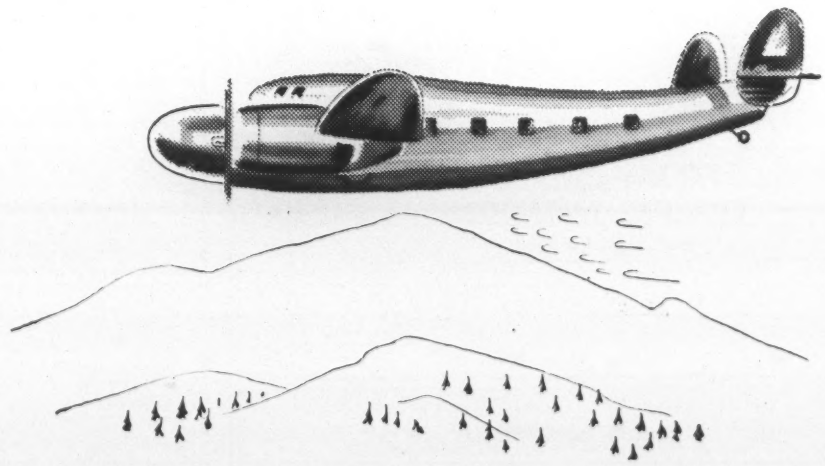

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

T. F. O., Niagara Falls, Ont.—LIGNERIS GOLDFIELDS LTD., was only recently incorporated to develop the Sylvestre property, in Ligneris township, Quebec, formerly under option to Dome Exploration. Authorized capitalization is 3,500,000 shares, and the company is controlled by Continental Diamond Drilling and Exploration Company. The property consists of 1,400 acres and lies about 35 miles northwest of Amos. Following exploratory diamond drilling the company has started pattern drilling, with two heavy machines, of the carbonated shear zone which extends across the full width of the property. Preliminary testing over a length of 850 feet showed the shear to be 55 feet wide containing 25% quartz, fair mineralization and widespread gold values. No. 3 hole returned values of $11.31 across 20 feet and a further section of $10.15 across five feet.

H. F. E., Midland, Ont.—Shareholders of BEATTY BROS., LTD., at a special meeting to be held on May 14, will be asked to approve an arrangement under which a dividend of $5 a share will be paid on the class "A" stock. After this, all distinction between "A" and "B" shares will disappear and there will be but one class of stock, namely, 200,000 common shares, of which 139,000 shares will be outstanding.

J. A. B., Victoria, B.C.—I understand that WAKEKO MINES has completed approximately 27,000 feet of diamond drilling since incorporation of the company two years ago, and that this exploration failed to provide any results of commercial importance. The claims will be maintained in good standing and if results on adjoining ground brighten the picture additional work might be done. Directors plan to put a prospecting party in the field and to seek other properties. The company has cash and quick assets totalling $14,581, also 30,000 shares of Wingait. These shares and $3,000 cash were received for a portion of the Wakeko property tying on to Wingait, and where the Wasa Lake shear crossed, but dipped into Wingait.

P.W.S., Saskatoon, Sask.—Yes, ST. MAURICE POWER CORP. has issued its 1946 report. It showed a net profit for the year, after all charges, of $147,334, comparing with $120,396 in 1945. Gross revenue increased approximately $85,000 during the year to $1,695,787. Operating and general expenses of $570,185 compared with $492,320 the year before, depreciation was little changed at $305,000 and interest charges of $564,663 were almost $30,000 lower than the previous year, reflecting savings effected by refinancing. Balance sheet showed current assets, including $482,384 cash, and $147,986, accounts receivable, totalling $630,370 and current liabilities of $322,718, leaving net working capital of $307,652, as against $841,046 at the end of 1945. Funded debt outstanding was $610,000 lower at $13,500,000.

W.B., Tillsonburg, Ont.—I look upon NORANDA MINES shares as offering attraction as a speculative investment. Although a dividend of $4.00 per share was paid in 1946, earnings were only $2.81 per share, the first time in a decade that they had fallen below the $4.00 mark. The reasons for this were found in the continued scarcity of manpower and consequent lowered production; the lower price for gold in the last half of the year, due to the parity move, and the entire cutting off of output in November by a miners' strike, which kept the plant closed down until the end of February of this year. In connection with the placing of the Canadian dollar on par with the U.S. dollar and its effect on Noranda, it is worth noting that half of the company's production from

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Probabilities -- Lower Market

BY HARUSPEX

THE LONG-TERM N.Y. STOCK MARKET TREND: While the decline of the last half of last year went some distance toward discounting maladjustments in the economic picture, evidence is lacking that a point of fundamental turnabout has yet been reached.

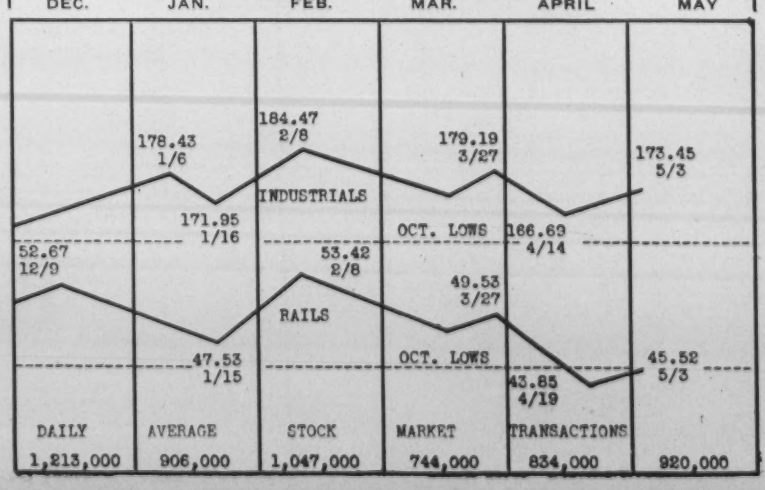
THE SHORT TERM OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: Following a minimum technical recovery from October into February, intermediate decline has subsequently been under way.

Our Forecast of last week pointed out that the stock market, from the technical approach, was in process of testing the October 1946 low points. On the break to mid-April, the Dow-Jones rail average, at its close of 44.24 went fractionally below the October 1946 low point of 44.69 but the industrial average, at 166.69, was some three points above its October low of 163.12. This testing movement is still proceeding. It will climax only when the minor rally from mid-April has ended and renewed decline is witnessed.

If such decline carries both averages into new low ground since last October, the bear swing will have been reconfirmed and substantially lower price levels would be in order. To the contrary, if one or both averages hold above recent low points and renewed strength then carries the two averages above what proves to be their peak on the current rally, probabilities would favor the upmove continuing for some weeks.

Eventually, that is, sometime between now and the first half of 1948, we believe that probabilities favor a lower market than that witnessed in late 1946. In terms of the Dow-Jones industrial average, we can visualize such an extreme at about 135/145. If both averages should now break decisively under their previous lows, as discussed in the preceding paragraph, a signal that the further downmove was immediately under way would be given. In this event, the decline could be in stages, of course, with support and worthwhile rally at several stages in the downward movement. A point of first support might be at the 150/155 level. On the other hand, until both averages do move into new low ground, there remains the possibility that the rally from the October lows to the February peaks has not been completed and that a new burst of intermediate strength is to be witnessed in keeping with current high earnings. Signal for such a rally was discussed in the preceding paragraph.

DOW-JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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DIVIDEND NO. 109

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Eighteen Cents per share on the issued capital stock of the Company, will be paid on the fourteenth day of June, 1947, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the fourteenth day of May, 1947.
By Order of the Board.
KIRKLAND SECURITIES LIMITED
SECRETARY.
Dated at Kirkland Lake, Ontario, April 29th, 1947.

CANADIAN BREWERIES LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Company, payable July 1st, 1947, to shareholders of record at the close of business June 2nd, 1947.
By Order of the Board
W. C. BUTLER, Secretary.
Toronto, April 30th, 1947.

BANK OF MONTREAL
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DIVIDEND NO. 336

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of TWENTY CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after MONDAY, the SECOND day of JUNE next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 30th April, 1947.
By Order of the Board.
B. C. GARDNER,
General Manager.
Montreal, 15th April, 1947.

the Horne Mine is accounted for by gold. I think the possibilities are favorable for higher earnings which would mean greater dividends. The domestic price for copper is now considerably above that which prevailed last year and there is hope for even higher domestic prices when further de-control steps are taken by the government. The outlook for the company's gold subsidiaries under present conditions is not so promising. Earnings are not likely to show much improvement, but they naturally will benefit if anything is done to advance the price of their product. Noranda has a very large cash position, numerous excellent subsidiaries and is quite active in the search for properties of merit.

M.D.C., Portage la Prairie, Man.—J. H. ASHDOWN HARDWARE CO.'s sales in 1946 were the best in the company's history. Net profits for the year were $949,462, equal to $6.97 on the Class "A" and to $4.25 on the Class "B" shares. Strong liquid position was maintained with net working capital totalling $3,611,071 at the end of 1946. Sales in the current year are continuing at high levels, states Harry C. Ashdown, president. Given good crops in 1947 and barring any further serious labor disturbances, the present year should be a prosperous one.

J.P.R., Ramore, Ont.—Yes, LUCKY KIRKLAND GOLD MINES was succeeded last year by BALDWIN CONSOLIDATED MINES, LTD., on a basis of one new for 20 old shares, with the new stock pooled. Sterling Trusts, Toronto, are transfer agents for Baldwin Consolidated. The program for development of the property has made good progress in recent months. The installation of mining plant, the re-erection of the head frame and the repair of old buildings and erection of new ones, was completed in January. The dewatering of the shaft and underground workings was then undertaken and the timbering of the mine below water level was found to be in good condition, allowing an immediate start to be made on underground mapping and sampling. This work has been completed on four levels. Assays obtained in the course of sampling, though widely scattered and needing correlation, are officially reported to be most encouraging, particularly in the main stope area. A considerable footage of diamond drilling from surface is planned to investigate the eastern and western extension of the break and exploration of an indicated parallel break lying under the Blanche River and extending westward across the property.

H. R. W., Lansing, Mich.—An initial dividend of 10 cents a share was paid by NORMETAL MINING CORP. in June, 1946. The first dividend was an interim one and when declared, J. H. C. Waite, president, stated that future dividends depended on a number of factors such as taxation, labor, power and metal prices. In 1946, the company enjoyed a good year and at the close reported higher profits, ore reserves and working capital. At the recent annual meeting it was intimated that earnings continued to run at record rates and a second interim dividend of 10 cents a share has been declared payable June 14, 1947, to shareholders of record May 15. Net earnings last year amounted to 11.9 cents per share as compared with 11.3 cents in the preceding 12 months. At the end of the year liquid assets, including stores, exceeded liabilities by $2,437,676 as against $2,365,649 a year previous. Estimated ore reserves at the close of the year were up 317,000 tons at 1,716,000 tons, sufficient for nine years' milling at the current rate. The present tonnage of ore reserves is greater than the total of ore milled since the commencement of production in September, 1937. A reduction in power costs can be expected this year through an agreement being negotiated with the Quebec Hydro-Electric Commission.

P.J.T., Liverpool, N.S.—Sales of STEDMAN BROS. LTD. for the quarter ended March 31, 1947, were satisfactory and on a par with the similar period of 1946, it is understood. The shortage of merchandise, which was quite severe in the period, has eased somewhat with the lifting of price controls and further improvement is anticipated. Many lines, both domestic and imported and off the market for some years, are reappearing, but at much higher prices. The company operates in the neighborhood of 72 retail smallware stores, mostly in Ontario and the Maritimes, and in addition a wholesale department supplying the stores and independent merchants.

T.R.H., Beacon, N.Y.—I understand that RICH GROUP YELLOWKNIFE MINES plans to employ its funds in seeking participations in mining ventures in other fields. This decision followed expenditure of some $40,000 during 1945 at the company's main property in the Yellowknife district, without encountering values of any importance. As of December 31, 1946, the company reported current assets of $117,342 and no current liabilities. The company has an investment of $10,275 in 105,000 shares Red Pointe Gold Mines Limited and of $12,300 in 120,000 shares Barrington Lake Copper Mines Limited. A 20% interest in options on 1,100,000 shares of the latter company at prices ranging from 50 cents to $1 is held by Rich Group Yellowknife.

D. G. L., Stratford, Ont.—An increase in capitalization from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 shares was authorized by shareholders of GOLDVUE MINES recently. While funds on hand and anticipated from sale of presently unissued stock (200,000 shares) is expected to be adequate for immediate underground program, additional finances will be required for the anticipated larger mining and milling program. At the end of January the shaft was down 400 feet and stations cut for the first and second levels at vertical depths of 190 and 350 feet. Lateral work on these levels will be started as soon as the plant is installed and some of the ore objectives should be reached within 30 days from commencement of this work. Drilling is being done from the first horizon and the first hole returned values of $8.30, $9.10 and $22.05.

A. M. D., Digby, N.S.—Yes, underground work is now proceeding at NORBENITE MALARTIC MINES and this is the first property to go underground in the north Malartic area. Shaft sinking was recently completed to a depth of 540 feet and four levels established at 125, 250, 375 and 500-foot horizons. The first lateral work is being done on the 250-foot level with plans calling for an early start on the bottom horizon. The shaft was put down about midway along a 1,700-foot section indicated by surface diamond drilling at 100-foot intervals to carry good gold values. The best 900-foot section of this length lies to the west of the shaft and has been estimated to carry 1,800 tons per vertical foot of material grading $6.26 per ton across an average width of over 23 feet. About 25 feet of crosscutting to the north will be required to reach the zone on the 250-foot horizon and about 110 feet on the 500-foot level. During sinking the shaft penetrated the zone at a depth of 195 feet and showed visible gold in quartz carbonate stringers.

The Stock Appraiser

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things: (1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Appraiser—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question. An Investment Formula provides a definite plan for the second.

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GROUP "C"—Speculations	3. UNATTRACTIVE

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The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

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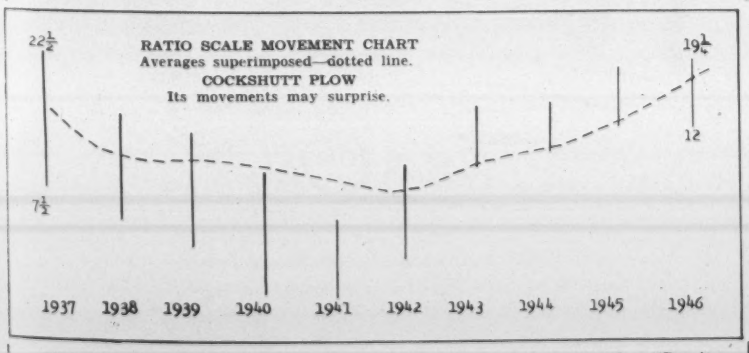
GROUP	— "B"	1942-46 range	Up 160.0%	Up 433.3%
FACTORS	—Average	1946-47 range	Down 19.6%	Down 36.8%



SUMMARY:—Not long ago a broker was heard to remark: "Don't bother with Cockshutt Plow, it never moves very much." Doesn't it? Let's look at the record.

In 1936 it sold at $ 5.00 per share.
In 1937 it sold at 20.00 per share.
In 1940 it sold at 3.87 per share.
In 1946 it sold at 19.25 per share.

And to complete the picture it has sold off over 35% from last year's peak.

In rating this stock in Group "B"—the Speculative Investments—we are really stretching a point as its relative velocity almost places it in Group "C"—the Speculations.

Like so many other equities that are not eligible to be called Growth Stocks—Cockshutt Plow has its greatest attraction during periods of extreme market depressions when it can be bought, and held in anticipation that its eventual advance will reward the patient holder during the next market revival.

"May Securities List"

—Offers Yields From 2.50% to 5.50%

During recent weeks many investors have received funds from the redemption of existing securities and are faced with the problem of sound use of such money. Those seeking regular income are in a position to employ funds immediately to good advantage.

Our "May Securities List" presents a wide selection of attractive bonds and shares for current investment.

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The offer of the Quebec Hydro-Electric Commission to purchase Montreal Power stock at $25.00 per share has been extended until further notice. Holders may accept this offer by depositing their shares, duly endorsed for transfer, at any branch of any chartered bank in Canada. A counter receipt will be issued for the shares so deposited and payment made shortly thereafter.

*The next step for shareholders accepting this offer is to put the money received to work. Reinvest the proceeds by purchasing government bonds or established industrial securities.

Our current list of investment suggestions contains a diversified selection of bonds and stocks which are suitable for the reinvestment of Montreal Power funds. Our representatives will be glad to help you select those which best fulfil your requirements. Appointments arranged at your convenience and without obligation.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Policy Combining Protection and Savings Best for Most People

By GEORGE GILBERT

Holders of ordinary life, limited payment life or endowment policies, before falling in with any suggestion that they surrender existing contracts and take out new and cheaper ones, should consider carefully whether it is to their advantage to do so or only to the benefit of the insurance agent who would get a commission on the new policies.

As a rule, it is unprofitable to drop such policies in order to replace them with cheaper ones on the term plan, even if the policies have loans against them. Before doing so, it is wise to consult the company carrying the insurance, and ascertain what it has to say about the situation.

WHILE the fundamental worth of life insurance is now generally recognized, there are those who claim that it should be divested of one of its most valuable services, that is, the combination of savings with protection, and that it should confine itself to the provision of protection alone through term insurance. By combining savings with protection, life insurance provides for the support of living policyholders in old age as well as for the support of dependents in the event of the death of the insured.

There has been a good deal written and said about the advantages of buying term insurance at a lower rate and establishing a separate savings or investment fund with the difference in the premium charge, as compared with the purchase at a higher premium rate of an ordinary life, a limited payment life, a long-term endowment or a retirement income policy. It is possible to compile some very attractive figures to show how much more the widow of a policyholder would receive if he died ten or fifteen years after buying the term policy and investing or saving the difference in price in a separate fund than would be the case if the insured had bought one of the permanent forms of life insurance, combining savings with protection.

Difference Not Saved

But the fact remains that, as a rule, people do not save or invest the few dollars difference in the premium charge, as the money slips away like sand through their fingers in most cases, while it is also true that the cash values of their life insurance policies are the only substantial savings that many thousands of men possess today. Experience has shown that men will save money when their savings are tied in with their life insurance premiums, while they will spend it or lose it when it is easily available and when the element of compulsion which exists in connection with premium payments is absent.

When compared with alluring promises of making money held out by those selling securities of various kinds, it is admitted that the plan of building up a competence for old age by means of one of the permanent forms of life insurance does not lead anyone to believe that such a plan will make him rich in the near future. But, on the other hand, the person who adopts such a plan knows that all the promises made in his policy contract will be carried out to the letter.

As has been pointed out before, while there are no visions of wealth connected with the purchase of any of the permanent forms of life policies, there are also no disappointments. The man who has bought such policies as a means of making provision for a retirement income knows at any time exactly what he is worth by way of the cash values of his policies, whereas the man who is trying to do so through the purchase of stock market securities must look up the latest quotations to find out what he's worth at any given time.

In the case of the man who wants to provide support for his family should he be called by death, and also wants to build up a competence for his own old age, it will be found nine times out of ten that the investment experts of the life companies can do a better job in handling and safeguarding the money he will need to live on after age 65 than he can do himself.

Dependent at 65

A survey of the financial status of people aged 65 some time ago showed that even in the so-called good times the great majority of them were in a state of financial dependence. Of course, these people did not start out with any idea of not being able to achieve some measure of financial independence during the working period of life, but, as it turned out, they did not make or were unable to make effective provision for old age. It may be that in many cases the fault lay more in the plan they depended upon for success than in themselves.

For most people the method of building up a competence for old age through the investment of comparative small surplus earnings as they come to hand from time to time does not produce the desired result, because the investment method requires more expert knowledge and skill than the large majority of persons possess. Besides, in view of the prevailing low interest rates, it is becoming more difficult all the time to provide for the future by way of investment in the highest grade securities.

Those who are already in possession of one or more policies on the ordinary life, limited payment life or endowment plan, and have held them for several years, are sometimes inclined to listen to the arguments of insurance salesmen, particularly if their policies have loans against them, who tell them that they are paying too much for their insurance, and that by surrendering their policies for any existing cash values and taking out new policies on a term plan, they can secure the same amount of insurance at a greatly reduced rate or a much larger amount of insurance for their present outlay, and also in this way get rid of their policy loans.

People with policies having no loans against them, especially policyholders in business for themselves, are told they can do better with the money represented by these cash values by using it in their own undertakings than by leaving it with the insurance company at present interest rates, and that all they need is protection against the risk of death during the working period of their life, say to age 65, and that to pay for anything except that is to incur needless expense.

While this sounds plausible enough, and may appeal to some people, there are certain considerations which are not to be overlooked by the holders of life insurance before coming to the conclusion that such a change would be to their advantage. To holders of ordinary life and limited payment life policies, the change would mean that they would then have protection only to age 65 at the specified rate and not for the whole of life as they now have, and what is needed by the great majority of people, including those in business for themselves, is protection for the whole life and not only to age 65.

Holders of endowment policies are making provision by the payment of annual instalments for the accumulation of a certain sum of money to become payable at the end of the endowment period, and which may then be utilized for the purpose of going into business, providing for the education of a son or daughter, or an income for themselves in later life. If death should occur at any time before the end of the endowment period, the money they would have accumulated had they lived would become immediately available for the support of dependents or for any other purpose in accordance with the policy provisions. It would be very unwise to drop such a policy in order to take out one which provides protection against death alone and only for a limited period, and which has no cash value at all at the end of the term, that is, at age 65.

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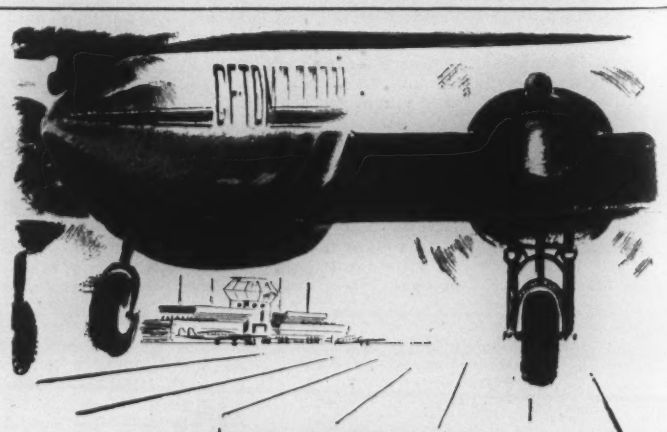

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SERVING CANADIANS CANADIAN INDUSTRIES C-I-L LIMITED THROUGH CHEMISTRY

PRICES ON C-I-L MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS UP ONLY 4 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR SINCE 1939

At a time when price increases are being announced daily, there is welcome news in this extract from the 1946 C-I-L annual report:

"Some price reductions were made during the year, and the increase in the average selling price of the Company's manufactured products was limited to less than one percent during 1946. Selling prices of manufactured products at 31st December were only 4% higher than in 1939, in face of a 44% increase since that year in the Canadian index of general wholesale prices."

OTHER HIGHLIGHTS OF THE C-I-L ANNUAL REPORT

VOLUME: Highest in the Company's history: 11% higher than 1945 and not far from double that of 1939. **EARNINGS:** Net income after taxes was 26% higher than 1945, but slightly below 1939. Per common share: 84 cents in 1946, compared with 66 cents in 1945. **DIVIDENDS:** Equal to 70 cents per share on common stock. Dividends on comparable basis were 55 cents in 1945 and 75 cents per share in 1939. **TAXES:** Income and excess profits taxes at $4,285,000 were over $1,000,000 more than in 1945. **INVESTMENT:** An increase of $4,036,000 in plant, buildings and equipment during the year. New projects authorized during the year: $6,000,000. Since 1939, expenditures on plant, buildings and equipment: $17,434,000. **EMPLOYEES:** The number of employees increased by 400 during the year to a total of 6,900. There has been an increase of 84% in employment by the Company since 1939.

A copy of the Annual Report will be mailed on request to The Secretary, Canadian Industries Limited, Box 10, Montreal.

ISP/47-3

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED

BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Vancouver Face-Lifting Will Cost Ratepayers 50 Million Dollars

By P. W. LUCE

Vancouver.

FIFTY million dollars is a substantial sum, even when spread out over a 10-year period. The ratepayers of Vancouver have authorized the City Council to spend this amount before the end of 1957 on various civic necessities and improvements. While this will by no means take care of everything that has to be done, it will give the city engineer an opportunity to do some long-range planning, something that has not been possible under the previous system of annual allocations.

As a starter, the City Council has approved the borrowing of $3,394,000 for the more urgent needs of 1947. Civic financial standing is in good shape, and there will be no difficulty in raising the money at a low rate of interest.

Some of the more important expenditures include $750,000 for the sewerage system, $450,000 for the waterworks, $500,000 for street improvements and sidewalks, $450,000 for general purposes, $94,000 for street lighting, fire alarm, and police patrol system, and $900,000 for schools. This last item is the city's share of the $2,250,000 vocational school and of a $450,000 addition to the John Oliver High School.

Vancouver has a proposed $400,000 allocation for parks, but this is not included in the $3,394,000 budgeting. The Parks Board suggestions are still under study. Like every other group with a claim to a slice of the civic moneys, the Parks Board always hopes to get a bit more than it finally receives after a general balance is struck.

Chicks by Air

Chilliwack has started shipping baby chicks by plane across the Rockies to Edmonton. The first lot of 10,000 were only three hours out of the shells when they began their journey, and they reached the consignee in five hours, a great advance on two days by train. Baby chicks require no food or water until about two days old.

Rats and More Rats

It's a guess, of course, but sanitary inspectors and vermin exterminators figure there are around 800,000 rats at large in Vancouver, or about two for every human being in the city and district.

Speaking before the Canadian Institute of Sanitary Inspectors at its provincial convention, A. R. Huntingdon, B.S.A., gave it as his professional opinion that each rat does at least $2 worth of damage in the course of a year. During 1946 the destruction caused by rats throughout Canada amounted to $60,000,000, a figure which would indicate the rodents are either more numerous, or more active, or both, in the east than in the west.

It is only within recent times that rats have spread across the prairie provinces. They got to the Pacific Ocean 50 years earlier, coming in sailing ships from the Orient.

To date no Chinese rat has brought in bubonic plague, but sanitary inspectors keep their fingers crossed.

Twin Jubilees

Nelson, which proudly proclaims itself the Queen City of the Kootenays, and Rossland, one of the rip-roaring towns of the mining boom, will celebrate their jubilees this summer. Plans for the jollifications at the smaller place are still indefinite, but there will be a carnival early in July when the fashions of the Gay Nineties will be much in evidence, and special distinction will be paid to men who have grown better beards than their fellows.

Nelson is going all out in its celebration. A gala week starts August 4 and has as its principal feature a cavalcade which depicts Nelson's progress from a tiny village in the eighties to the pleasant modern city of today. Actually, Nelson was incorporated on March 6, 1897, but March is hardly the time for outdoor jamborees in the Kootenays, and so the date was set back until the summer sun had melted the snows of winter.

The S.S. Nasookin, a Kootenay Lake ferry and stern-wheeler which has long since seen its best days, will be transformed into a showboat for the jubilee, and will be headquarters for several pageants under professional direction.

In addition to parades, log-rolling competitions, aquatic sports, old-timers' pow-wows, firework displays, and a continuous fair, there will be a miners' night with the lid right off. What will happen then has not been indicated, but those in the know say it will be plenty.

Nelson has had its ups and downs. Its first mayor, John Houston, was one of British Columbia's foremost journalists, but essentially a frontiersman. He disappeared while holding office and was traced to a place called Bullfrog, in Montana, home of a short-lived mining boom. He returned to Nelson and was restored to public favor.

Early in the century the citizens of Nelson formed a 20,000 Club, but the population has not yet reached that figure. Real estate lots were sold high up on near-by mountains, and other forms of gambling were popular. The misnamed Poor Man's Mine, valued at $30,000 was staked and lost in a card game. The Athabasca Mine, a dubious prospect at the moment, was sold for $7.50 and a shotgun; two months later it brought $30,000.

During the last depression Nelson's unemployed built a civic centre which is the envy of every city of its size in western Canada. The mountain setting is unsurpassed, and there is evidence of solid and substantial ease on every side.

Home in a Tree

The mighty cedars of Stanley Park are famous, and there is one hollow tree that has been the background for innumerable photographic groups since the nineties, but another hollow stump has recently claimed attention.

The tree has been used as a domicile for months by a hermit, an old-age pensioner named John Hood. It stood in the thick bush about 300 yards from the popular Lovers' Walk, but the approach was neatly camouflaged with branches and shrubbery. The home was furnished with a weird assortment of scraps picked up in the park: coats, cushions, umbrellas, rubbers, scarves, newspapers, kettles, crockery, baskets, and 28 hats.

John Hood lived mostly on scraps left over by picnickers. He did himself well on Sundays and the Wednesday half-holiday, but he had thin faring the rest of the week, especially if it rained hard.

A cave dweller, known only as "Frenchy", has also been found in Stanley Park, but he uses the cave only in the daytime. He has a room in Vancouver, and the cave is headquarters for the junk he picks up in the park, the sale of which yields him a precarious living.

Oolachans for Supper

Thousands of sea-gulls have been gorging on the oolachans swimming up the Fraser to spawn in the upper reaches of the river. Countless millions of these little "candle fish" turn the murky waters into a silvery sheet as they make their last swim. Only four or five inches in length, the oolachan is so delicate that it can not be salted or preserved except by sun-drying spread out on twigs.

The name "candle fish" comes from the Indian custom of using the dried fish as a candle, the tail being the wick. It gives an indifferent light, but a powerful odor.

Tens of thousands of the tiny fish, forced up on the river banks by the pressure of their fellows in the water, are used as fertilizer by farmers. Tens of thousands more gasp their lives out on the sandbars, and it is on these that the gulls do most of their feasting.

Shipping Worries

British Columbians who travel north on the Alaska Steamship Company's boats, and who have had cause to complain of the service, have learned a little about the company's difficulties from a speech made by Leslie W. Baker, vice-president of the firm.

Mr. Baker, who has been greatly troubled by strikes originating in jurisdictional disputes in which the company was the chopping block, said the high cost of travel on his line was caused by inefficiency of his crews, pilfering, slow-downs, and high wages. The paysheet of a recent trip covering one month and three days showed these payments:

Skipper, $600 plus; first-mate (with overtime) $820; chief engineer, $670; able seaman, $671; oiler, $407; wiper, $441; chief cook, $567; fourth cook, $402; pantryman, $425; messboy, $426.

Free board and room were included in every case. "We wouldn't mind paying this if they'd earn it," added Mr. Baker, gloomily, "but they never move fast enough to work up a sweat!"

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page 43*)

president, also told shareholders at the annual meeting, that Quemont had known extensions of ore not added in because of insufficient work, and stated there was no doubt in his mind but that they would develop a great deal more ore. The company's staff is busy on mill designs at a rate of 2,000 tons daily which is considered most efficient and economic. Construction of surface plant is proceeding slowly due to a shortage of carpenters.

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The hoped for possibilities of dividends in 1946 for shareholders of Buffalo Ankerite Gold Mines, was eliminated by the increased labor and materials cost and the decrease in the value of gold, plus the disappointing decrease in the grade of the ore produced. The loss sustained during the years 1945 and 1946, will no doubt further delay the payment of dividends, states Edward G. Kinkel, president, in the annual report. Net loss for the year was $119,764, as compared with $141,303, in the previous year. Total recovery was $1,388,974, an increase of $135,145, over 1945. The grade of ore decreased to $5.92 per ton as compared to $6,34 per ton and Mr. Kinkel points out, it is obvious that if the grade had remained the same and there had been no decrease in the price of gold, the company would have operated at a profit instead of a loss. A decrease was shown in grade and tonnage of the ore reserves, but it is hoped that the exploration and development program opening up many new areas in the mine will increase ore reserves by the end of this year. Net working capital at the end of 1946 was $287,795.

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In a statement issued following her re-election as president of the Prospectors and Developers Association, Mrs. Viola R. MacMillan, declared that the Association was alarmed at the rapid decline of gold production in Canada, particularly as it affected the future of prospecting, and that the organization planned to take steps "in the very near future," to see what could be done to correct the situation. The Association is also going to urge an all-out effort to discover new sources of base metals in order that American requirements may be supplied by Canada, and she adds, something should also be done to see that Canadian base metal producers get current world prices for their products. The executive plans to urge the Ontario government to modify the Ontario Securities Act as it affects prospecting syndicates and it was further decided to protest many of the proposals contained in the proposed Quebec Securities Act.

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The past year has seen the stage of development completed so far as diamond drilling is concerned at Squall Lake Gold Mines, states R. J. Jowsey, president, in the annual report. The next stage of development will be the sinking of a shaft, and the opening up of the orebody, but this work will be left until such time as workmen and materials are more plentiful. It is hoped hydro electric power will be available when the sinking program is commenced and it is expected there will be a permanent road to the camp by the end of next summer.

•

D. L. H. Forbes, president, informed shareholders of Teck-Hughes Gold Mines, in the annual report, that the mine restoration and reconditioning program proceeded steadily throughout 1946, and from present indications, should result eventually in substantial benefits. A possible improvement in earnings this year is foreseen provided the labor supply continues satisfactory and costs do not rise unduly. Net profit was 10.9 cents per share compared with 12.1 cents per share in 1945. Dividends from the subsidiary Lamaque Mine and investment income accounted for 9.6 cents per share. Due to the elimination of marginal grade ore, owing to the lowered price for gold, there was a decrease of 17,533 tons in positive ore reserves. A renewal of mining in the deeper levels and exploration and development of subsidiary breaks and associated branch veins south of the main break is planned. Net working capital, exclusive of investments in subsidiaries, was reduced during the year by $530,579 to $1,648,151. Present holdings of Lamaque Gold Mines amount to 2,405,200 shares, equal to 80.2 per cent of the issued capital.

•

A marked improvement was apparent in operations at Chesterville Mines in 1946 as compared with the previous 12 months. With labor more plentiful the tonnage treated was increased 46 per cent and the operating costs reduced 18 per cent. The grade of ore mined was better and the recovery improved 32 cents per ton milled. An operating profit of $1.33 per ton was made before deductions for depreciation, deferred charges and capital expenditures. The net operating profit was $37,963, which was increased by income on investments of $6,167 to a net profit for the year of $44,130. Liquid assets at the year end amounted to $369,116, an increase of $116,120. Ore reserves above the 12th level are estimated to total 1,013,700 tons, grading $4.97. In addition, preliminary development work between the 12th and 17th levels indicate that possibly 758,000 tons, grading approximately $5 per ton, are contained here.

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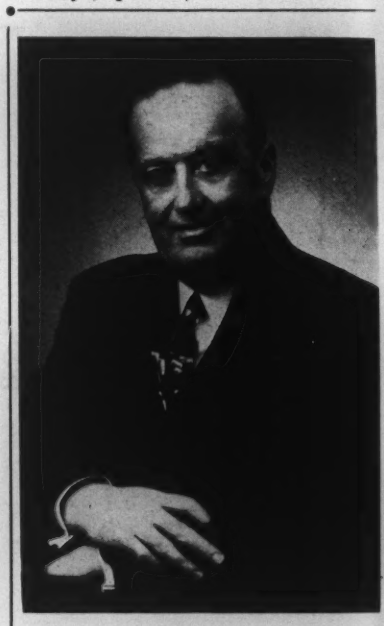

JOHN BOYLE

The Board of Directors of Wm. B. Bate Company Limited, Leaside, Ontario, has announced the appointment of Mr. John Boyle as Vice-President of the Company. Mr: Boyle has been associated in business with Mr. W. B. Bate, President, for over twenty-one years. He will be in charge of the development of Special Sales for the Company.

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The Company commenced business some 103 years ago and today manufactures machinery for many industries, including mining, pulp and paper, lumber, forestry, marine, agriculture, road building, railroad, and heating. Some portion of the wide range of products is in use in almost every country in the world.

We offer, as principals, these Class "A" Shares subject to prior sale and change in price.

These Shares are being purchased from shareholders of the Company and the proceeds of the sale thereof will not be paid into the treasury of the Company.

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